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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

North South Beast and Best

JIVE WIRE CASSETTE OFFER & MANUAL

STONES
SOFT CELL
KING TRIGGER
ORSON WELLES
ROBYN HITCHCOCK
SURVIVALISTS
Z'EV

MALICE IN WONDERLAND

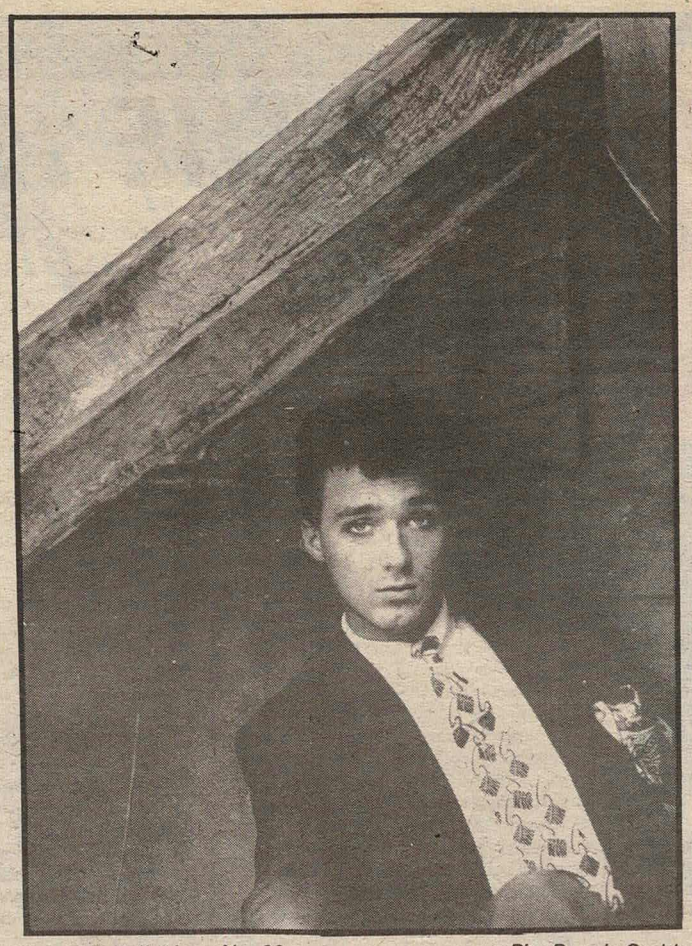
ARE IRON MAIDEN MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FARCE?

BRITAIN'S TOP METAL MEN UNMASKED: CENTRE PAGES

Eddy old iron, Eddy old iron, Eddy Eddy Eddy old iron. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**EBONY AND IVORY**	**Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)**	4	1
2	10	SHIRLEY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	2
3	4	ONE STEP FURTHER	Bardo (Epic)	4	3
4	3	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG	Pigbag (Y)	5	3
5	9	THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT)	The England World Cup Squad (England ER)	4	5
6	14	REALLY SAYING SOMETHING	Bananarama And The Fun Boy Three (Deram)	4	6
7	27	I WON'T LET YOU DOWN	PhD (WEA)	2	7
8	15	I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD	Shalamar (Solar)	3	8
9	13	FANTASTIC DAY	Haircut 100 (Arista)	4	9
10	7	GIVE ME BACK MY HEART	Dollar (WEA)	6	4
11	21	I LOVE ROCK'N'ROLL	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Epic)	2	11
12	5	BLUE EYES	Elton John (Rocket)	4	5
13	12	EVER SO LONELY	Monsoon (Mobile Suit Corp/Phonogram)	3	12
14	19	VIEW FROM A BRIDGE	Kim Wilde (RAK)	2	14
15	6	AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	8	2
16	26	WE HAVE A DREAM	Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)	2	16
17	2	MY CAMERA NEVER LIES	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6	1
18	23	PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE	Simple Minds (Virgin)	2	18
19	(—)	GIRL CRAZY	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	19
20	11	MORE THAN THIS	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	5	4
21	8	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	4	8
22	(—)	BODY LANGUAGE	Queen (EMI)	1	22
23	(—)	SHOUT! SHOUT!	Rocky Sharpe & The Replays (Chiswick)	1	23
24	(—)	STAY	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	24
25	(—)	KNOW YOR RIGHTS	The Clash (CBS)	1	25
26	(—)	INSTINCTION	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrystalis)	1	26
27	(—)	FANTASY ISLAND	Tight Fit (Jive)	1	27
28	(—)	Ein Bisschen Frieden	Nicole CBS)	1	29
28	(—)	THE SONG THAT I SING	Stutzbear Cats (Multi Media)	1	29
30	(—)	GOT NO BRAINS	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	30



Spandau Ballet in at No. 26 *Pic: Pennie Smith*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	16	**LIVE IN BRITAIN**	**Barry Manilow (Arista)**	1	16
2	(22)	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	2	2
3	3	1982	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	3
4	1	PELICAN WEST	Haircut 100 (Arista)	10	1
5	2	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	4	1
6	4	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	16	1
7	(—)	DISCO UK & DISCO USA	Various (Ronco)	1	7
8	6	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Various/Soundtrack (Polydor)	18	6
9	12	JUMP UP	Elton John (Rocket)	3	9
10	(5)	STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES	Rainbow (Polydor)	2	5
11	(—)	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	1	11
12	9	SKY 4 — FORTHCOMING	Sky (Ariola)	5	9
13	13	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	4	13
14	15	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	17	5
15	8	PORTRAIT	The Nolans (Epic)	6	8
16	(—)	MUSTN'T GRUMBLE	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	1	16
17	23	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	24	3
18	17	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	27	9
19	(—)	SHAPE UP AND DANCE VOL 2	Angela Rippon (Lifestyle)	1	19
20	11	JAMES BOND GREATEST HITS	Various (Liberty)	6	6
21	7	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	13	3
22	21	THE ANVIL	Visage (Polydor)	5	4
23	(—)	DIVER DOWN	Van Halen (Warner Bros)	1	23
24	30	DR HECKLE AND MR JIVE	Pigbag (Y)	7	21
25	10	IRON FIST	Motorhead (Bronze)	4	3
26	(—)	TIME PIECES	Eric Clapton (RSO)	1	26
27	29	FIVE MILES OUT	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	6	10
28	19	MUSIC OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION	BEF (Virgin)	3	19
29	(—)	BROADSWORD & THE BEAST	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	14	THE GIFT	Jam (Polydor)	8	1

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(4)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(5)	**Look Now**	Fall (Kamera)
4	(—)	**Attack/Alternatives**	Exploited (Exploited)
5	(—)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
6	(—)	**The Meaning Of Love**	Dep Mode (Mute)
7	(8)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
8	(4)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
9	14	**The Winner**	Infa Riot (Secret)
10	(16)	**This Time We'll Get It Right**	England World Cup Team (England)
11	(9)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
12	(13)	**I Hate People**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
13	(21)	**Big City Peroxide**	Subhumans (Spider Leg)
14	(7)	**Gangland**	Violators (No Future)
15	(6)	**The Missionary**	Josef K (Crepuscule)
16	(3)	**Smash The Discos**	The Business (Secret)
17	(11)	**War Across The Nation**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
18	(12)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
19	(18)	**King of the Flies**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
20	(10)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
21	(20)	**Long Live The Past (EP)**	The Pack (Cyclops)
22	(—)	**Survival**	Defects (WXYZ)
23	(15)	**Pure Punk for Row People (EP)**	Gonads (Secret)
24	(17)	**Lest We Forget**	Blitzkreig (No Future)
25	(—)	**Storm**	Carmel (Red Flame)
26	(19)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap 3)
27	(24)	**In Rhythm**	Scream & Dance (Recreational)
28	(—)	**Wild Life**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
29	(—)	**New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
30	(—)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(3)	**4th Floor Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
3	(2)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
4	(8)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
5	(5)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
6	(6)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
7	(4)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
8	(7)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
9	(9)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
10	(10)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
11	(13)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
12	(11)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
13	(—)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
14	(15)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
15	(12)	**To The Shores Of**	Various (Zoo)
16	(20)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
17	(—)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)
18	(16)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
19	(18)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
20	(—)	**Swing To The Right**	Utopia (Bearsville)
21	(25)	**Live At 100 Club**	GBH (Chaos Tape)
22	(26)	**Animals Soundtrack**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
23	(14)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
24	(—)	**Collision Time**	Swell Maps (R. Trade)
25	(29)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Big Beat)
26	(—)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
27	(22)	**Spizz History**	Spizz Energi 2 (R. Trade)
28	(28)	**Pedigree Charm**	Lora Logic (R. Trade)
29	(21)	**The Plateau Phase**	Crispy Ambulance (Factory)
30	(—)	**Machine Gun Etiquette**	Damned (B. Beat)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Lovers Corner**	Yellowman (Grimm Ben)
2	**A Eden Pon Street**	Black Uhuru (Jammy)
3	**Radication Operation**	Ringo (Beat Vibes)
4	**Pain**	Brigadier Jerry (Jwyanza)
5	**Conqueror**	Big Youth (Negusa Negast)
6	**Build The Ark**	Yellowman (99)
7	**Bad Life**	Ranking Fuzzy (King Benny)
8	**Sleepless Nights**	Phillip Frazer (Joe Gibbs)
9	**Great King**	Tidals (Tidal Sound)
10	**Cream of The Coop**	Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
11	**Love Don't Love Nobody**	Ranking Devon (Spiderman)
12	**Rasta Come From Jail**	Cornell Campbell (Joe Gibbs)
13	**Party Time**	Captain Sinbad (Explosion)
14	**African Teach**	Burning Spear (Spear)
15	**Back To School**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)

REGGAE LPs

1	**Tell It To The Children**	I Jah Man (Jahmani)
2	**Seven Voyages Of**	Captain Sinbad (Greensleeves)
3	**Badder Than Them**	Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
4	**Stage Coach Showcase**	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
5	**Showcase (10")**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

US SINGLES

1	**I Love Rock'n'Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
2	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
3	**Ebony And Ivory**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (EMI America)
4	**Freeze Frame**	The J Geils Band (EMI America)
5	**Don't Talk To Strangers**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
6	**We Got The Beat**	The Go Go's (A & M)
7	**Do You Believe In Love?**	Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
8	**867-5309/Jenny**	Tommy Tutone (Columbia)
9	**'65 Love Affair**	Paul Davis (Arista)
10	**I've Never Been To Me**	Charlene (Motown)

US LPs

1	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
2	**Beauty And The Beat**	The Go-Go's (A & M)
3	**I Love Rock'n'Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4	**Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
5	**Asia**	Asia (Geffen)
6	**Freeze-Frame**	The J Geils Band (EMI America)
7	**Get Lucky**	Loverboy (Columbia)
8	**The Concert In Central Park**	Simon & Garfunkel (Warner Bros)
9	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
10	**Ghost In The Machine**	Police (A & M)

Courtesy Billboard

ISRAEL

1	**Classic**	Adrian Gurvitz (RAK)
2	**Bensonhurst Blues**	Oscar Benton (Portrait)
3	**Stars On Stevie**	Stars On 45 (Mercury)
4	**Say Hello Wave Goodbye**	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
5	**Seven Tears**	Goombay Dance Band (CBS)
6	**Mickey**	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)
7	**Poison Arrow**	ABC (Neutron)
8	**It Ain't What You Do**	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)
9	**Being Boiled**	Human League (EMI/Fast)
10	**A Town Called Malice**	The Jam (Polydor)

Courtesy IBA — Kol Israel — Reshet Gimmel

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Free**	Deniece Williams (CBS)
2	**I Don't Want To Talk About It/The First Cut Is The Deepest**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
3	**Sir Duke**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
4	**Whodunit**	Tavares (Capitol)
5	**Ain't Gonna Bump No More**	Joe Tex (Epic)
6	**The Shuffle**	Van McCoy (H & L)
7	**A Star Is Born (Evergreen)**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
8	**Hotel California**	Eagles (Asylum)
9	**Red Spells Danger**	Billy Ocean (GTO)
10	**How Much Love**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Amazing Grace**	Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Pipes, Drums and Bands (RCA)
2	**Come What May**	Vicky Leandros (Philips)
3	**Could It Be Forever**	David Cassidy (Bell)
4	**A Thing Called Love**	Johnny Cash (CBS)
5	**Tumbling Dice**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
6	**Rocket Man**	Elton John (DJM)
7	**Back Off Boogaloo**	Ringo Starr (Apple)
8	**Run Run Run**	Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
9	**Radancer**	Marmalade (Decca)
10	**Sweet Talkin' Guy**	Chiffons (London)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Puppet On A String**	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2	**Dedicated To The One I Love**	Mama's And Papa's (RCA)
3	**Somethin' Stupid**	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
4	**Silence Is Golden**	Tremeloes (CBS)
5	**Purple Haze**	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
6	**The Boat That I Row**	Lulu (Columbia)
7	**Pictures Of Lily**	Who (Track)
8	**I Can Hear The Grass Grow**	Move (Deram)
9	**A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You**	Monkees (RCA)
10	**Funny Familiar Forgotten Feelings**	Tom Jones (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Nut Rocker**	B. Bumble (Top Rank)
2	**Wonderful Land**	Shadows (Columbia)
3	**Good Luck Charm**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	**Hey Little Girl**	Del Shannon (London)
5	**Speak To Me Pretty**	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
6	**I'm Looking Out The Window**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	**When My Little Girl Is Smiling**	Jimmy Justice (Pye)
8	**Love Letters**	Ketty Lester (London)
9	**Hey! Baby**	Bruce Chanel (Mercury)
10	**Dream Baby**	Roy Orbison (London)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

ROBYN HITCHCOCK 6
KING TRIGGER 7
JULIE TIPPETTS 8

SOFT CELL 10
SINGLES 12
ZEV 15
SURVIVALISTS 17
NME CASSETTE OFFER .. 18
CUT OUT MANUAL 19
VIDEOSYNCRASY 22

SILVER SCREEN 23

IRON MAIDEN 26
FRILLS & CHILLS 29
LPS 30
TOUR NEWS 35
RECORD NEWS 36
GIG GUIDE 39
LIVE! 42
X WORD 49
GASBAG 50
T-ZERS 51

MASSIVE EUROPEAN TOUR — PLUS "SECRET GIGS"

AT LAST, THE 1982 ROLLING STONES SHOW

THE ROLLING STONES have at last confirmed that they will appear at London's giant Wembley Stadium next month, as exclusively revealed by *NME* 15 weeks ago — a forecast which, at the time, was hotly denied by Stones representatives and other music papers. In fact, the band will be playing two shows at Wembley — on Friday and Saturday, June 25 and 26 — in front of 72,000 people each night.

These are the only UK dates so far announced in an extensive European tour, opening in Rotterdam on June 4, taking in 12 countries over a nine-week period — and culminating in Spain at around the time of the World Cup Final.

But there will be at least two other major British shows — one in Wales (probably at Cardiff Arms Park where, as forecast last week, the city council has now granted a licence for Sunday June 27) and another in the North (either Edinburgh, Glasgow or Newcastle), with the possibility of a third event in the Midlands. A Dublin concert is also being finalised, and there's a vague chance of a date in Ulster — though this is less likely because, although the Stones are keen on the idea, their advisers are not.

Special guests on all the big outdoor shows throughout Europe are The J. Geils Band, and Black Uhuru are an additional attraction at Wembley — and perhaps on other UK dates as well.

Besides the open-air spectaculars, the Stones will be playing two or three low-key gigs at smaller indoor venues, which won't be announced in advance because of the ticket frenzy they would create. Mick Jagger describes these as "commando raids", and the band will pursue this policy in all the countries they visit.

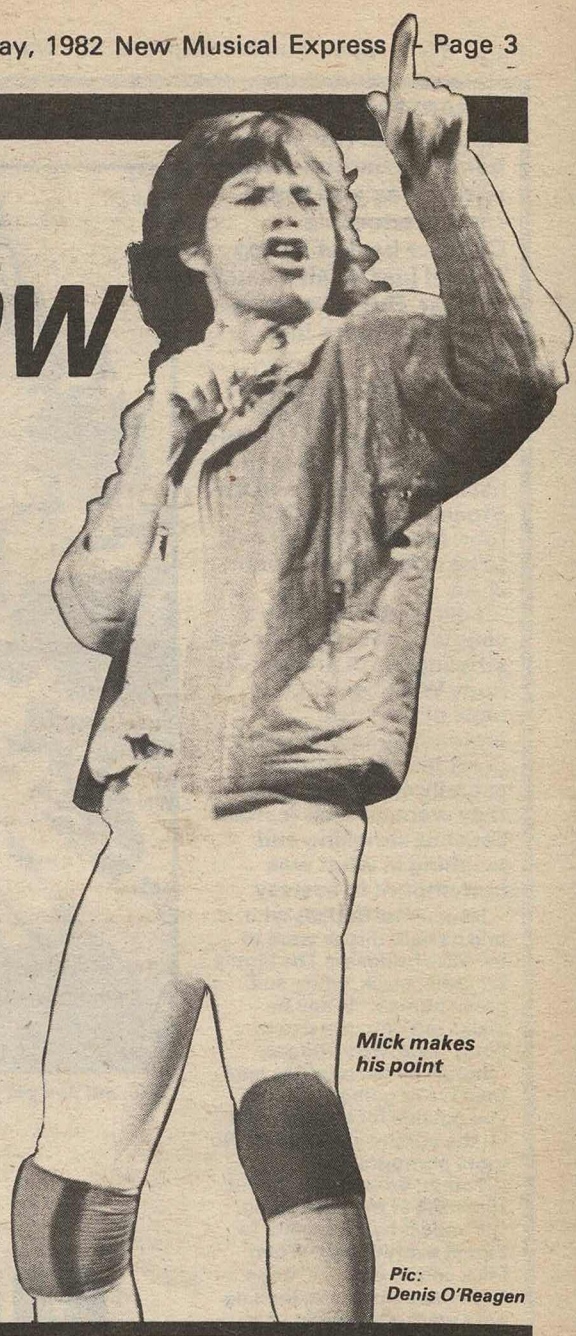
US impresario Bill Graham, who is co-ordinating the whole tour, told *NME*: "There should be around seven British dates, big and small, during the last ten days of June. Details of the major events outside London will be available in about two weeks — though, of course, there won't be any announcement on the smaller gigs. It's even possible that the Stones may do a couple of warm-up commando raids in the UK before the tour's official opening date in Rotterdam."

Wembley promoter Harvey Goldsmith, commenting on the decision to stage one of the Wembley shows on a non-holiday Friday, explained: "It's simply that they wouldn't let us do it on the Sunday and, because of the Stones' schedule, we couldn't do two separate Saturdays. Even so, I'm sure we shall get a full house, and there will be extra trains, buses and tubes laid on — as there will on the Saturday."

One sobering thought is that, tucked away at the bottom of the official communique about the Wembley shows, is the rider "subject to licence approval". But the granting of a licence is regarded as little more than a formality, now that Goldsmith has acquired one for his Simon & Garfunkel show at Wembley the previous Saturday.

Wembley tickets are priced £10.80 including booking fee, and they are available by post from Rolling Stones Tickets, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS — make cheques and POs payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Limited", enclose SAE, state which day required, and restrict orders to a maximum of ten tickets per application. There's also a phone hot line for ticket information on 01-379 3301.

The Stones refuse either to confirm or deny the widespread speculation that this is to be their farewell tour. And at his London Press conference last week, Jagger did little to clarify the position — by first insisting that "we'll keep going till we drop", and later observing that he's now "getting a bit old for this lark". In any case, it's likely that the Stones would never officially disband — they simply wouldn't do any more work.



Mick makes his point

Pic: Denis O'Reagen

LESTER BANGS DEAD

LESTER BANGS, rock critic magnifique, was found dead in New York City last Friday.

Cause of death is not known. A preliminary autopsy has proved "inconclusive" and further chemical tests are to be carried out later in the week.

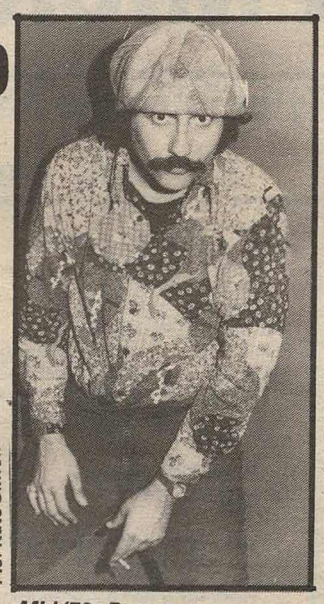
Lester's pungent, intelligent and witty writings were first broadcast to the masses in 1969 through the pages of *Rolling Stone*. In 1971 he moved to Detroit and *Creem* magazine which he edited for five years. It was during the '70s he contributed his *Back In The USA* column to *NME* plus numerous ad hoc pieces, particularly memorable being his Clash three-parter of 1978.

Last year Bangs authored a book on Blondie and co-wrote another on (or thereabouts) Rod Stewart.

There was also an album with the Delinquents called 'Jook Savages On The Brazos' and featuring such memorable tracks as 'I'm In Love With My Walls' and 'Life's Not Worth Living (But Suicide's A Waste Of Time)'.

Informed sources in New York indeed confirm that suicide was an unlikely cause of death. Lester had been in good spirits. He had just handed in a new book manuscript titled *Rock Gomorrah* and, all told, his career was going well.

A full obituary by Nick Kent follows next week.



Pic: Kate Simon

Mid '70s Bangs

CLASH POSTPONE DATES

Bring me the guitar of Joseph Strummer

THE CLASH have now postponed the first half of their spring 'Know Your Rights' tour, due to the continued absence of lead singer Joe Strummer, and all 11 dates up to and including May 13 have been re-scheduled for July. It's hoped that the remaining eight shows in the original itinerary will be able to go ahead as planned, but obviously a question mark hangs over them until Strummer puts in an appearance — and there was still no sign of him at press-time this week.

There have been reported sightings of Strummer in Paris, Scotland and even London's Portobello Road — though the other members have had no word from him, and haven't been able to locate him. Even so, they remain optimistic, and bassist Paul Simonon commented: "Having known Joe for so long, I have faith that he'll return once he's reassessed his situation. And thanks to everyone who's trying to help."

The re-arranged dates are Stoke Mandeville Sports Stadium (July 12), Hanley Victoria Hall (13), Newcastle City Hall (14 and 15), Bradford St George's Hall (17), Birmingham Bingley Hall (18), Derby Assembly Rooms (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre (22), Edinburgh Playhouse (23) and Inverness Ice Rink (24).

Existing tickets for the postponed shows remain valid for the revised dates — though if refunds are required, they must be obtained before May 14. At present, the other dates are still on — at Poole Arts Centre (May 14), Portsmouth Guildhall (15), Bristol Locarno (17 and 18), Brighton Centre (19), London Brixton Fair Deal (22 and 23) and Leeds University (24) — though they will also have to be re-scheduled for July, if Strummer doesn't show up within the next few days.

Final word from the band's spokesman Kosmo Vinyl: "Christ knows what will happen if he's still missing in July!"

Queen kiss off Bow Wows

BOW WOW WOW have withdrawn from their guest spot on Queen's European tour, after being attacked by audiences on several occasions.

Matters came to a head last week in Lieden (Holland), when they were continuously pelted with bottles and cans throughout their set — fortunately they escaped with only minor cuts and bruises but, right after this incident, they decided that enough was enough.

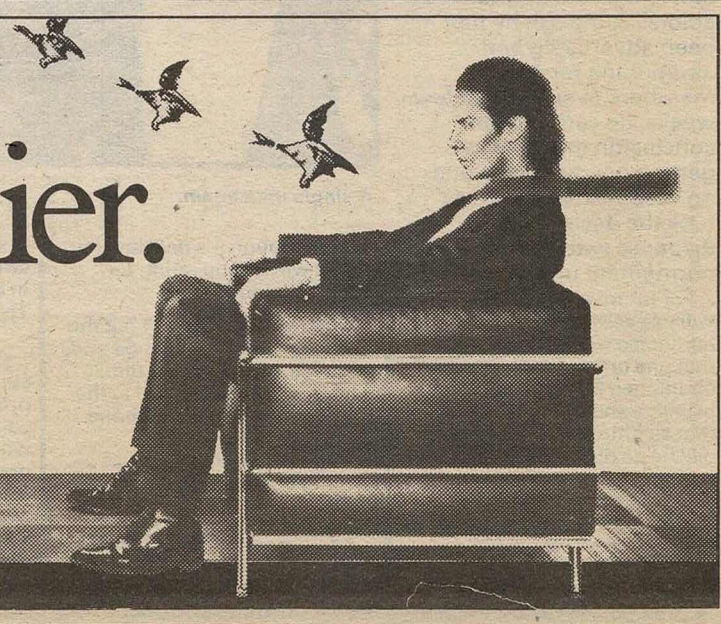
Said singer Annabella: "From the start the Queen fans were extremely hostile — spitting, screaming and throwing things — so there was no point in carrying on. Now we'd like to go back and do a tour for our own fans."

Lead guitarist Matthew Ashman summed up the situation rather more colourfully: "All those wankers wanted was to kiss Queen's arse. Well, bollocks to 'em."

The band will now spend their newly acquired spare time writing material for their next album, prior to going to Japan with Madness at the end of May.

TOUR NEWS P35

Break the sound barrier.



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"Hey, did you get told this was an exclusive too?" *Pic: Peter Anderson*

TAKING THE MICK MICK MICK MICK MICK

Andrew Tyler joins the Jagger press gang and finds the man won't fade away

IT HAPPENED in Le Beat Route Club. Have you been? Le bamboo every which way and these frankly adorable Chinese basket lamps placed just so all around the bar. But, of course, *you* were there last year.

Wednesday afternoon, and an entire army of photographers and writers had packed the place to hear news of Mick and the Stones' new Euro/Brit tour. Most of them, it has to be said, of the veteran class.

I did, however, note a couple or so terribly bored striplings with greasy hair; Sony Walkmans at the nape of the neck, pretending Jagger was a great fat yawn until he actually appeared, then they were on their leather benches shrieking and laughing in what was tantamount to ecstasy.

It was Miss Bridges who told us how things were to be. Miss Bridges is The Firm's PR; lithe, black, white suit, green pumps. "When he walks out onto the dance floor," said Miss Bridges, "there'll be ten minutes here then we're going to escort you outside for five minutes on the porch and that's all. No more photography!"

Tough. So very tough. But someone at the back spoilt the impact by asking her to repeat everything. "When Mick comes out . . ." Then Mick does come out, looking pure waif; a mere slip of a near-40 year old (38 actually) in gun metal grey suit, white shirt undone at the neck and carrying himself like he's been taking walk lessons from 'leggy' Jerry Hall. The Parisian catwalk shuffle.

The jacket is removed; no sweat. Jacket draped languidly over a shoulder. The second shirt button is loosened and the wildly popping photographers giggle like it's hard core.

"This way Mick . . . Mick, this way . . . Mick . . . Mick, Mick, Mick, Mick . . ."

Miss Bridges had said this part of the show would last ten minutes but I time it at 2½. The gang then repair to the porch where there is more taking of the Mick . . . Mick . . . Mick.

"Um. I think what we'll do next," announces one of Miss Bridges' colleagues, "if you stay at the table Mick will come round and talk to you individually. Please stay at your tables."

But what tables? There are a hundred writers here without a table. Gimme a table. Which table will he go to first? He might say all the best stuff at the wrong table.

Miss Bridges said it would be five minutes out on the porch but I made it less. There is a real hurry on. Is this a wind-up?

Mick Mick returns and bustles to the rear of the dancing floor where he initiates what is intended as an intimate *tete-a-tete* with half a dozen seated scribblers. But 40 more are ganged around, shoving out cassette recorders, their heads tilted like cockatoos for a glimmer of face-saving copy.

This will never do. A high chair is set centre floor and Mick Mick takes it like a French singer; microphone in his hand, the gang all crushed in for the massed Q&As. Your starter for £40 million gross, Mick Mick.

"When do you start rehearsals for the tour, Mick?"

"We start on Monday. We'll ree-urse for a munff."

"How long have you been back, Mick?"

"Free days."

"What's it like?"

"S'krate, yeah, s'good."

"What do you miss most about it?"

"You lot. Erh, erh, erh (laughter)."

Yes. Someone who knows had told me he'd play cricket with us. Bat, bat, bat. It could be time to throw water in the fat.

"This is a silly way to hold a press conference, isn't it, Mick?" a person (me) puts in.

"Well." He turns. "It's like the best we could do, yerknow, in the time."

"It's not a wind-up by any chance, is it?"

"No it's not a wind-up. Not by me anyway."

Not by *me* anyway. Yes, that's quick. Stand back. I remember now what he did to Morley a couple of years ago in this paper.

THE QUESTIONS fire off for 20 more minutes, much of the result being obscured by poor miking and by the rising cackle of the newly-bored. People are talking. They are not paying attention to the afternoon's inanities.

"Have you got Black Uhuru on at Wembley partly because of your interest in reggae?"

"Well, y'know, they're a good band. I fink they'll do well there."

"Where's the rest of the Stones?"

"The band's all 'ere bar Keef who's arriving Saturday."

"What does it feel like (THE BIG ONE) to be touring 20 years on?"

"We're not going to make an awful lot of money out of it be we 'ope to 'ave a good time."

And yes, Jerry would be coming along on some gigs; no, they weren't concerned about the (creative death to all performers) Wembley spook; no, this isn't a 'vintage year' for UK music . . . etc.

A nitwit asked him for a declaration on the 'Falklands business'. "I don't want to get into that," said Mick Mick, and soon after he wondered, "Can we knock this bit on the 'ead?"

He was going to have another crack at the table talk. So we devoted ones scrambled afresh for a place, leaving a large part of the mob, who had anyway heard the insubstantial heart of the matter, to go back to their crisps or phone their newsrooms.

And so it happened in Le Beat Route Club that I was having a glass with a couple or so blokes when Mick Jagger comes to our table for a natter. He was ever so . . . professional at it.

We asked him about his new live album which he said was called 'Still Life' and had '20 Flight Rock' on it and 'Under My Thumb' and 'Satisfaction' and 'Time Is On My Side'.

Time Is On My . . . We asked him if he'd really bought a retirement ranch. (It wasn't my idea.)

"No, I've not just bought a ranch," he answered. "Jerry's bought a ranch years ago but I've not yet bought a ranch."

"Not for eventual retirement?" We were teasing.

"Retirement!" He practically gobbed out the word. "Retirement? And my Welsh ponies?"

But you are buying things, Mick (Mick). The house in France. The flat in New York. (We weren't really jealous.)

"Well, it's nice to have somewhere to go rarrver than live out of a suitcase."

We thought you adored hotels (Mick).

"I do. I do. But I decided to buy sunnink in the country so I can enjoy it a bit. New York. That's a couple of rooms in the 'ilton, y'know. You've got to 'ave somewhere. It's very expensive to live in the Carlisle 'otel."

Isn't he just a one?

He said he'd be going up West that night but he wasn't telling us where. No flies on Mick Mick.

Adam divorces Ants

A single man again. *Pic: Claude Gassian*

ADAM ANT has finally decided to disband The Ants and to operate in future as a soloist. Although he has been advertising and auditioning for new members over the past few weeks, he came to the conclusion that he was getting nowhere fast, and on Wednesday last week took the decision to dispense with the band as a permament unit.

For future appearances, he will use session musicians of his choice — so it's possible that one or two who've recently auditioned for him may still be in with a shout. But it's stressed that all future backing groups will be flexible, and subject to regular changes.

He will continue to work closely with his co-writer Marco Pirroni — with whom he last week won an Ivor Novello Award as Songwriters of the Year — though it's unlikely that Marco will be appearing on stage with him.

Commented Adam: "I felt the time was right for a change and, when Marco told me he didn't want to work on the road at the moment, I decided to disband the group rather than go through the difficult process of forming a brand new Ants band."

Adam's new single 'Goody Two Shoes', issued by CBS this weekend, now emerges as his first official solo single. And a limited edition will be available in a 'commemorative' Adam & The Ants poster bag.

Chris 'Merrick' Hughes will still help out on Adam's record production — and, in fact, co-produced the new single with Marco — though he will now also branch out into production for other artists. The two remaining deposed Ants, Terry Lee Miall and Gary Tibbs, are still considering their future plans.

Good Jelly Role

Blues master Robert Johnson & girlfriend Betty Mae, alias Julian Littman & Pauline Black.

PAULINE BLACK'S career as an actress took another forward step the other week, with the opening of *Love In Vain*, the play about blues singer Robert Johnson (previewed in *NME* 3/4/82) in which she plays the female lead of "Betty Mae".

Surprisingly, given the bare facts of Johnson's short and tragic life — murdered in 1938 — author Bob Mason has laced the pathos with a generous helping of humour. And given some excellent performances all round, Pauline's included, *Love In Vain* offers one of the most entertaining evenings in London just now. Special credit must go to 24-year-old Julian Littman, who re-creates the role of Robert Johnson with nicely un-forced authenticity.

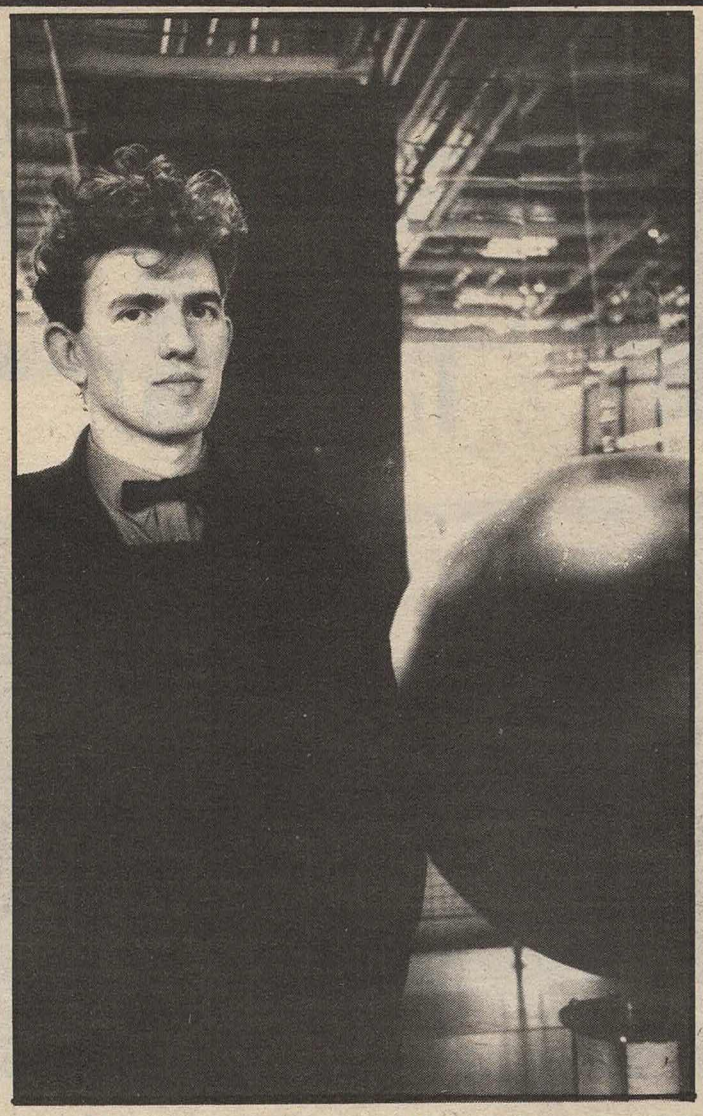
As for Pauline Black — in the part of Johnson's fickle and flirty, ultimately catastrophic girlfriend — the ex-Selecter singer brings a bright-eyed relish to the role, Mississippi accent and all. Her work in *Love In Vain* follows her acting debut in *Trojans* at the Hammersmith Riverside, and she has some TV work upcoming as well, in an LWT comedy series. In between times, there's her forthcoming solo LP, with a Chrysalis single due out next month.

Love In Vain continues at London's Tricycle Theatre, 269 Kilburn High Road, until May 15. Box office details on 624 5330.

— PAUL DU NOYER

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

ANTON CORBIJN



PIC: Yvette Anna

FILMS
Metropolis — Fritz Lang (1926)
Beauty And The Beast — Jean Cocteau (1946)

BOOKS
Illustrated Encyclopaedia of Jazz
The Art Of The Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers — Kobal
Sleepless Nights — Helmut Newton
Honky Tonk Heroes — Deanne Rubenstein
Bob Dylan — Daniel Kramer
Sowjetische Fotografen 1917-1940 — Various
De Laffe Nomaden — Wink van Kempen (Dutch, about caravans)
& any publication by my fave photographers

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Andre Kertesz
Man Ray
W. Eugene Smith
Bill Brandt
Diane Arbus
Brassai
Dorothea Lange
Alfred Stieglitz
Henri Cartier-Bresson

MUSIC-PICS
Thelonious Monk by W. Eugene Smith
Rolling Stones (b/w) by Michael Cooper
The Band (in a field) by Elliot Landy
Beefheart & Magic Band by Guy Webster
Mick Jones (hat in hand) by Pennie Smith
Norma by Wegee
Lot of pics by Dezo Hoffman/David Gahr
Buddy Holly publicity shots by Anon.

WAYS TO WORK IN 2-D
Black, grey & white pics
Polaroid
Bad amateur pics
Cheap pornography colour-pics

INFLUENCES
New York & Hollywood '20-'50
Eastern Europe
Roman Catholic churches
Cemeteries
Funfairs
Belgium
Italy

MUSIC FOR DARKROOMS
Nino Rota
Kraftwerk
Robert Wyatt
Van Morrison
Leonard Cohen
Dr John (City Lights)
Billie Holliday
Miles Davis
Mac Gayden

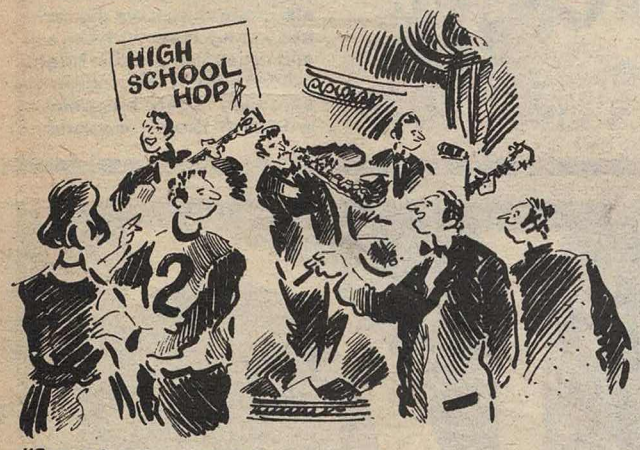
HATED EXPRESSION
"This is a bit like Diane Arbus"

Dear Neil, Herewith the consumer's guide and some information on my exhibition.

The exhibition started this week and lasts till May 29. It is open from Monday to Saturday from 10am-6pm and is closed on Thursdays and Sundays. The exhibition is my first one-man in England and I hope to bring it to London and other cities in the future.

It shows 39 pictures (I have more, but the gallery is quite small), all b/w and includes the ones which have appeared in the *NME* of: Adam Ant, David Bowie, Captain Beefheart, ABC, Elvis Costello, Joy Division, Theatre Of Hate, Kraftwerk, Ry Cooder, John Martyn, Steely Dan, Siouxsie, Kim Wilde, PiL, and features many Sheffield-born/based acts (ABC, Cab. Voltaire, Comsats, Joe Cocker, Human League, BEF). Also, there are postcards of Adam, Beefheart, Kraftwerk and John Martyn for sale and signed Beefheart posters (signed by me!)

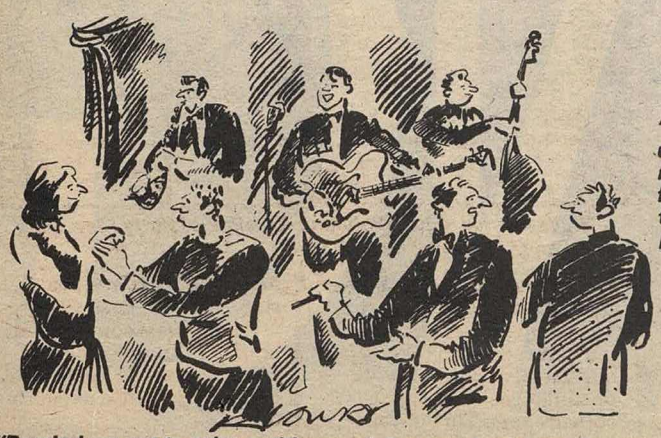
Name: Untitled Gallery, 173-175 Howard Road, Walkley, Sheffield S6 3RU (0742) 340369.



"Say, what do you call the stuff those kids are playing, bub?"

Lowry

"What you see here, Sir, is a result of the post-war economic upswing; in that the comparative affluence of a section of the nation's youth for the first time is allowing them the time and freedom to express their latent hopes and aspirations through the media of raucous new music, garish clothing, outlandish hairstyles, etc."



"Remind me not to ask a goddam sociology student, next time, will you?"

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STATUS QUO
SCORPIANS
JUDAS PRIEST
ZZ TOP ● POINT BLANC
live in concert Dortmund.
£60 — details as above with accommodation. Box 3
£44 — Skipper shuttle Details as above but no accom. Box 4.

FRANK ZAPPA
Ahoy Theatre, Rotterdam 14th May £38
Depart morning 14th, return 15th. Skipper shuttle; Price includes tickets for the concert ● Luxury coach trip ● Cross-channel ferry. Box 5.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL
Open Air Concert
Rotterdam, Holland, 12th June
Depart morning 11th June, return evening 13th June. Price £58 includes Ticket for the concert ● Return luxury coach trip ● Cross-channel ferry ● Accom in good hotel. Box 6.

A deposit of £20 per person will secure a place please tick box for trip reqd. ☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6
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PHANTOM OF PSYCHEDELIA

RICHARD COOK follows the Robyn Hitchcock guide to transport — physical, mechanical, mental and musical

Robyn Hitchcock pic: David Corio

ROBYN HITCHCOCK must be a fit man. He's racing round the London Transport Museum enthusing over the trams and prototype Routemasters like some possessed, gangly curator and a laggard like me is panting to keep up. "We bought this Hoover this morning — a great old one, big headlight on it like a Canadian Pacific locomotive. . ."

I call time on this tour of LT relics and we retire to a nearby rendezvous for tea and bananas. The former Soft Boys leader seems in excellent spirits: a new group, a new LP called 'Groovy Decay' and — hold on though, wasn't he going to be a kingpin of the new psychedelia? Disappointed over that, Robyn?

"It was nothing to do with me!" he declaims with unquenchable energy. "People have always been sort of daring it to come out of its hole. I'm more of a psychedelic person than I am a soul singer, I suppose. I mean, I don't have any control over Mood Six — maybe I could go and turn their amplifiers off . . . but *I* can't trigger off revivals. I'm not *in any way* promoting drugs."

What are all these songs about then? 'Midnight Fish'? 'Grooving On An Inner Plane'?

" 'America' is about a doomed Noel Coward figure standing on the rooftops of Manhattan wondering why it's not raining and looking at what America's doing to us. There might be many strands going through different songs — you could divide yourself into sub-groups while singing them."

This sounds very much like the English eccentric at play.

"I don't mind that. There's Rastafarian eccentrics as well. It's just how I come out after absorbing all the things I have."

The Soft Boys, Hitchcock's first stab at stardom, finally folded up last year after several tries at breaking their rushing guitar surrealism through. Last time I saw them they played a song called 'The Lonesome Death Of Ian Penman'.

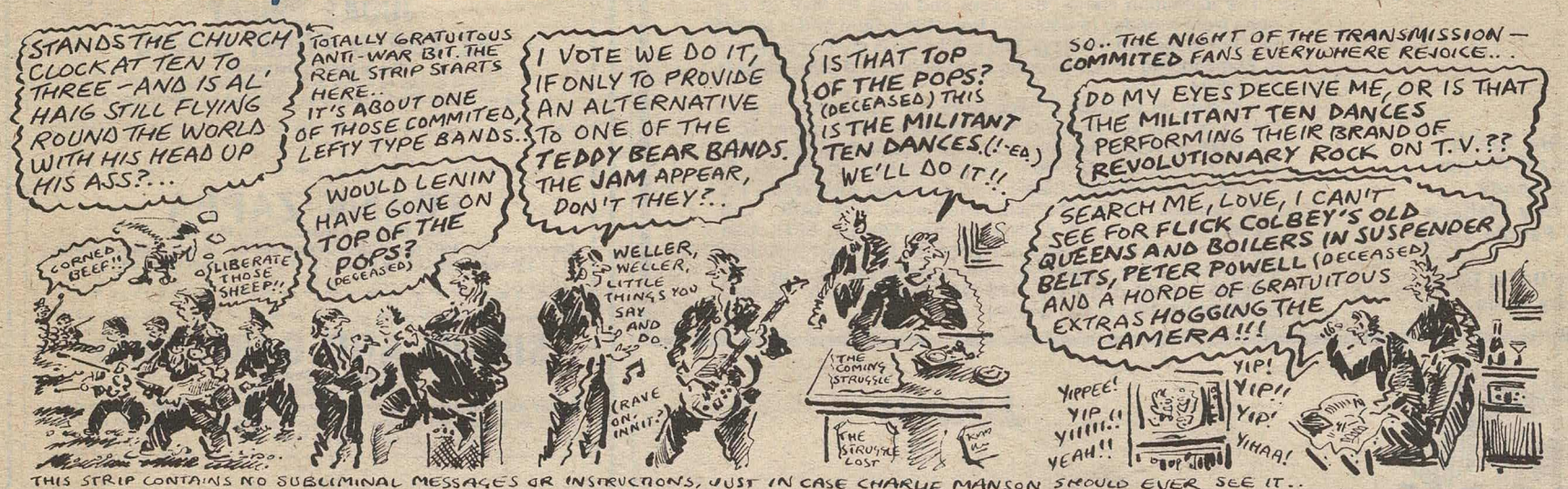
"Yeah," remembers Hitchcock, "I dreamt about him last night — we went to sit in our van and he was in there . . . we were going to ask him to play saxophone on it.

"Well, we couldn't play any other way and people couldn't seem to react other than by not reacting enough. There didn't seem to be any other way for us to compromise even though we tried lots of different styles. If you looked close up there were all these interesting little bits. The Soft Boys is undead, anyway. We might play a barmitzvah."

Hitchcock's new work does seem to be something of a retreat: neater, stand-up structures, the frantic held in check.

"I got fed up with working with another guitarist. Often with The Soft Boys the onstage racket was so great that all the elaborate things we did came out wrong. Now with the sax and organ you get this bright, *golden* sound." He nods in sage approval. "There's no point in writing all these songs and not

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


STANDS THE CHURCH CLOCK AT TEN TO THREE - AND IS AL' HAIG STILL FLYING ROUND THE WORLD WITH HIS HEAD UP HIS ASS?...
TOTALLY GRATUITOUS ANTI-WAR BIT. THE REAL STRIP STARTS HERE.. IT'S ABOUT ONE OF THOSE COMMITED, LEFTY TYPE BANDS..
I VOTE WE DO IT, IF ONLY TO PROVIDE AN ALTERNATIVE TO ONE OF THE TEDDY BEAR BANDS. THE JAM APPEAR, DON'T THEY?..
IS THAT TOP OF THE POPS? (DECEASED) THIS IS THE MILITANT TEN DANCES.(!-ED.) WE'LL DO IT!!
SO.. THE NIGHT OF THE TRANSMISSION — COMMITED FANS EVERYWHERE REJOICE...
DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR IS THAT THE MILITANT TEN DANCES PERFORMING THEIR BRAND OF REVOLUTIONARY ROCK ON T.V.??
SEARCH ME, LOVE, I CAN'T SEE FOR FLICK COLBEY'S OLD QUEENS AND BOILERS IN SUSPENDER BELTS, PETER POWELL (DECEASED) AND A HORDE OF GRATUITOUS EXTRAS HOGGING THE CAMERA!!!
WOULD LENIN HAVE GONE ON TOP OF THE POPS? (DECEASED)
CORNER BEEF!!
LIBERATE THOSE SHEEP!!
WELLER, WELLER, LITTLE THINGS YOU SAY AND DO..
(RAVE ON INNIT?)
THE COMING STRUGGLE
THE STRUGGLE LOST
YIPPEE! YIP YIIIII.. YEAH!!
YIP!! YIP! YIHAA!

THIS STRIP CONTAINS NO SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES OR INSTRUCTIONS, JUST IN CASE CHARLIE MANSON SHOULD EVER SEE IT..

KILLING

sounding good. If I'm bored with sounding good I'll go off with a ukelele or something."

But 'Groovy Decay' unfortunately *doesn't* sound very good — a set of songs which suggest that Hitchcock has tuned his maverick writing to far greater effect, has been recorded in a very dull and slack manner. He's disappointed too.

"It wasn't made by me or Steve Hillage (the producer) — we were fed into the studio and they made it. Those aren't our mixes and they were put out in a real hurry. I much prefer 'Black Snake Diamond Hole'."

Surely working with Hillage would seal the psychedelic connection.

"He's really got nothing to do with Canterbury. He comes from Walthamstow. Anyway I'm recording another LP in this carpentry shop. It's going to cost £100 to make — you can do it that cheap if the engineers don't charge you for the tape. Definitely the revenge of the individual.

"I'm not very interested in the reality of something, it's more the idea that counts. A song is always a compromise between the original feeling and the way it turns out. Sometimes the gap is enormous and it doesn't work. I've written about 250 songs I suppose."

You don't look back at most of them and cringe?

"No! As you get older you gain certain qualities and lose others. You might start off being very genteel and end up sounding like a dustbin."

Do you feel like an old rockist lost in a pop wonderworld?

"Yeah!" he laughs in delight. "It's funny when you hear these groups starting to play a guitar solo and then realising they mustn't so they start to fuck it up. Or they have to play just one note. I reckon a lot of this stuff is 95% gravy and 5% meat substitute.

"It seems a pity," he reflects, "because it seemed rock would be an area where things wouldn't have to be defined. But people's attention is limited and they want everything to be catalogued. Glamour's always been there — I remember. I'm old."

Are you too old?

"Too old for one of these new pop groups. But there's Debbie Harry, David Bowie, Ian Dury . . . I'm a very slow learner. I never knew any guitar licks or how to even tune a guitar for ages. If I live to be 40 I want to buy a harpsichord and go and play by a lake and record that.

"My next 'production' record will be quite exotic, I expect." He riffles through a tatty notebook that lists some of his new songs. "There'll be a song about The Higsons . . . um, 'Living In A Severed Head', 'Egyptian Cream', 'Sleeping Nights Of Jesus', 'The Clockwork Spinster', 'Messages Of Dark' — that one's about being in love with a spider. . ."

Sounds far out, Robyn.

LORDS OF THE NEW DANCE

PAUL MATHUR visits the court of King Trigger — and gets to see The Dance The Thompson Twins Banned

King Trigger pic: David Corio

THERE'S AN awful lot of dance groups around at the moment. Pigbag and Bow Wow Wow are at last in public favour, freeing people of inhibitions about sweating and waving their arms about. This is the right time to take the nation and its feet by storm.

Who's most likely to do it? Well King Trigger are one.

King Trigger are five, but seem like twenty as they rattle out their irresistible, swooping dance beat. Sam sings about dug-out canoes and not being too keen on the sight of blood, Martin and Stuart handle the metally bits on guitar and bass, Ian percusses and Trudi, the token black female drummer, holds the reins with a drumbeat of quite daunting proportions.

The dual drumming begs comparison with a certain dandy highwayman, and indeed there are hints of the 'Cartrouble' Ants in the music. That's not all there is to them though. There's a million influences and a million reference points. Duane Eddy, McLaren's aforementioned puppets, Ipi Tombi, Thompson Twins without the excesses . . .

They've recently come off the Twins' last tour, a tour which has thrust them quite suddenly into the public eye. Picking up rave reviews all over, without having played their way on the London circuit. It reeks of hype and naturally induces suspicion.

Martin: "We were conscious that people might have thought we were a hype, especially when another paper put us on their front cover. It must have seemed like just a PR exercise. Sure it was flattering but it was a bit premature.

"We've signed to Chrysalis so people are going to be very cyncial about rave reviews *and* a single out on a major label. I hope that our performances on the Twins tour and in the near future will persuade them that we're not just a band thrown together by a record company in an attempt to get rich fast."

People who saw them on the Thompson Twins tour could not have failed to appreciate their raw, celebratory whoop in the face of all that is dank and gloomy. What they won't have experienced, though, is Trudi's Dance.

"Normally when we play live we open up the set with a tape that Trudi does a sort of tribal dance to. The Twins thought it was offensive so they wouldn't let us do it on the tour. It was a choice between dropping it or being kicked off the tour, and that choice was very difficult. Eventually we decided to drop it, but we certainly didn't do it without a fight."

The Thompsons' action seems to be petty and unwarranted. Trudi's dance *is* very sexual but certainly not sexist — to ban it is like airbrushing *National Geographic*. The Twins must have seen them play before the tour, so surely they must have been aware of the dance. It seems to me an example of the huge gap between commonsense and a misguided "social conscience".

Why have the dance anyway?

"Well we like to make our

■ *Continues over*

The Lone Groover — Benyon

DID Y'DIG M'LATEST VIDEO?
NOPE.....
DISASTER MOVIES 'RE SO PASSÉ
SIGHO!
YAWN— TALKIN' BOUT DISASTERS THIS FALKLAND THING IS SOME GLASS OMELETTE, EH!
TYPICAL.....
Y'CAN'T HAVE DUDES INVADIN' YOR TERRITORY— IT'S A BLOODY OUTRAGE!!!
HEY YOU TWO!
WHEN 'RE YOU GOIN' T'CLEAR OUT OF MY HOUSE!??!!
ON YOR BIKE! CAPITALIST SWINE!
THIS IS AN OFFICIAL SQUAT!
KEEP OFF
PROPERTY IS THE THEFT OF BRICKS

JOKE
REVELATIONS
ALBUM & CASSETTE

● *from previous page*

performances a little bit special, something a bit different from the ritual of leap up on stage, plug in your instrument and launch into the first song. It's so boring and uninventive."

The group agree that a little looseness works well in the right hands (Pigbag, early Pop Group) but too often it dissolves into self-indulgence.

Martin: "I definitely believe in being as competent as you possibly can. I mean, some people seem to make a scene out of falling apart every time they get up on stage, their music has no cohesion whatsoever. That's a real trap and one that has been much too glorified in the past."

They've had their first real chance to gain this competence on the tour, having previously only played one-offs.

"We didn't want to get into the rut of playing the London club circuit until doomsday. They've got rubbishy sound, bad audiences, and it costs far too much to get in."

The tour was a long one. Did it turn into an exercise in going through the motions?

"No, quite the opposite. When we were just playing once every two weeks or whatever, we used to get really uptight about the performances and therefore when we played it was often a little held back. We've improved and strengthened ourselves a good deal."

That's all very well, but there's always the danger that a great live band just can't cut it when they get into the studio. King Trigger were worried about that, but the impressive work they did on their recent Kid Jensen session allayed their fears, and further improved the chances of their debut single being every bit as good as their live performances.

King Trigger, a suitably royal name. With them at the head of the Dance Republic, summer's going to be smashing.

Julie Tippetts, nee Driscoll — if your memory serves you well

Pic: Frank Passingham

Tippetts' tongues

GRAHAM LOCK learns how Julie Tippetts swapped Dylan for free jazz and came to play the hoover

IN THE depths of the Gloucestershire countryside, four voices are raised in musical conversation.

"Yif kofla charram riva doh ah bo," they say, "kadiggi diggitoto garak gadanga."

Julie Tippetts takes off her 1976 Voice LP and runs through a cassette, looking for snippets of her new record, a vocal duet with FIG singer Maggie Nicols. Two female voices swoop and swirl around a gruff, mournful lowing.

"What's *that?*" I ask.

"Hoovers," she laughs. "We found these vacuum cleaners lying round the studio, the cleaners must've left 'em behind, and me'n'Maggie started looning about, blowing down the tubes, and they made these amazing noises. We thought they sounded like whales singing, so the track's called 'W-h-a-i-ling'."

Fourteen years ago, Julie Tippetts was Julie Driscoll and she sang with The Brian Augur Trinity. They had a Top Ten hit with Bob Dylan's 'This Wheel's On Fire', and for a while Driscoll was a Pop Face — famous for her extravagantly designed eye make-up and close-cropped hair as well as for her strong, bluesy singing.

Then, as far as the pop world was concerned, she simply vanished.

In fact, she'd turned to jazz and improvised music. In 1970 she married pianist Keith Tippett (reclaiming the 's' he'd dropped from his name) and later worked with him in his two mammoth jazz/rock/classical fusion bands, Centipede and Ark, as well as in the smaller, freeform Ovary Lodge. She also sang with drummer John Stevens' Spontaneous Music Ensemble — a 1973 Norway gig will shortly be released on Affinity — and, together with Maggie Nicols, Phil Minton and Brian Ely, formed the purely vocal four-piece Voice.

1976 saw the release of her last solo LP, 'Sunset Glow'. And the same year she recorded 'Warm Spirits, Cool Spirits' with husband Keith, saxist Trevor Watts and bassist Colin McKenzie; an LP that remains one of the best British free jazz outings of the '70s.

Musical activities were curtailed with the birth of a daughter, Inca, in 1977 and a son, Luke, in 1979 when she and Keith retired to their spacious country farmhouse. The country life evidently suits her. She looks remarkably healthy, much younger than her 35 years, and her speech has taken on an intermittent West Country burr.

But the news now is that, after a near-total five-year absence from the music scene, Julie Tippetts is looking forward to a very busy summer. Gigs are planned with Company and Ovary Lodge; and on May 24, Radio Three's *Jazz In Britain* broadcasts a recent duet with Keith entitled 'Music For A Christening'.

More immediately, there is the imminent release of 'Sweet And 's' Ours', her LP with Maggie Nicols, on the German FMP label. And this Saturday, the two of them make a rare live appearance at London's Drill Hall for Early Evening Jazz, the women's jazz festival that forms part of the nationwide Women Live celebrations.

It seems a drastic change, I say to her, from the pop heroine of the swinging '60s to today's committed free jazz singer.

"Not *such* a change, really," grins Tippetts, "cos I never stuck very rigidly to written things anyway. It was quite a natural step for me to go into totally improvised music. I think I was searching for my . . . er, ethnic soul, if you like . . . trying to find what was *me* rather than doing other people's music.

"Just now, I'm discovering about harmonics, about what's actually in the human voice. You don't have to sing just one note at a time, you can do all kinds of things with the voice. If it's just done technically, without any feeling, then it's useless, yeah. But in the context of hopefully warm and honest music, I find it *can* be magical."

These qualities are evident in 'Sweet And 's' Ours', where Tippetts and Nicols, to their own accompaniment of hoover tubes, bottle necks, bongos and concertina, make their voices soar and blend with an invention and empathy that is utterly spellbinding.

"Maggie 'n' me go back a long way," she explains. "We met in Berlin in the '60s when she was with the Spontaneous Music Ensemble and I was with Brian Augur, then we worked together in Ark and Voice . . . but we *think* we knew each other back when we were 15, 16, cos I used to hang about in Soho, round the clubs, and I used to know this chick called Margaret, and *she* used to be known as Margaret. I'm sure it was Maggie . . .

"We have our different views, you know, but musically we come together — and as friends, as mates. We're both lunatics, really."

Despite this friendship, Tippetts doesn't share Nicols' adherence to feminism — "I'm not really a politically-minded person," she says — and her enthusiasm for the Women Live gig has less to do with its political dimension than with her own fervent advocacy of free music.

"Free music's not a respected profession in this country, it's looked on as a kind of funny hobby. It's terrible that it gets so little airplay, cos if people don't hear it very much, they don't relate to it . . . but it's not actually *difficult* to listen to, just that at first it may need a little work. I think it's a really important music, a *true* music."

True?

"If it's done well, it's gonna say everything that's in the musician's heart.
It's a kind of healing music."

Maybe that healthy glow isn't the country air at all. Open wide and say "Ahhh kadiggi diggitoto garak gadanga."

XTC'S LATEST SINGLE

— APPEARING IN — UNIQUE DIY THEATRE KIT SLEEVE

COMPLETE WITH SCENERY AND 'CUT-OUT' CAST OF CHARACTERS

'FOR SHORT RUN ONLY'

XTC

theatre

PRESENTS

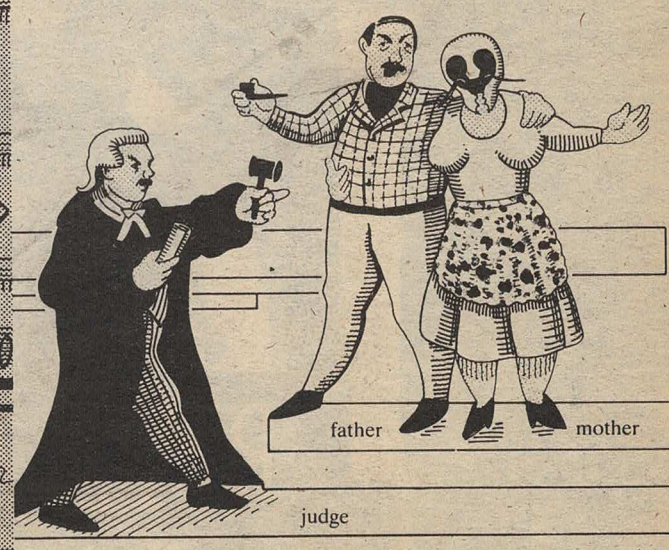
NO THUGS IN OUR HOUSE

A musical in three acts by XTC

Cast of characters

GRAHAM, *a teenager*
MOTHER, *a busy housewife*
FATHER, *a conservative husband*
POLICEMAN, *a young constable*

SCENE: *A kitchen in suburbia, one bright Saturday morning*

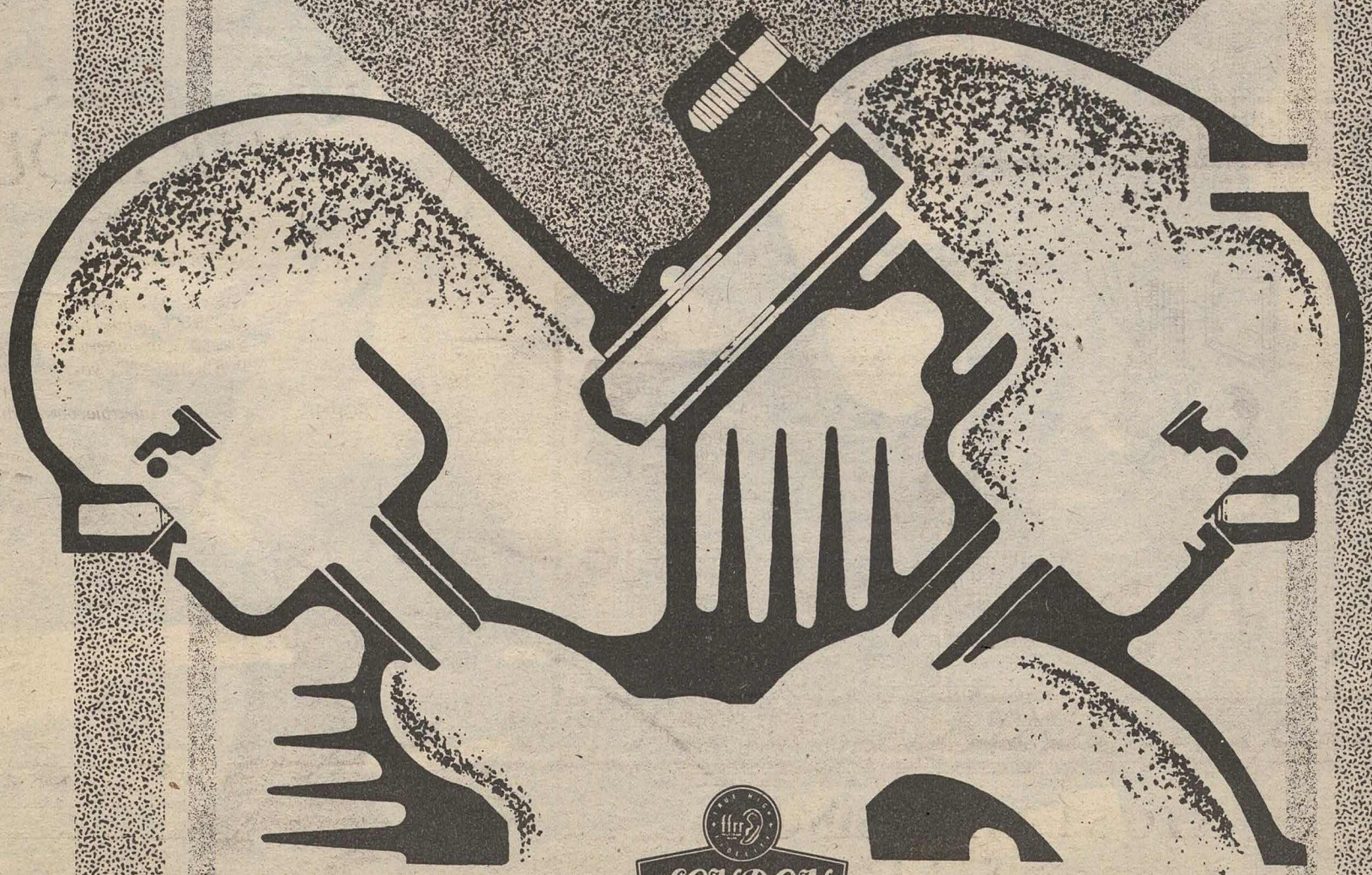


Produced by Hugh Padgham and XTC
with assistance from Howard Gray

Virgin Records Limited

LP

funkapolitan



LONDON RECORDINGS

also on cassette

BREAKS

OUT COME THE FREAKS

Right: Marc Almond does his amazing shrinking act for Helen and Gorzo. The Amazing Strongman. In the background Dave Ball pretends he's a sensible and serious musician.

Snake charmers, fire-eaters, strong-men, synthesisers and Northern Soul . . .

LYNN HANNA turns the spotlight on the pop and sleaze inside the padded Soft Cell.

PETER ANDERSON snaps up all the fun of the fair.

ALONG THE well-tended roads near St. John's Wood station, the pink and white blossom is in full spring bloom. Solitary shoppers browse through the sunlit streeets beneath pastel fountains of petals, enclosed in an ordered haven of tranquil affluence.

But a video studio discreetly hidden in a disused local chcurch contains the tainted trappings of a darker lifestyle. At one end of it, a warped circus crowd is being put through its paces. Two lady ringleaders pose in top hats, tails and fishnet tights, while a white-faced mime artist grimaces gamely. A determined female fire-eater disgorges a paraffin-fuelled inferno that curls dangerously close to Marc Almond's Vidal Sassoon coiffure. A strongman glumly flexes a few sweaty sinews, his oiled torso beginning to take on the consistency of melting lard beneath the lights.

"Ready VT?"

The director orders a little more dry-ice to be pumped over the choking participants.

"Cut!"

The ballroom dancers who've been circling elegantly have stumbled over a spotlight.

"CUT!"

The midget who's been blithely pirouetting in a fairytale tutu has been singed by a recklessly aimed sheet of the fire-eater's flames.

"CUT!!!"

The snake lady has collapsed under the combined coils of her wriggling charges and lies prostrate in her purple lame bikini while the reptiles repel any rescue attempts.

It is a day that holds its fair share of surprises, not the least of which is when the trunk that I've been nonchalantly sitting on all afternoon is thrown open to reveal the undulating scales of six hissing monsters, writhing impatiently for their star part in the show.

The finished product should be a typical Soft Cell scenario: funny, freakish and faintly perverted, embracing tastelessness with affection and more than a hint of grossness yet knowing enough for a shared wink at it all.

But there is a naked emotion visible beneath the camp clothing and Soft Cell's whirl of gaiety is set against a sinking sense of human sadness.

LIKE MANY people who've suffered some sort of hardship, Marc Almond attaches a true importance to the lighter things of life. Hovering skittishly in front of the cameras or darting out into the darkness of the studio between takes, he's an amiable oddity who revels in acquaintance and speaks with the slight hesitation of a conquered stutter.

Gushing and gossipy, giddy and generous, beneath the bubbling laughter that's a little too uncontrolled for comfort, and the nervous torrent of incessant conversation, there's a fragile streak that inspires friendship. Marc, I notice, is particularly petted by the women on the set, and he has the ability to slip into an easy intimacy that's found more frequently in females.

His impulsive temperament and spontaneity have landed him in trouble more than once, such as the time he agreed to pose nude for one of the glossy pop papers and ended up, as he puts it, looking like "a Biafran surrounded by bunches of bananas" — besides having to pay heavily for the privilege of not having them printed.

Marc Almond is pretty well aware that his unorthodox exhibitionism makes him tread quite close to the ridiculous, and underneath a natural taste for the theatrical there are the unpretentious attitudes that are a legacy of his Northern upbringing in Leeds.

"I'm the first person to make a joke about myself. I know most of my faults and I can always make fun of them, which I think is a good way to be.

"I like to involve myself in as many things as possible. I like to plough straight forwards and sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't, but it's all valuable experience which is going towards me doing things better in the future. Sometimes I've made a real idiot and a fool of myself.

"People have always made fun of me. It's always been a matter of survival to me. I wasn't particularly tough at school, how I survived was making people laugh.

"Criticism is good and you need it. In rock music or pop music, whatever you want to call it, you see so many people who make it big and become so arrogant, such pains in the neck. You're not doing anything of real, world shattering importance. It's important, yes, but not to the extent that some people in music think."

Besides being visually the most ill-matched duo in the bright, dizzy bubble of the current British pop boom, Marc Almond and David Ball have also scored one of the least expected successes. Meeting at art school in Leeds and starting out on Stevo's obscure Lincoln label Some Bizzare, where they first attracted attention with dark electronic disco tracks like 'Girl With The Patent Leather Face' and 'Memorabilia', it was 'Tainted Love' — a Northern Soul classic that seemed perfect re-applied to their own shady ethic — that propelled them into the charts. And yet they are incongruous, almost suspect figures in the shiny teenpop sphere.

"I find it really bizarre that we fit well into that market, because I've never gone to capture any market. I've just done what I like doing," says Marc. "I find it very hard to pinpoint what my appeal is.

"A good sign is that we sell a lot of 12 inch singles. I don't want people to think of me as a face to be stuck on a bedroom wall. I find that's a little bit false to me, because I take a joke out of all that sex symbol image. You couldn't exactly call me Hunk Of The Month!"

David Ball is a man of fewer words who nevertheless discusses his aims, influences and motives with a serious passion that's rather surprising. Until recently, when his role as the strong, silent type in the Soft Cell scheme thawed considerably, his manner was so restrained that it bordered on the blank.

"I'm nowhere near Marc in terms of exhibitionism, but I do find that doing things like this video bring me out of myself more. I can let myself go . . . a bit. I don't really like being in front of people. I prefer to be heard and not seen"

A former Northern soulboy who, confides Marc, was previously given to performing backflips, he's also capable of compositions and arrangements of the calibre of the 12 inch version of 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye', a swirling electronic symphony that surges around a sublime, tear-stained melody. At the moment he's consolidating plans to co-produce Martha Reeves singing two Soft Cell songs, at her request — a compliment that he regards with shy, surprised pleasure.

"If that comes off, I'll be so pleased!

"I think a lot of the Northern soul influence is in the simplicity, also there's an open feel to the stuff we do. We try and get a big sound that's uncluttered, which in a lot of ways is similar. It's a particular sound that I like, but there's loads of other things. At the moment I'm really into '60s orchestral pop: John Barry, Burt Bacharach, Petula Clark. I love all that stuff because they're such good melodies.

"A lot of the music I write has got quite a sad sound. A lot of it is quite melancholy. Most of the songs have got a story to them, like a film; the stuff I do is like soundtrack music. It's like trying to get a total sound.

"Someone else I absolutely worship is Phil Spector, there's a total feel in which everything complements everything else, even though there's tension there. The song might be about somebody's love affair breaking up, which might sound corny, but it's in pop terms. And the music that goes with it Phil Spector described as symphonies for the kids.

"In a lot of ways that's what I'm trying to do, not copying Phil Spector, but in my own way. I often find it very hard to justify why I do what I do. It just *feels* right basically."

With the strong streak of melodrama that runs right through Soft Cell, the kitsch trappings and classic accusatory story lines, Soft Cell could easily be called camp.

"It's almost, but just restraining it so it doesn't quite topple over the edge. It's just in that boundary before it becomes corny. To me, that's when you can really come up with something. Rather than be arty about it and write about obscure images which no one can really relate to unless they're an acid freak or something, it's just writing about real things, and it's easy to sound corny if you're writing about real experiences.

"To me the difference is you get love songs and love songs. Some one like Phil Spector . . . I can tell that he really *meant* it, in his love songs; he really felt something and he was trying to put it across. It comes through in the *sound* of the music, the *feel* of the music, the production, everything. And you get another contrived song, some horrible synthetic thing — I won't mention any names — but really over-produced and with no feeling at all.

"In a lot of ways our stuff is really brash, it's got quite a raw quality. It's not something that sounds like we've just listened to what's going on. It's our own music. It comes from us, it's not what's the 'in' thing — it's nothing to do with that. We're not trying to make out we're great artists or anything. We're just lucky that we're doing our own thing and people like it.

"There's nothing dishonest about what we do. Obviously there's the glamourising of things, but that's just the pop business. I don't particularly like that side of things."

Marc Almond's own defences-down re-enactment of loss and desire can also come impressively close to an '80s electro-pop version of vulnerable soul.

"When I write lyrics there's an element of personal experience, although I mix it with other things. I don't like to write about things that I don't have a right to. I prefer to sing things that you can really mean. When we did 'Tainted Love' the lyrics felt to me very right.

"I like to get really lost in the studio, I like to do it straight through and put everything into it, do it straight from the heart. Like people said 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye' was out of tune in parts. I could have done bits of it again, but it didn't matter. I just sung it how I felt."

But there is a contrast between what you're singing and the tongue-in-cheek quality of the videos, I suggest.

"I think that's good, because there's always a danger of becoming too serious. I think it's good to have a serious side and a light-hearted one. The things that I like that we've done are things like 'Facility Girls', 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye' and 'Torch', much more mellower, emotional things. Songs that I admit that I'm not really into anymore are things like 'Sex Dwarf' which was like a spit in the face of *News Of The World*, who give people trash to lap up. It was a case of being intrigued but aggravated."

SITTING IN the bright white make-up area upstairs in the building, dressed in a tawdry combination of leather and suede that only serves to emphasise his physical frailty, Marc Almond is a twittering, over-anxious presence — dashing up and down the stairs for more takes in the studio, fuelled by adrenalin and living on a nervous energy that seems to have been further stimulated by some of the consequences of success. He's also the only pop star I've met who's gone to the trouble to pack a picnic lunch for an interview.

He's a nice person and it's unfortunate that he's now wary of nightlife since — especially in Leeds, where he still lives much of the time — he's recently been the victim of several bullyings as a result of a hideous herd instinct that's caused by jealousy and sick suspicion.

Does extrovertism come naturally to him?

"Basically I'm just neurotic," he laughs. "It stems from school again where if I'd been the sort of person who'd been quiet and shy I would have been picked on much more, being a weed I covered up by being stupid at school. I had to try much, much harder to have a place so that I could stand at the same level as everyone else. I knew when I got out of school, no one was going to come up to me and say, Here it is on a plate."

In the past, Soft Cell have been accused of being unduly fixated with sleaze.

"It's not like that. It's like I've always had a lot of experience in that side of life. I'm interested in the loser, the person who has to struggle to survive. They're the people with the interesting stories to tell, I find. I often find successful people very boring. A loser will talk about his failures but he'll also talk about his dreams.

"It's a kind of curiosity," continues David Ball. "In the same way that Andy Warhol used to use all those people. We're not mocking them. It's good because you get all these posers that think they're so smart, and we'd rather use people off the street that have got something really interesting to offer."

There is the danger that it will be construed as decadence.

"We are decadent in a lot of ways. I think everyone is. We live in a world that is decaying and full of corruption. All we're doing is reflecting that. You go round New York and in many ways the city's like the dustbin of the world. The real thing's there. We're not glorifying it, we're just using elements because we're interested in them and we want to make other people interested in them."

Nevertheless Soft Cell's underworld imagery is not normally associated with the well-scrubbed surface of pop's apparent innocence, nor is it ususal for a pop singer to admit frankly to investigating Soho's seedier establishments, talking to girls, pimps and club owners, managers of sex cinemas and performers in strip joints.

"I found it very fascinating," Marc says. "A whole other life and other world. I don't think a clean, soapy bright antiseptic image is true to life, that's like having a coat of whitewash over everything.

"I like to hear people's stories. It's often very sad. They've had terrible relationships and upbringings. You meet people who are very lonely and desolate. But these people are great because they let you get right into their hearts, they'll give you anything, do anything for you if you get past the ice. They've been a lot of my closest friends. There's a couple of bars in Soho that I always go in. I know all the girls and I sit and chat. It's really odd but I feel at home in places like that.

"It's not being creepy or anything like that. It's just that I've had times where I've not been accepted; I've experienced that feeling of everybody turning on me and feeling the outsider. I know what it's like, I feel really at home with people who are outsiders.

"People think I'm mad for going to these places. I think *they're* mad for being stuck in a life that's easy to them. See the other side of the fence! Experience some other types of life! It doesn't mean that your life is right and theirs is *wrong*. It's just different. You're just living your life because circumstances have led you to live your life like that. It's not being puritanical and saying, Disgusting. I'd never like to be a snob and look down on people."

DOWNSTAIRS IN the studio they've switched off the spotlights and opened the double church doors onto the still sunny evening street. The make-up artist and hairdressers have gathered up the complicated tools of their trades, the snakes have been coaxed back into their box, the cameras have been stilled and the soundtrack stopped and, having politely done his duty in the interview, David Ball has silently slunk off about his own business.

At the top of the stairs, sitting in front of a make-up mirror, Marc Almond is still chatting; twitchy and cheerful, entertaining and communicating as, one by one, the rest of the performers troop down the stiars, say hello and wave goodbye on their way back to bedsit land.

Marc promises to meet people in the pub, plans to look at a flat, see a late film, phone friends . . .

"I hate people who are totally self-satisfied with what they are and what they want to do. Now I've got the chance to do things that I've wanted to do, no one's going to stop me! I don't ever want to get into the situation where I sit down with a pile of money and a bottle of whisky and say, Oh God, what can I do today?"

SINGLES

Reviewed by Gavin Martin

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

THE DEFECTS: Brutality (WXYZ)
"They take you down to Castlereagh, you better know what you didn't say./They put you up against the wall./They make you feel about ten years old/. . . They didn't like the clothes I wore/They said I was the son of a whore."

I give you Belfast's Defects, toast of the town for sometime now, and with this fully fired torrent of rage the makers of the best punk music since 'Bollock '. All the power and blood-letting is here, all the spirit and challenge lacking from pussyfooting politicos like The Au Pairs and The Gang Of Four is here, screaming with raw ugly feeling. I may not agree completely with The Defects but they give voice to a thunderous roar of pagan punk power that I thought lost and buried. It closes with a mighty cry that I well remember from my youth — *"SS RUC, SS RUC, SS RUC. . ."* Not so much a question of protest and survive, more a question of protest and run like hell. If this was 1977 The Defects would probably have my vote for single of the year, never mind week.

ALTON EDWARDS: Strange Woman (CBS)
Mr. Edwards' last work out gave me the jitters; it seemed to slide and bubble and froth all around the place without ever finding its feet. This is better balanced, with trim guitar frills, slashing hi hat and a firm muscle flexing bass which knots itself around a punchy horn section. Alton's vocal attributes aren't as great as the arrangement though where he goes *"What the hell d'you think you're doing"* is the bit you'll be listening out for on the radio (providing it's not banned because of the bad word, of course). A very satisfactory invitation to the dance for all that.

DENEICE WILLIAMS: It's Gonna Take A Miracle (CBS)
A lolling lickle soul ballad from Ms Williams with Tom Bell going thru some third rate motions at the control panel. Actually sounds like a patchwork of different ladies we have loved in their time — the carousing warmth of Gladys, the paradisical pitch of Ripperton and the soft stepping stealth of Warwick. Although it is sad to see the master apeing a pastiche — the melody seems to come straight off Elvin Bishop's 'I Fooled around And Fell In Love' — it's nice to have a record album around that is hummable and hummable enough to remind us how many other records there are worth listening to.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

PAUL DAVIS: 65 Love Affair (Arista)
GREG KIHN BAND: Happy Man (Berserkley)
GARY WILSON BAND: Dreamin' (Avatar)
Three discs which, like the sick succession of afternoon DJs on the nation's airwaves, gala openers and cretinous babblers), live in a goody-goody knicker wetting world — all inane plastic grins, rainbow coloured jumpsuits and high jinx in the cringing clean cut college of coo--ool.

Paul Davis is the prime contender for a place at the heart of the slush core of the nation's decarbonised pap. '65 Love Affair is perfect toe-rag music for jean adverts, it talks about a time when everything really *was* fab and swinging and Paul even goes to the trouble of getting a dog to bark with him on the chorus. Hey now, isn't that really something?

Fry's fists of fury. *Photo: Kevin Cummins*

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

ABC: The Look Of Love (Neutron)
Make no mistake, The Golden Age Of Pop, long thought to be extinct (especially by old men who want you to believe their youth was better than yours) is getting a recall. From its opening crescendo — the sax wail, the gorgeous vocals, the impeccable string arrangement and the raw boned soulful message it emotes — 'The Look Of Love' has a power and momentum which reminds me why I started listening to music in the first place.

This is one step closer to the record ABC have been aiming towards, a record that walks with its head held high, surrounded by a bright glow and almost ready to stand beside the great things they aspire to. But — a few qualms — the record seems to try a bit too hard to incorporate fashionable devices, a bit too busy with the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP dance rhythm f'rinstance. Fry and co have the ability and should have the guts to allow a great song to breathe and speak for itself. Trevor Horn's studio techniques are beginning to sound a little pat (I like Little Pat but I don't want him hanging around all the time) especially when they're utilised on four different mixes of the same song.

I only say these things because I *know* the high standards the group aspire to — because ABC are bringing it all back, the electric feeling that comes when you first lose your virginity to pop music. Listen to that closing coda — everyone pulling together to reach a collective climax, a sky breaking summer celebration that comes from only the best performances. Make no mistake 'The Look Of Love' is a great, great record.

At about the same time as the Pistols were storming the nation (good news 'n' gob to all men), Berserkeley were putting out some craftsmanlike bubblegum, with genuine regard for detail and softer points and with The Rubinoos 'I Think We're Alone Now' a stone classic record. Greg Kihn was always a Buttons to Cinderellas like The Rubinoos and Jonothan Richman, but now he's just a big stuffed pumpkin — tart, rather than smart, pop.

Gary Wilson gets together with Showaddywaddy producer on an old Johnny 'You're Sixteen' Burnett song and gets a skipping thru the daises romp going. It was the usual 'Waddy insipid feel — drum sounds that are meant to go *crack* but end up going *splodge*.

WHITE TRASH AND POLITICAL TACK

GANG OF FOUR: I Love A Man In A Uniform (EMI)
VITAL DISORDERS: Zombie (Lowther International)
ANTI PASTI: East To West (Rondelet)
You know what it's like when there's some sick, feeble old politician on TV — say Jim Prior on last week's *Question Time* — and they're not dealing with the issues raised, they're just throwing a few crumbs from the loaf of party policy, dishing out a meagre helping of sops for the supposed saps of the world.

So what is the purpose of bringing political discussion into pop music? So you can activate it with passion and concern and get to the barbs of the matter which are all too frequently smoothed over and jargonised out of existence by party political discourse. All these records say no, the idea is to provide an alternative soap box, not for the saps, but the *real morons* of the world.

The Gang Of Four must be running short of things to simplify and sloganise by now. Taking potshots at the military is very popular and not without its merits but hardly for the reasons Jon King is singing about. Y'see it's all down to *SEX* — repressed male joins the army to rekindle the flagging macho flame and assert himself to the womenfolk. Do people still believe this Freudulent bullshit? Does anyone still listen to this pallid flunk funk for pleasure or is it (hey, hey now) more out of a *sense of duty?* Imagine having blokes like The Gang Of Four in the last war: "Can't use this rifle , sir. Offends the wife's sexuality y'see, sir."

Behind all the guff about the vitals from Norwich being "a living example of William Blake's concept that energy is the eternal delight" and a laboured, yappy Slit type playground rant about the boys in green, they have a fine old fatback stride and smart, colourful horns driving to the home strait.

Back to 1978 at The Home Of Funk with the Pastimen borrowing a riff from Sham 69 ('The Kids Are United'). I know times are hard but this is ridiculous. Spun out to inordinate length (must be their progressive phase) it's a tuneless meander within an indecipherable racket. Same as usual — watch it shoot to the top of the independent charts.

COOL BREEZE

RUBY TURNER: Checkin' It Out (Sunflower)
Much touted 21 year old songstress from Handsworth area of Birmingham performing four standards with more than the usual quotient of spirited fire and ice. Launching a career singing two Van Morrison songs (the title track and 'Crazy Love'), 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine' and The Spencer Davis Group 'Keep On Running' is ambitious and probably a little ill advised, especailly given the musicians' respectable but very cautious approach. It also begs inevitable comparisons with the originals but even on the weakest moment — a trumpeting hardback version of 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine' — Ms Turner acquits herself with honours, and on her best moment, the title track, she turns in a splendid, strong and emotive performance. Given the time and care of a good songwriter/producer, Ruby Turner could produce something very special very soon.

HOT AIR

GOOMBAY DANCE BAND: Sun Of Jamaica (Epic)
PATRICK BOOTHE: Dance All Night (Streetwave)
LINDA TAYLOR: You And Me Just Started (Groove)
Tinfoil trunks, corkscrew quiffs, continental midriff and dancing without their dentures — it must be the ee bah Goombay Dance Band, lad. Following on the heels of such middlebrow Kraut cultural scavengers as James Last and Boney M, come the GDB with a recipe just guaranteed to whisk the blow dried, holiday bound suburban dweller off the Axminster and into a tourist brochure amalgam of something a little ethnic, a little exotic, and a little sweet Martini as well, per chance? Demis Rousos with a syn-drum up his smock. Altogether now, hip, hip — hoary.

Did you see the terrible Lulu on the last edition of the horrible Kenny Video show? It's nowhere near as bad but the Linda Taylor disc reminds of whatever atrocity it was she was butchering — it's brassy, smug and terribly, terribly mannered.

It's not saying much but Paddy has the best record here. It's only the bare bones of a really good record, wound up for an intro of flaming horns and a good spirited background thud. It just unwinds and unwinds to nowhere in particular — staid and repetitive with its feet stuck in the mud.

GOOD BLOKES!

DURAN DURAN: Hungry Like A Wolf (EMI)
Funny isn't it, the way apologists for so many of the new bright fashionable lights of the music scene make great play out of telling everyone how street level and ordinary all the lads are — enjoy a pint and a good time just like the rest of us mortals. Phew! What a relief.

Duran Duran, the dustbin men of the new fad, are certainly ordinary; very, very ordinary, numbingly ordinary, excruciatingly ordinary — unimaginably ordinary to the point of being relentless bores. This is another copy cat, dogeared, patchwork of endless electro fidgets, piled on thick and fast (and thicker and faster than all the rest of their efforts) with a minimum of style and class. See you down the pub, boys.

SENSITIVE ARTIST SEEKS UNDERSTANDING AUDIENCE

TOM VERLAINE: Postcard From Waterloo (Virgin)
A long way from the flesh and blood, electric blue frazzle of the best music from Tom (invariable 'Marquee Moon', though his solo album had a few moments). This is a very down in the mouth, very much the cryptic artist playing the posey prat, very much music for bedsit depressives to strangle their pet budgies to. It's an acoustic based little missive (by way of a tribute to 'Waterloo Sunset' methinks) with a big bold fee fo fi fum bass always there behind TV's angsty yearnings, guitar trills and piano frills, moving after the rest of the song like a snow plough scraping up slush. One wonders why Tom isn't pedalling his 'postcard' from Paris, perhaps he's afraid of going inSeine. Hur hur.

WHEN OIRISH EYES . . .

DANA AND THE NORTHERN IRELAND 1982 WORLD CUP SQUAD: Yer Man (Towerball)
Ahh, who could resist this — the dulcet tones of the darling Derry songthrush played off against the booming confidence of the 1982 World Cup winners? The rousing delight of seeing the ball smashed into the opponents' goal, the roar of the crowd, the smell of the turf. All the atmosphere and anticipation of the giantkillers as they head off towards the big 'un is captured, a clever compromise is reached with the old Rising Sons type flute band being matched with the sweet resonances of everybody's favourite colleen. (Of course you could say it must be a really bad week for singles if the reviewer starts praising tripe like this. And you could well have a point.)

SCREAM AND DANCE: In Rhythm (Recreational)
Far more disturbing that legions of young girls with their Toyah make-up kits is the increasing number of their older, more progressively minded sisters who are making Ari Up (*Ari Up!*) their role model. Just what the world needs, a few thousand more scrappy, scatterbrained, profoundly meaningless raps on the oneness of self, rhythm, clean underwear, air, water and dope smoke.

'In Rhythm' is of the school — an ingratiating whitey-by-numbers guide to the mysterious nature of exotic ryddums. Scream and Dance are from Bristol and they're just one of the many acts trying to creep in the back door, hidden beneath Rip Gig and Panic's shirt-tails. But this is little more than faint hearted English whimsy — limpid and loopy. Suitable background music for a sketch in *Play School* or for Jimmy Pursey to mime to on *Riverside*.

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS: Pharoah's Chant (Virgin)
An Arabic-a-buskingbilly pop oddity that comes unstuck because despite its perky light fingered feel and rolling rhythm it has no tone or backbone to build on. Does little more than make me want to play some old Elvis Presley and Gene Vincent records.

NO WAY OUT

IRON MAIDEN: The Number Of The Beast (EMI)
DAVE EDMUNDS: Me And The Boys (Arista)
CHROME: Fireball (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)
Q. What is a bad thing worse than, Mr O'Brein?
A. Nothing.
Q. And, Flann me old mate, what non existent thing is often said to be still there?
A. The nothing that frequently remains to be said.

Illustration: Serge Clerc

ALTERED IMAGES

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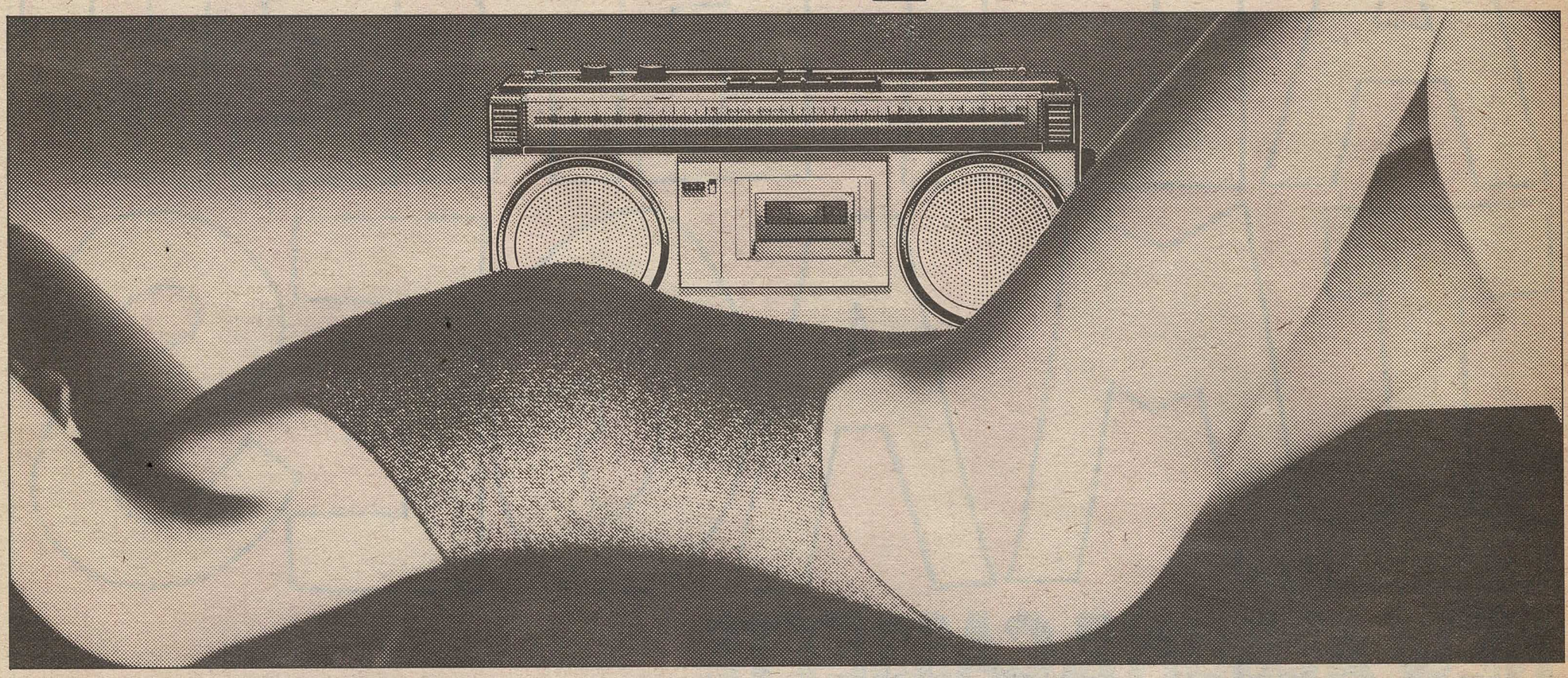

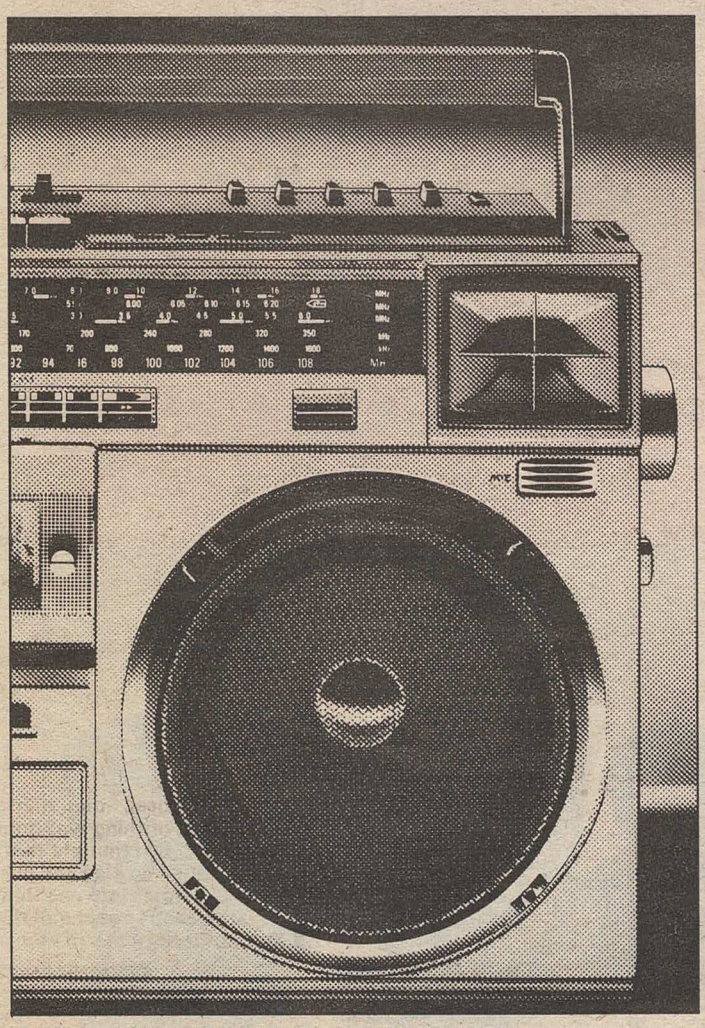

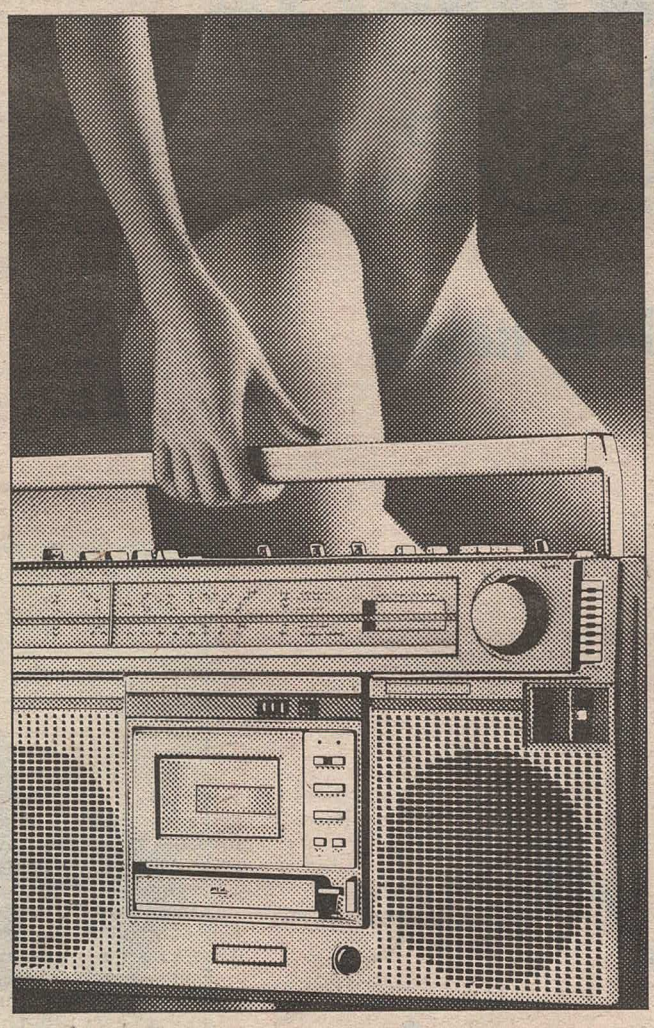

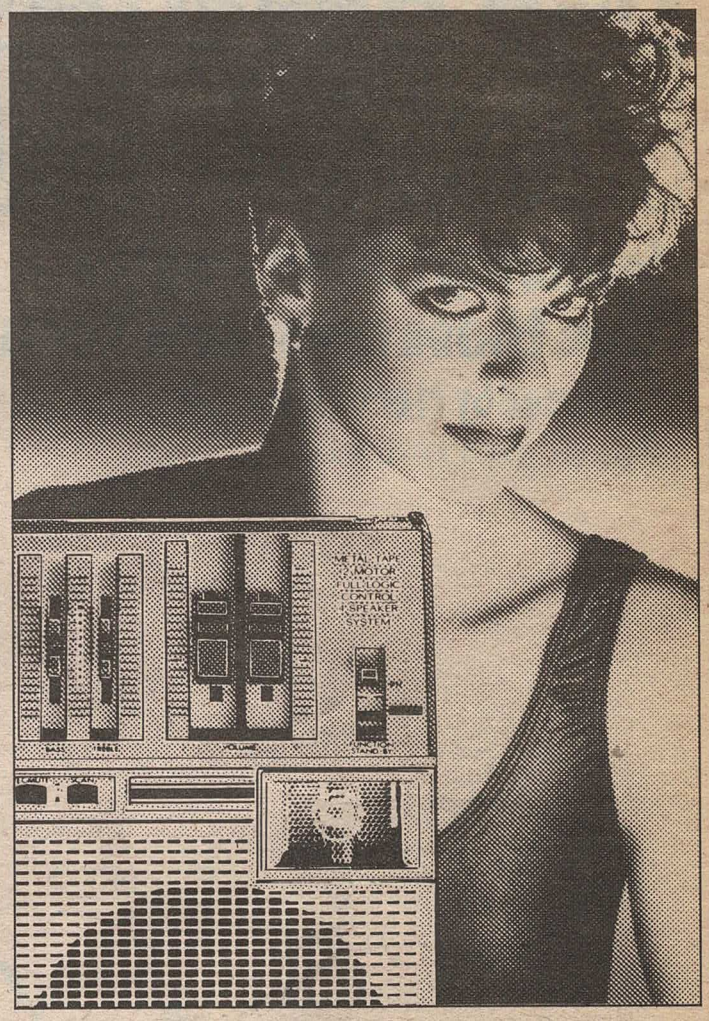

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THE SIX FACES OF Z'EV

Following in the footsteps of the new pop corporations walks a lone figure called Z'ev, an extraordinary American percussionist whose corporeal form accommodates at least five other personalities — each pursuing a career of its own.

By CHRIS BOHN

Pix PETER ANDERSON

THROUGH NO fault of its own — and not for want of trying — the Z'ev face is not yet a familiar one. So let's take a closer look and memorise it.

Crowned by a shaven head, it houses passionate piercing eyes above an aquiline nose and smallish mouth, before tapering down to the point of the chin, which is separated from the lower lip by a tiny untidy triangle of hair. The face is attached to a scrawny neck that disappears into the oddest shirt collar this side of a leprechaun's, in that one flap is rolled into a dagger shape and pinned over the other to form another point directing attention to the sharp cut of his jacket.

If it's not already apparent, everything about Z'ev leads to a point. And the point of this meeting is to establish Z'ev's face as something worth remembering.

Going by the sort of excitement the Z'ev sound encapsulates, the exercise shouldn't really be necessary — but because his music is created through methods considered outside the norm, the recognition he deserves hasn't been forthcoming.

Still, the sizeable numbers who have seen Z'ev so far, either during his support spot on a Bauhaus tour or at London's Lyceum on an early Fetish Records night, are hardly likely to forget the initially bizarre impression he left. Of a small figure entering stage right trailing a set of home-made percussive instruments behind him, before flailing every available percussive surface with any available extreme of his body.

It soon becomes apparent why his knees are padded, skateboard style, even if one is left to wonder why he doesn't betray a similar concern for his arms, chest and head. Whatever, Z'ev's is a powerful stage presence, whose manic energy manifests itself in a dense swirl of metallic sound that sweeps up the listener in irresistible hypnotic waves. Either that or it more simply drives you to the bar. If he demands anything, it is commitment of a sort.

Despite everything, Z'ev is not unapproachable — and if you need proof wait till you hear his extraordinary new Fetish single, which features his version of The Surfaris' old hit 'Wipe Out'. By incorporating the familiar racing terrace handclap of another surfing standard, 'Let's Go', as punctuation, the groundswells of phased noise aren't allowed to solidify — at least not until the listener has been well and truly overwhelmed by it all.

THE CHOICE of 'Wipe Out' is not gratuitous. If it's not the song's percussive innovations that appealed — "I guess 'Wipe Out' was the first real drumbreak song since Gene Krupa or Sandy Nelson in the '50s," Z'ev says — then it might've been chosen for its sentimental value. Z'ev was born and brought up in California, and played every pop style including rock and roll and dixieland before the surfing boom gave American pop a new, if short-lived, direction. Was he a surfer himself?

"No, I was more what was considered a greaser," recalls Z'ev. "I grew up in Van Ness right in the centre of Car Culture America. So I was first in a bicycle gang and then when we got a little older you'd be in a motorcycle gang and then you'd be in a car gang. So there was definitely this kind of criminal gang situation I was involved in."

Sentiment, however, doesn't figure too strongly in the Z'ev Plan. 'Wipe Out' is a deliberate move to prove to non-believers and non-starters that what he does is *music*. It is not so much the calculated act of an avant gardist — well, yes, it is — to make a few bucks, as an attempt to make apparent what he does.

In other words, Z'ev made easier. Not for Z'ev the rarefied circles of musicians' co-ops, of preaching to the already converted. Z'ev considers his to be a mission, and as he sees more and more bizarre percussive elements permeating the pop mainstream — check Spandau's 'Chant', The Creatures, Bow Wow Wow, Bohannon and the cultish links Foetus Over Frisco, Germany's Die Krupps and Einsturzende Neubauten — he's optimistic as to its success.

Though banging one's head against the wall might appear to be a very Z'evy thing to do, he's no longer prepared to do it. Realising the pre-conditioned limitations of pop listeners, he knows how far to go to reach them without losing sight of his art.

"You have to learn the differences between the compromises that don't matter and the compromises that do," proposes Z'ev reasonably. "That might sound a little hypocritical, but it's not, as ultimately there are certain things you do that don't matter, compared to, like, the real thing."

'Wipe Out' isn't a compromise, just a Z'ev theory put into its most palatable form. It isn't far removed from the earlier, more austere Dutch release 'Af/Uit' 'Element L', which shares with the latest a profound sense of displacing time, achieved through the massing of multiple beats into a trancelike surge of sound. That's the effect, the theory goes like this:

"Because there's not a distinctly repeated . . . because there's not this absolute event each beat, what you get is more a rhythm of motion than a rhythm of time, so the time sense gets really suspended for people."

'Wipe Out' is an easy first step to greater understanding of Z'ev. It's radically different again to the isolated, alienating noises of the debut Z'ev single 'Salt Of Heavy Metals' (on the US Lust/Unlust label), a jarring collection of percussive fragments with no discernible hooks or recognizable moments of beauty.

"It was about as serious a sonic statement as I would ever make," remarks Z'ev. "And it was just way over, you know. Very few people are ready for this music, it was just too big a leap to expect of people. So now I'm starting to come back to the beginning instead of starting somewhere way ahead in the future and continuing from there . . . People are going to become aware of the fact that I'm a musician, a drummer. I'm going to more readily identify myself to people as someone who can play music, so then I'll get to the point where, er, I can catch up with my first record 'Salt'."

To paraphrase Dylan, you were so much older then, you're younger than that now?

"Yeah."

So how old are you now?

"That's indiscussable," smiles Z'ev. "Old enough to know better, to use The Beatles' line."

Z'EV HAS ALWAYS had a strong respect for the needs of his audience. Correction: that should read audiences. And this very regard has caused the splintering of the Z'ev personality into six different, though related, beings. That's not the contradiction it might at first sound, but let's let Z'ev explain his way out of this one.

"If it wasn't for the audience expectations I wouldn't resort to the different names," he asserts. "If people never know whether I was going to be Uns, Stefan Weisser, Z'ev, Element L, Deesse or Magneet Bonds — that's a new one, which is like a whole other area of tape/composed music — I don't think I'd get any gigs. People wouldn't trust it.

"If people came to see Uns because they think it's Z'ev, then they're gonna be disappointed. That might sound facile — why disappoint the audience? — but it's like this 'not fair' situation. I want people to come and see Uns because they know who Uns is and that's what they want to see."

How did all these variations on a Z'ev theme and spin-offs come about?

"I don't know how best to describe it," puzzles Z'ev. "But it's like the situation which gave birth to Element L" (a pre-recorded tape project). "What I was trying to get with the Element L pieces was the sound of a very elemental, very monolithic kind of nature. But trying to do it as Z'ev, I realised that I couldn't because people weren't getting the full impact. They would say: 'I liked it, *but* . . .' And I don't want there to be that *but*. They liked it *but* they thought they were going to see Z'ev perform live. They'd draw these very fine lines, you know, so I realised that's the way people are."

Z'ev realises that his mind is too active for its commercial good, so he's now attempting to focus on one activity.

"One of the problems I've always had," he concurs, "is I'd work for a while with the music, then the writing" (as Stefan Weisser, who deals in spacial poetics), "then the music, and nothing was going anywhere. So I thought that's it. I'm gonna be Z'ev and put all my energies into one thing. It lasted about a year and then Uns started! I just can't do

continues over

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Z'EV

from previous page

one thing, be one thing, it's impossible for me. But, still, I make priorities now and Z'ev's the basic priority."

Of the other Z'ev splinters, Deesse is a joint project with a German professor, Dr Dorothea Franck, who lives in Amsterdam — where Z'ev is partially based — and they occupy themselves with making music of taped small talk and found sounds; Stefan Weisser might be the name Z'ev was born with and under this heading he composed multiple voice pieces for tape or radio broadcasts. Called spacial poetics, they were less concerned with actual meanings of words than making sense out of their sound.

"When I started dealing with that issue, I was moving towards the *sound* of the voice and what it could convey in terms of this sense making process, as opposed to actually trying to say something," says Z'ev/Weisser. "There's this level where you run into this existential wall of actually trying to convey something to somebody, but you can't. I could say, for example, that the grass was green, but the grass I'm thinking about and the grass you're thinking about could be different. There's all types of grass and all types of green. It's a very basic example but I think it conveys the point that if you're trying to really convey something to people, you'd have to get into this dreary complex conversation of defining every word, for each specific person."

OUTSIDE Z'EV, Uns is probably his most accessible self.

Uns is Z'ev plus two or three tape machines and an adjusted record player, whose tone arm is devised to skip grooves of a record in set patterns so as to create an odd rhythm. The tape machines would be playing back anything from street sounds to busking percussionists recorded at Paris's Pompidou centre, over which Z'ev/Uns would sing.

"It's not so much singing," owns up Z'ev, "more kind of like rapping, well maybe talking blues. It's all improvised and it's basically about whatever has been going on in my mind in the last couple of days. Basically it's about my own insanity."

Do you pride yourself on your insanity or do you try to regulate your life?

"No, but I don't hide it," Z'ev says. "Some people tell me: Z'ev, you shouldn't really talk about that with the kind of things you do, you shouldn't really talk like that. Because it's hard enough getting taken seriously in this world without telling people that by most clinical tests I'm insane."

Does that worry you?

"No. The thing is, I went through pretty intensive therapy during some parts of my life, which got me to the point where I could deal with the world, and so I'm in a pretty good place in terms of having a tremendous amount of manic energy — but I'm still able to keep it under control enough so as not to do myself or the world that much damage. I can do what I want to do and not get put away."

That Z'ev energy is a very valuable thing to have around.

IF Z'EV'S various selves have one thing in common, it is to create a dialogue with the public, not to preach to them. The Z'evs offer audiences the means of re-assessing what they see. Use Z'ev as a key. In an essay *Towards A Dialogue In Composition* Z'ev writes about his role:

"It is the imparting of not only an isolated aesthetic experience but the basis for an ongoing relationship to the sound environment of everyday life. The ability to transcend a 'passive' acceptance of urban/suburban noise/sound, and replace it with an 'active' ability to organize/experience/appreciate such; as an ongoing orchestral/symphonic continuum."

Back in the Fetish bedroom where this conversation has been conducted, Z'ev glances out over Pimlico's streets where kids rattle toys, the noise mingling with traffic sounds, radio . . . all the elements that charge the Z'ev battery.

He draws back his gaze, looks across, and resigns himself wistfully to his ultimate obsolescence, taking little consolation in the fact it will hardly be in his lifetime.

"Here I am trying to tell everybody that my music is out there in the streets, that they can do exactly what I do," remarks Z'ev. "I must be crazy — I'm working to eventually put me out of a job!"

● *For information regarding Z'ev's various recordings/projects write to Z'ev, 237 Centre Street, 10013 NYC, NY, USA, or c/o Dr Dorothea Franck, Universiteit Van Amsterdam, Institute A.L.W., Room 343, Spuistraat 210, Amsterdam.*

★THE CLASH★
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Staying Alive Means Never Having To Say You're Sorry

SURVIVALISTS

AMERICANS ARE ARMING FOR ARMAGEDDON.

A special report on a frightening new movement by Mick Farren.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTIVE consciousness is a complicated beast. Just as you think you've got it pegged, it makes an abrupt, right angle turn and all your theories go into the dumper. One thing you can be sure of, though, is that, at the moment, the idea of nuclear war is one of its major preoccupations.

Like most things in this infinitely diverse country, nuke fears manifest themselves in a startling, and sometimes frightening, variety of ways. Recently *Time* magazine ran a cover feature on nuclear holocaust titled "Thinking the Unthinkable". Just over a month ago the ABC network ran a ponderous, made-for-TV blockbuster titled *World War III*, which starred Burt Lancaster as a beleaguered president who has to cope with a Soviet invasion of Alaska. The US anti-nuclear movement is finally getting down to grassroots organisation and the concept of a nuclear freeze is taking hold, although there is still some confusion whether the primary targets are bombs or power stations. A movie called *Atomic Cafe*, a gallows humour pastiche of the '50s concepts of nuclear defence, is playing to packed houses in New York. Beneath it all are the chilling Reagan/Haig pronouncements about limited nuclear war in Europe, missile parity and the atomic warning shot. They are even starting to scare conservatives.

As if all this weren't bad enough, there are also The Survivalists, a set of loosely knit individuals who are spending a lot of money preparing for nuclear war (or any other major disaster) with the true grit of John Wayne and the ruthless efficiency of Himmler.

You might expect that people calling themselves survivalists would be yet another variation of the old fashioned shotgun rednecks, but the truth of the matter is that they are a pretty mixed bunch. Out on the fringes you can find gun feaks, would-be private armies and neo Nazis, but the influential centre of the movement is composed mainly of either turned around, whole-food, whole earth, post hippie liberals who are finally confronting their own latent fascism, or polyester, lower middle class who are pathologically determined to cling to what they see as their hard won economic advantages.

The single bond between this diverse crowd is that every one of them sees the '80s as being a very, very unpleasant time and they are bent on doing something about it. Some predict nuclear holocaust, some the total collapse of the world economy, terrorism, communism, famine, pestilence, poverty, ecological crackup, power blackouts, political disruption, tidal waves, earthquake and volcanic eruptions. These people are not optimists. A typical Survivalist attitude is that of Mel Tappan, a former Stanford University professor who, until his recent and somewhat ironic death, wrote survival columns for right wing and gun lobby politicians like *Guns and Ammo and Soldier of Fortune*.

"We are about to witness the total disruption of our country and possibly the entire civilised world. Barring a miracle, there's simply no way to prevent it."

THE TRICK of Survivalism is not to prevent anything but to be in a position to get through whatever the future may have in store: to get through as unscathed as possible and even, in the American way, to come out ahead of the game. The methods vary in detail but the words of Ron Hood, a US Army Special Services veteran who now teaches a survival class at UCLA sum up the survival spirit with a chilling simplicity.

"Survival is simply a matter of living longer than another person or thing."

Strangely enough, the Survivalists grade themselves in the same way as the rest of the world grades pornography — from soft to hard. At the soft end, it's mainly a matter of hording non-perishable foods against hard times. The soft Survivalists stock in trade is seed corn, solar power units, water purification and just about everything that would be needed by anyone who fancied hiking off into the wilderness for five of six years.

At the hard end, things are appreciably more grim. Weaponry is the primary fixation. Among the hard core Survivalists, the talk isn't about water storage tanks or freeze dried veggies, it's concentrated on muzzle velocities, rate of fire and kill ratios. Ron Hood even has the capacity to make his own ammunition if it comes to the crunch.

"(They're) made out of a special soft material that'll expand to the size of a Frisbee once it's inside you."

As well as guns, there is also a dangerous interest in all other kinds of personal violence and mayhem. All over the country enterprising hustlers are setting up survival stores and mail order businesses. Here you can get your food, your firearms, knives, crossbows and every other kind of deadly or semi-deadly weapon. A comprehensive range of how-to books cover subjects like mines and grenades, training attack dogs, martial arts and lock picking. One particularly charming volume carries the title *Close Shaves: The Complete Guide To Razor Fighting*.

The hardcore Survivalist who's made his plans and who's raised the cash to put them into action is either ready to scoot to a small fortress-bolthole in the mountains or desert or to team up with a few mates and become, they hope, a gang of invincible marauders. This is the fantasy world of the bikers, Nazis, and other weirdos. As you talk to them or read their fanzines and newsletters, you get a distinct impression that they can scarcely wait for doomsday to roll around so they can get on with turning their angry, power fantasies into bloody reality.

"There are a lot of bikers who have already made their plans. When this thing comes down, they're going to hit the pharmacies and take everything — uppers, Quaaludes, downers . . . you name it. That stuff is prime trade goods. So if you need a pain pill, you're gonna pay a heavy price for it, man."

What both hard and soft core Survivalists tend to disagree about is exactly how "this thing" is going to come down. Nuclear attack is one of the main arguing points. Ron Hood (in this instance talking to *Oui* magazine last year), is one of the realists.

"I've thought about it, and frankly I don't think I'd want to live through one. No, if I knew one was coming, I'd probably just get me a couple of six packs, stick some music on the turntable and, you know . . ."

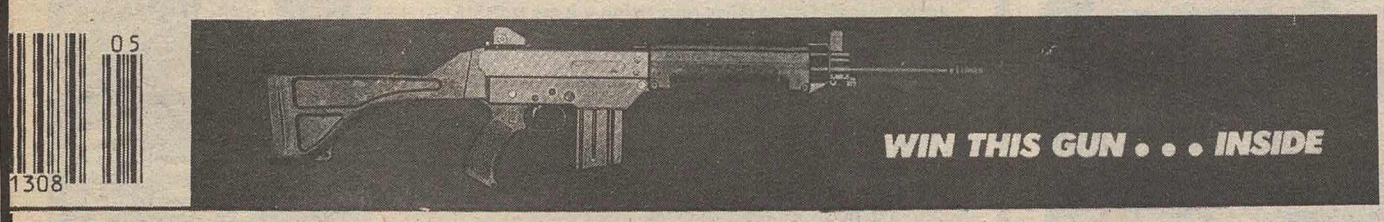
There are others, however, who sincerely believe that they have a chance of not being vapourised even if the superpowers do come out throwing missiles. In the last year over ten thousand new fallout shelters are supposed to have been sold and installed in the USA and one can only assume that someone is busily promoting a return of the *Panic In The Year Zero* folly of the '50s. The foolishness increases when it becomes clear from the specifications that most shelters are little more than ripoffs that offer no protection against a nuclear attack that would be any closer than fifty miles away.

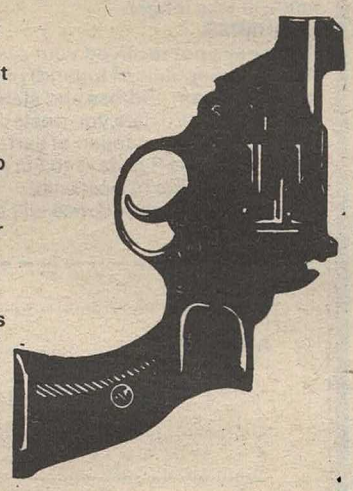
Phoney shelter salesmen are not the only ones who prey on the near hysterical paranoia of the Survivalists. Another scam is the so-called survival clubs that will, for around $10,000, sell you a share in a planned retreat somewhere in the Pacific Northwest (one of the safest areas of the country). There's just one slight problem. The buyer doesn't get to find out the location of what he's bought into until the day the balloon finally goes up. It's explained as a security precaution. In Utah, an organisation called Survive Tomorrow Inc is offering luxury underground condominiums stocked with four years' worth of freeze dried food where the rich can act out their improbable *Strangelove* fantasies.

One out and out con that is being run on would-be survivalists is the survival councelor or advisory service. These dubious organisations charge exorbitant fees to both corporations and individuals for information that they could have gotten for free from their local public library and, presumably, when the time is right, also lead them into the hands of a survival club for further fleecing.

When a rumour started to circulate about how, in the event of a near miss nuclear strike on New York City, such authority that remained would instruct the surviving population to head, as best they could, northwest toward the Canadian border where refugee camps would be ready for them, Survivalism went into high gear. No one in the small rural towns along the supposed route stopped to consider that the rumour was patent nonsense: that, in the event of any sort of nuclear strike, the entire eastern seaboard of the United States would be a luminous glass desert. They just went out and stocked up on guns to keep the scum of the city away from their homes and families.

This kind of hysteria, in fact the whole cult of survivalism itself, is clearly yet another symptom of the narrow, dog eat dog spirit that is the keynote of the Reagan era. Behind the ill-informed ideas of surviving a nuclear war or the collapse of civilization, there is a good deal of straight forward racism. The majory of survivalists are affluent, suburban, white. Their greatest fear is the inner city, which is just a euphemism for poor, young or black.





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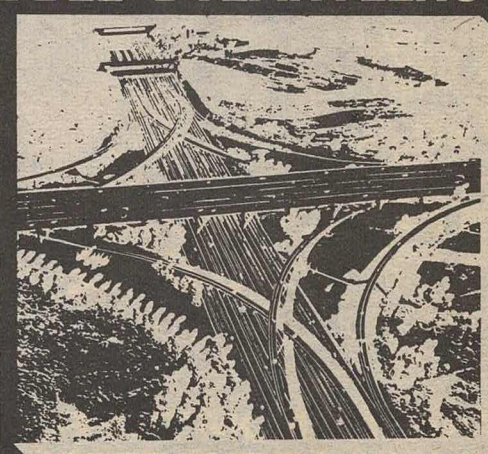

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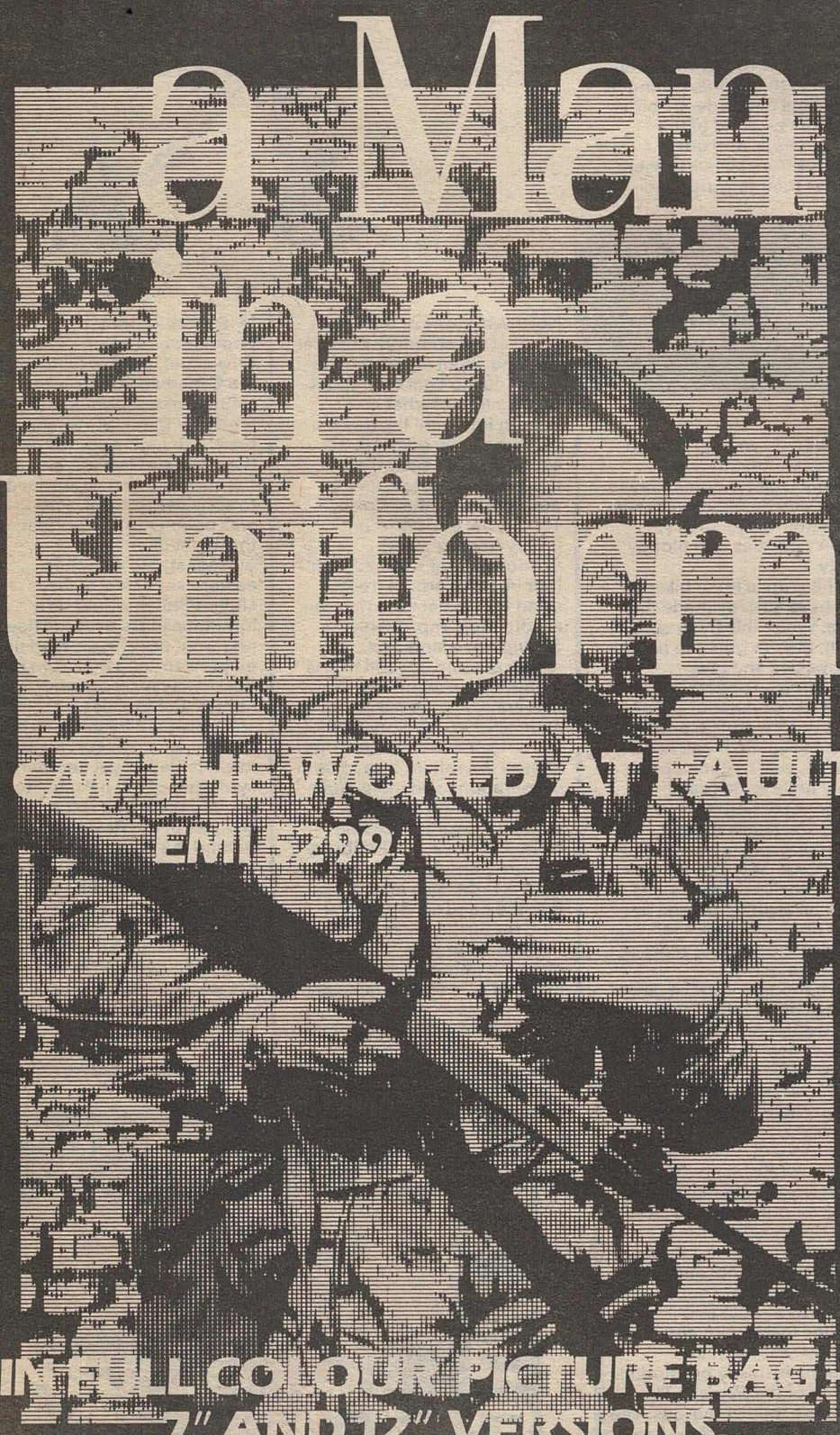

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INSTRUCTIONS

32

The red, green and gold live at London's Rainbow Theatre. Premier Jamaican reggae comes to town.

SIDE 2 7

BLACK UHURU
Happiness

24

SIDE 1 5

NMExclusive

Britain's best-liked funkers-up of pop, jazz, and associated habits, with a live track from their chart-topping 'Dr. Heckle & Mr. Jive' LP, recorded at London's Hammersmith Palais, March 16th 1982.

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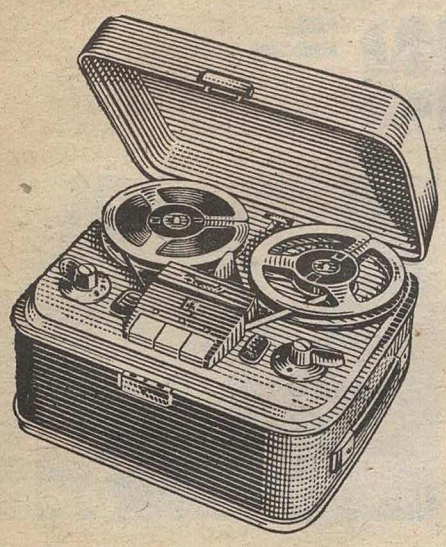

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30

4 THE THOMPSON TWINS
5 DAVID GAMSON
6 LEISURE PROCESS
7 BUZZZ
8 PIGBAG
10 ASWAD
11 SCRITTI POLITTI
12 THE BEAT
13 GIL SCOTT-HERON
14 SUICIDE
18 KRAFTWERK
20 ALTERED IMAGES
21 THEATRE OF HATE
22 GUN CLUB
23 TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS
24 BLACK UHURU
25 DEFUNKT
26 RIP, RIG & PANIC
27 CARMEL
28 VIC GODARD & THE SUBWAY SECT
29 PABLO

3

THE GUN CLUB
Ghost Of The Highway

The blues had a baby and it grew up strange. Where US brat-punk owns up to its country's musical roots.

22

SIDE 2 3

SCRITTI POLITTI
Asylums in Jerusalem
(Exclusive unreleased title)

Mr Green sweetens his extremes, but take *nothing* for granted. From the makers of the hit of the C81 tape, 'The Sweetest Girl'.

NMExclusive

11

SIDE 1 11

VIC GODARD & THE SUBWAY SECT
Just In Time
(Exclusive unreleased title)

Croonin' thru the wee small hours— Cool bop and swing from the boy who took his Subway from Punk Central all the way up Tuxedo Junction.

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28

SIDE 1 2

DAVID GAMSON
No Turn On Red
(Extended dance version)

5

Steamin' City Sounds — Fastfunk, Hard'n'Hot. Direct from the USA.

SIDE 2 3

ALTERED IMAGES
Happy Birthday
(Dance mix)

Ice cream and jellies all round.

20

SIDE 1 9

NMExclusive

GIL SCOTT-HERON
B-Movie
(Special version)

Reagan's High Noon: Hit-man of funk fights back. Gil's career is long and honoured, the success is overdue for a *real* American hero.

13

NMExclusive

RIP, RIG & PANIC
Billy Eckstein's Shirt Collar
(Exclusive unreleased title)

Pop Group refugee Gareth Sager and cohorts take a free ride on rhythm, sound and life itself.

SIDE 2 6

26

SIDE 1 4

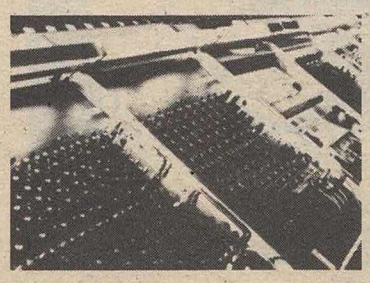
BUZZZ
Tonight's Alright
(Exclusive dub mix)

7

Dance-masterly London outfit, a new funk hybrid, not to be missed.

SIDE 2 2

KRAFTWERK
Das Model



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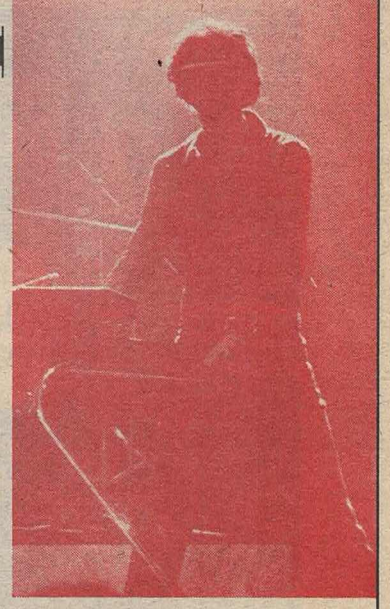
SIDE 2 1

NME rescues long-deleted Suicide sensation. The original, and hugely influential, group vehicle for Alan Vega.

15



ASWAD
Ghetto In The Sky
(Exclusive dub mix)

SIDE 1 **9**

Righteous reggae from Britain's best. A special dub of their acclaimed 'African Children'.

10

SIDE 2 **6**

TAV FALCO's PANTHER BURNS
Ms Froggy
(Exclusive unreleased title)

NMExclusive

Tav Falco's psychobillies – including Big Star Alex Chilton – pound out a manic Memphis Beat. Remember, the Panther Burns tonight.

23

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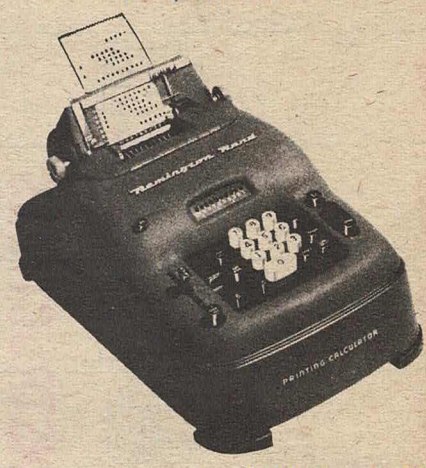

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31

THE BEAT
Get A Stand-Down Job Margaret

NMExclusive

SIDE 1 **8**

Recorded live at Leicester University, the Brum bunch bop to two of their best.

12

SIDE 2 **4**

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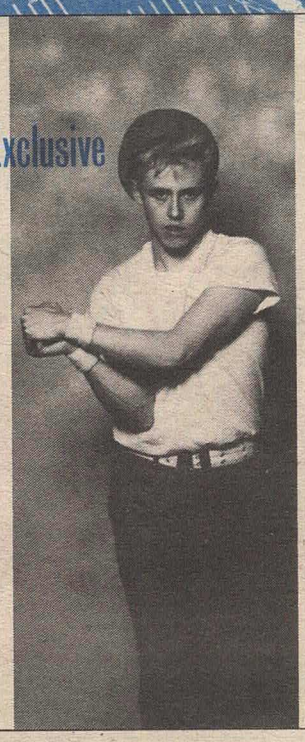


THEATRE OF HATE
Dreams of Poppies
(Exclusive unreleased title)
The Brandon-burgers' New Concerto, another epic from one of UK punk's more original offspring acts.

21

THE THOMPSON TWINS
In The Name Of Love
(Exclusive dub mix)

SIDE 1 **1**

NMExclusive

US disco hit for UK rhythm squad – a shifting line-up with one enduring obsession, for manic percussion.

4

SIDE 2 **12**

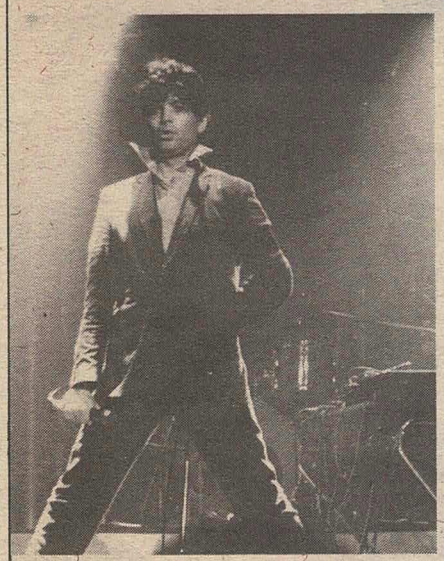
PABLO
Madelaine

Just now, everyone's claiming African pop for an influence – but in Zaire, Pablo *is* the highest of high-lifers.

29

SUICIDE
Dream Baby Dream

SIDE 2 **1**



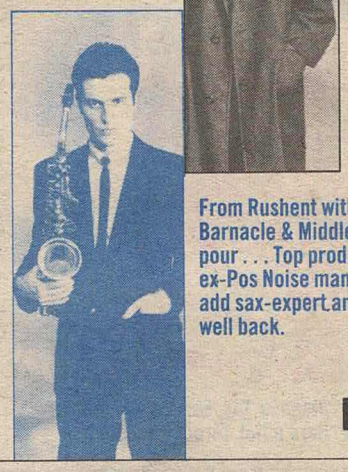
14

SIDE 2 **2**

Deutsche language version of UK No. 1, bringing long-deserved recognition to Europe's pioneers of electronic pop.

19

LEISURE PROCESS
Love Cascade
(Exclusive dance mix)



From Rushent with love – Barnacle & Middleton let it pour . . . Top producer and ex-Pos Noise man combine, add sax-expert and stand well back.

6

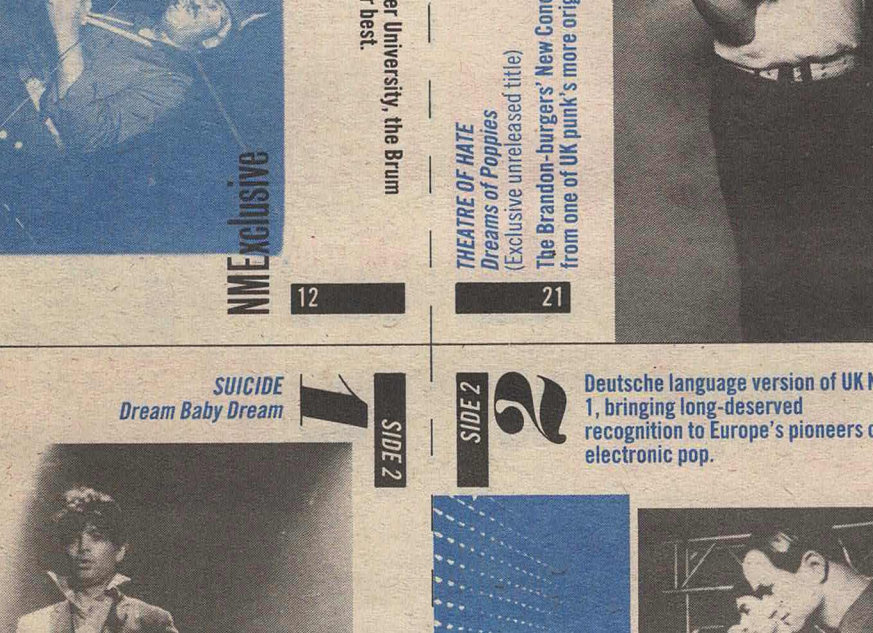
SIDE 1 **3**

SIDE 2 **10**

CARMEL
Storm

England's new-age chanteuse – an alternate version of her debut single and the coolest blues in town.

27



16 17

PIGBAG
A Live Orangutango

8

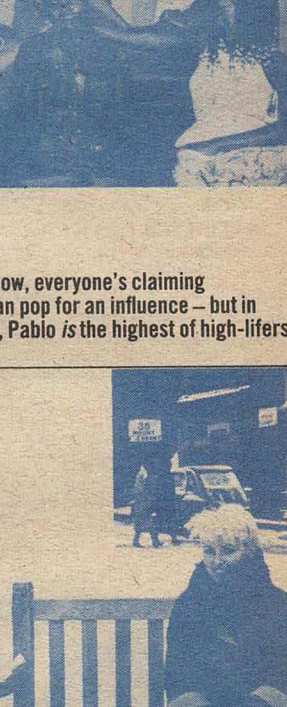
SIDE 1 **5**

SIDE 2 **8**

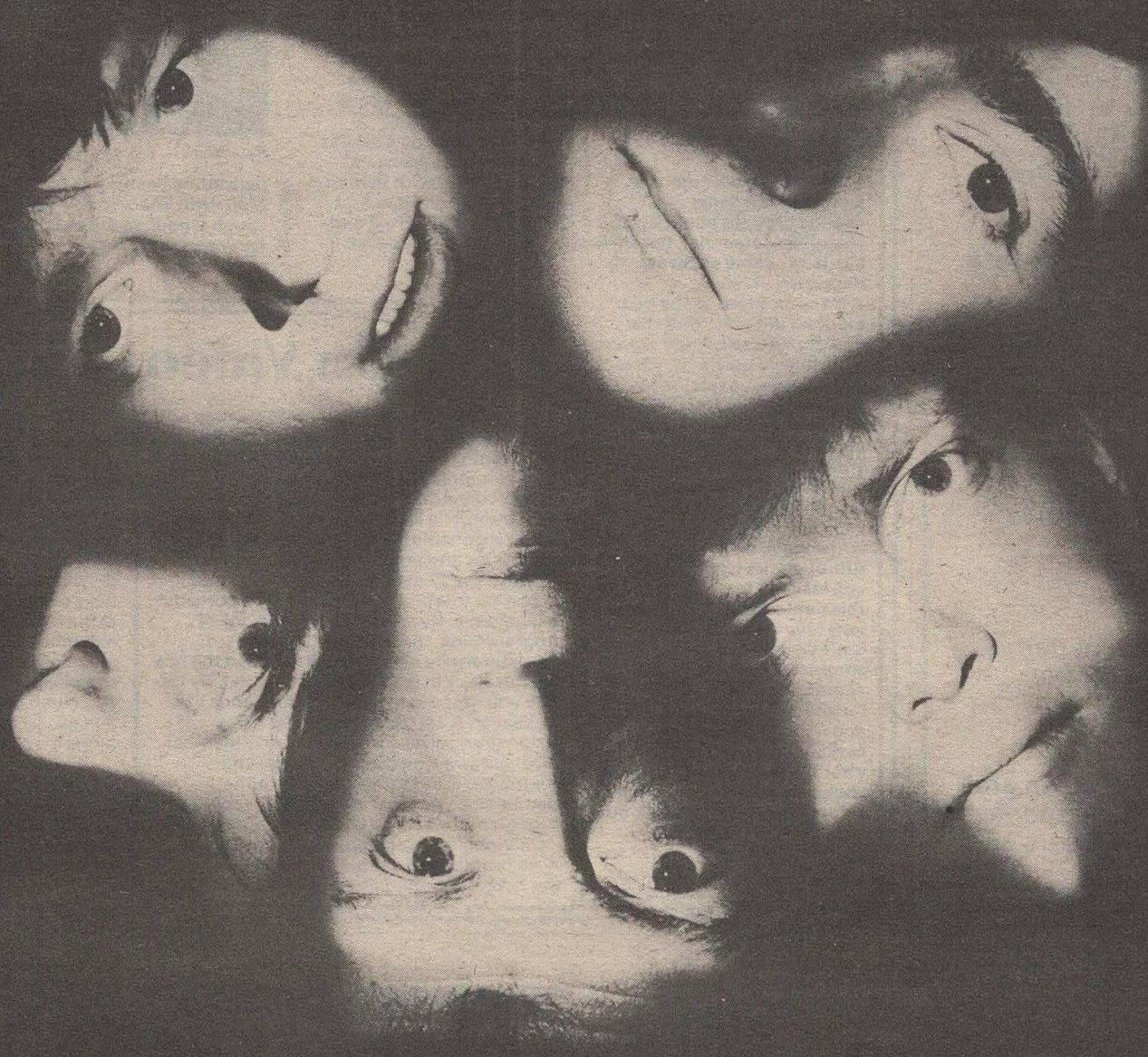
DEFUNKT
Illusions
(Exclusive unreleased title)
Defunkt 'live' at Olympic Sound Studios Christmas '81. Featuring the voice and trombone of band mainman Joe Bowie.

25

NMExclusive



SQUEEZE



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VIDEO SYNCRASY

Video with a clenched fist

STRUTZ, the band who claim to have made the first independent video single (reported here in January), have now completed their follow-up — marked by a new name and something of a step forward in video messagery.

The band's new name is Laughing Academy — a change brought about by a change in personnel. But their aim is the same as Strutz: to demystify video.

So committed to the new medium are they, that this new three-track single *won't* be available on vinyl. "After our last one," explains singer Paul Blyth, "we feel that the independent single is fairly dead, just by the sheer volume of them."

Instead, for as little as 90p, Laughing Academy will deliver you a much more worthwhile experience. Although the technical quality still leaves a lot to be desired, this new single is one of the very few videos that cross the boundary from a purely commercial promo device to something more meaningful. Its directness and simmering anger come like an audio-visual smack in the face after the safe, glossy packages paraded across our TV screens week in, week out.

Blyth: "The songs are portrayed as we felt they should be — 'Law And Order' being about the struggle for individuality against a system, and 'Bullets In The Wind' a kind of *All Quiet On The Western Front*. They are not (and were never intended to be) glamorous, as many current promo videos are."

For all their rawness and (literal) lack of focus, Laughing Academy's efforts — cross-cutting scenes of Toxteth rioting with fictitious prison scenes on 'Law And Order', and mixing real and fictitious war scenes with peacetime flashbacks for 'Bullets In The Wind' — have a rough vigour which only serves to show how disgustingly shallow the 'established' video-biz is.

Paul Blyth — not glamorous

The Gas's 'Emotional Warfare' LP stuck a firm two fingers up in the face of posturing narcissism; Bruce Woolley's 'Gog' took a possible new route for the medium; and now Laughing Academy have shrugged off the dead hand of commerce that stifles 99 per cent of pop videos, and with their costs pegged back to under £100 have *dared to be political*. This way to the real video action.

— PHIL McNEILL

● *The 'Law And Order' three-track is available for 90p (send blank cassette plus padded SAE) or £5.90 as a pre-recorded tape from Paul Blyth, Laughing Academy, 74 High Street, Burntisland, Fife KY3 9AS.*

On Video — a bit off

ON VIDEO's first Video Audition Tape has now been circulating around the music business for a month. Though to these eyes the quality of performers on view seems unlikely to set the A&R departments of London alight, On Video report "a lot of constructive feedback" and a reasonable level of interest from record companies and publishers alike.

In fact, the 17 acts who've shelled out to appear on this first tape range from listenable to laughable. By an unfortunate choice of programming, the first half of the tape consists largely of people who missed the bus and got stuck in the middle of the road. By the time you get to some proper rock bands like To Heaven A Jet (Spandau clones), Easy Action (Harlow new townees who remember 1977), Bizarre Unit (Soft Cellulose) and Spazmodic Caress (Clacton monotone merchants), you feel like you've already sat through two episodes of *Opportunity Knocks*.

On Video's second tape — which sounds more promising — is due on May 14. But in the meantime the company have met so many bands who have their own music tapes but can't afford the video facilities, that they've decided to expand into purely *audio* demos. To appear on the audio demo cassette will cost £65 (as opposed to £80 plus filming costs for the video demo) — contact 01-267 0238.

■ Any aspiring video-makers hoping to show their work publicly will have a chance to do so at the International Video Festival, an exhibition running for a fortnight from the end of June in London's Kings Road. The festival organisers are currently inviting applications from both professional and amateur vid-kids and can be contacted at Chenil House, 183 Kings Road, London SW3.

■ From Harpenden in Herts comes news of Desperate Videos, a couple of cinemaniacs who are offering video facilities to new bands for as little as £50. The Desperates can be contacted on Harpenden 66046.

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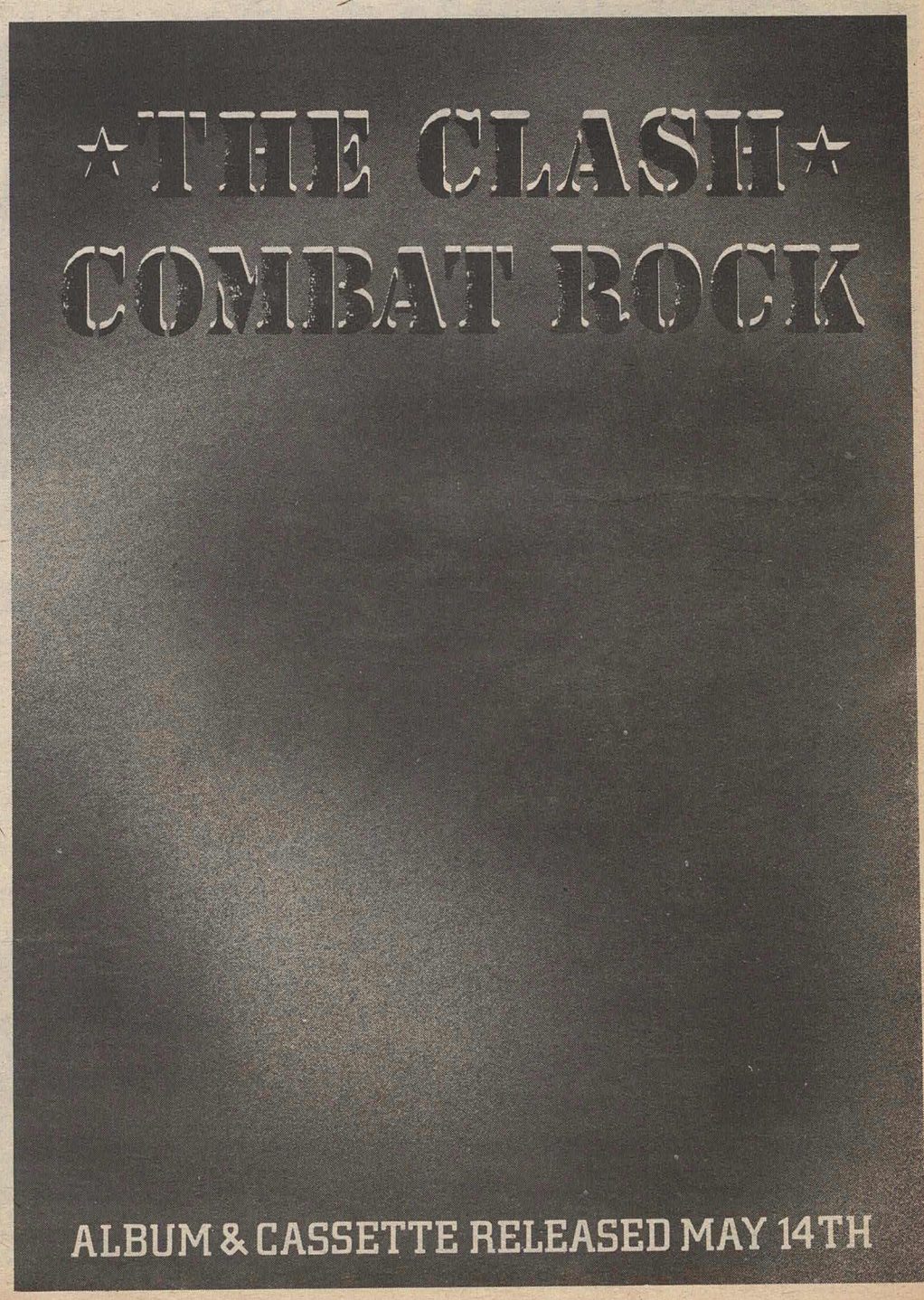


Silver Screen

AWESOME WELLES

As the films of Orson Welles continue to be seen on BBC-2, Andy Gill goes looking for clues: Is Welles the greatest film-maker who ever lived? Is that why Hollywood booted out the mountainous maverick? Rosebud? Hank Quinlan? Orson Welles??

". . . faced with the problem of defining himself, he contrived a style to prove that definition is illusory."
— Joseph McBride on Welles

LET'S HEAR it for the fat guy!

With the possible exception of Hitchcock, Orson Welles is that most corpulent of cinematic deities, a truly *vast* figure whose presence casts a gigantic charismatic shadow over all he touches. This alone may be enough to damn him in the eyes of those whose only comment on the later Brando is that "he got fat"; unhappily for them, Welles has both the talent and the imagination to match his physique.

Or, to be more exact, several talents: the current season of Welles' films on BBC 2 provides an opportunity to meet the man behind the sherry and lager ad voice-overs, the man who — almost single-handedly, as writer, director and actor — revolutionised American motion pictures in the '40s.

Orson Welles' great triumph is his realisation that you don't have to condescend, to make things easy for the audience, in order to make an entertaining film.

And, conversely, that you don't have to be boring to be "arty" — for arty Welles was (is), and in the most self-conscious manner: his films, even melodramatic potboilers like *Journey Into Fear* and *The Stranger*, are bravura displays of technical effects, mood manipulations and moral concerns, a circus of dazzling tricks in which Welles plays ringmaster extraordinaire, cracking his directorial whip as the drums roll and the crowd gasps. Look! The Expressionist Sets! The Ceiling Shots! The Flashbacks! The Overlapping Dialogue! *Chiaroscuro!* — all put through their paces with an ebullience and enthusiasm (especially in his debut *Citizen Kane*) that could only come from a youthful spirit. And with a deftness of touch, a sheer mastery of the medium, that could only come from an old head.

None of Welles' tricks in *Kane* were new — the Expressionist influence is traceable to German films of the '30s, the overlapping dialogue to screwball comedies like *His Girl Friday*, and so on — but they'd never been organised with such zest before, and certainly never in the same film.

Even today, when this catalogue of techniques has become almost commonplace, mere reference-points on some cinematic guided tour, the effect is breathtaking, quite orgiastic.

What must it have been like in 1941, on *Kane*'s release?

BY ALL accounts, *Kane* burst like a critical starshell which sparkled briefly but was soon ruthlessly snuffed out by the dirty tricks of William Randolph Hearst.

As is now well known, the massively powerful newspaper magnate Hearst was the model for the unloved and unscrupulous Kane, and he did everything in his power to prevent the film being shown: his tame movie-gossip columnist Louella Parsons attacked Welles, the film, and RKO studios at every available opportunity; his crony Louis B. Mayer (of Metro-Goldwyn-) offered RKO $842,000 — the film had cost $686,000 — if they would burn the negative and prints; and so on.

Eventually, when all else failed, he used a combination of legal injunctions, smear tactics and back-door pressure on distributors to kill the film. *Citizen Kane* was premiered, but very little else. RKO were forced to shelve it till the '50s.

Right from the start, then, Welles became a pariah in Hollywood, forced to whore himself around in a variety of unequal roles for inferior directors just to get the cash to keep his own projects on the go, finally reduced to the indignity of sherry commercials, the cruellest cut of all.

His treatment throughout by the big Hollywood studios is shocking, cruel and stupid; Hollywood has always hated mavericks, and none more so than Welles. His second film, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, was cut by RKO behind his back, while he was away acting in another film; and not by just a few minutes, either: over 40 minutes of Welles' intended print ended up on the cutting-room floor, and a completely bogus, entirely incongruous final scene — which radically altered the moral slant of the film — was tacked on the end.

With his first two films — one brilliant but unseen, the other flawed but still radiant with a kind of melancholic glory — Orson Welles discovered just how much Hollywood hated young genius. The sting remains:

"Hollywood is a golden suburb for golf addicts, gardeners, men of mediocrity and satisfied stars. I belong to none of these categories."

WHEN WELLES went to Hollywood in 1939, he was 24-years-old and in the strange position of having to live up to his reputation rather than make it.

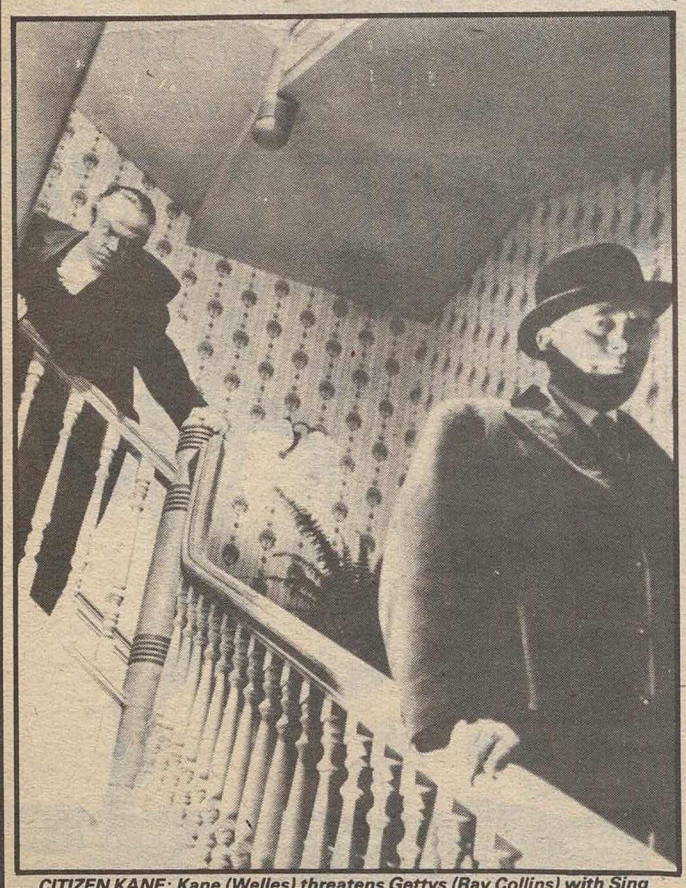
A child prodigy with an early interest in both theatre and conjuring (the two inseparable in many of his films, most notably *F For Fake*), he read Shakespeare when three, had memorised *King Lear* by seven, presented puppet-show productions of the Bard at ten, and had written an analysis of Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* before his twelfth birthday.

By the age of 16 he had conned his way onto the stage, and in 1937 he founded The Mercury Theatre, which quickly acquired a reputation for unusual productions, amongst them a black *Macbath* set in Haiti with voodoo replacing the witches.

In 1938 came the legendary *War Of The Worlds* broadcast, one of a series of *Mercury Theatre On The Air* presentations of novel adaptations. Feeling that the original script lacked dramatic possibilities, Welles did an overnight re-write job and presented the play as a news broadcast, pretty much like all those Falkland "specials" we're being inundated with right now, with "on the spot" reports from across the nation.

■ *continues over*

Orson Welles in 1940, a year before he made Citizen Kane (From Focus On Citizen Kane — a Spectrum book)



CITIZEN KANE: Kane (Welles) threatens Gettys (Ray Collins) with Sing Sing and shadows.

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CHUCK NORRIS
AN EYE FOR AN EYE

CHUCK NORRIS "AN EYE FOR AN EYE" CHRISTOPHER LEE, RICHARD ROUNDTREE, MAKO, MATT CLARK
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ORSON

■ *from previous page*

The mass hysteria induced by the broadcast was astonishing, and more than a little disturbing. Thousands fled to the hills, the police received numerous reports of alien sightings, and at least one woman committed suicide rather than be raped by Martians.

Welles' reputation was sealed. Literally overnight he became a household name.

APART FROM their dazzling technical virtuosity, Welles' films are notable for their frank confrontation of themes usually treated in an infantile manner, especially corruption and morality. His approach here is best summarised by the tale of the scorpion and the frog, told by Arkadin in *Confidential Report*.

A scorpion sitting on the bank of a river, wishes to cross to the other side, and asks a passing frog whether he will carry him across on his back. "No", says the frog, "for you might sting me." "But if I sting you," replies the scorpion, "I will drown as well." The frog consents, and the pair are halfway across the river when the scorpion stings the frog. "Why did you sting me?" says the frog as he is dying, "You will die without me." "I know," replies the scorpion, "but I cannot help myself. It is my nature to sting."

Most of Welles' main characters are scorpions. Kane, Georgie Minafer in *Ambersons,* Grisby and the Bannisters in *The Lady From Shanghai,* Hank Quinlan in *Touch Of Evil* — all sting because it is their nature to, and all are undone by it eventually. They are all reflections of Welles' belief in the inexplicable compulsions of character, the inability to reduce a human being to a moral Pavlov's Dog of ethical stimulus and response (the usual way in Hollywood).

TOUCH OF EVIL: Tanya (Marlene Dietrich) threatens Quinlan (Welles) with another song.

The reporter delving into Kane's past hopes the secret of "Rosebud" will unlock the man, explain him away neatly. It doesn't, of course, and Welles later disowned the device as "dollar-book Freud" for suggesting that it might.

Neither does the term "corrupt" really come to grips with the tortuous moral complexities of the grotesque Hank Quinlan (Welles' best acting performance) in *Touch Of Evil*. Like all bent cops, Quinlan sees himself as redressing imbalances of justice: if you've got the guy who committed the crime, does it really matter *how* you got him? It's only when the righteous Vargas (Charlton Heston) comes along with abstract, "objective" notions of right and wrong that the cancer of corruption spreads and needs cauterising. Until then, Quinlan does the job he's paid for: protecting innocent people and catching crooks. Who's right and who's wrong becomes instead a case of whose right and whose wrong, a question rarely asked — and never answered — in the cut-and-dried fantasies of Hollywood.

Deception and corruption rear their Hydra-head again in Welles' Gothic adaptations of *Macbeth* and *Othello* and his Falstaff study *Chimes At Midnight*. Welles doing Shakespeare is always more "on a theme of" than the real thing; these are imagistic films based on the plays, rather than transferred word for word from one medium to another — in the case of *Chimes,* Welles went so far as to construct his story from the relevant bits of five separate plays, the better to focus on the character of Falstaff. With any other director this would be an unwarranted display of hubris, but with Welles it was merely *necessary*.

Some measure of the grandeur of his expectations can be gleaned from the fate of his unfinished *Don Quixote*. Begun in 1955, the film remains uncompleted, Welles needing for his final scene the nuclear explosion which will destroy everything and everyone but Don Quixote and Sancho Panza . . .

But then, Welles is full of unfinished projects, unrealised dreams and plans which founder for want of money. His *Othello,* a glorious Gothic patchwork quilt of a film, took over two years to shoot (compared with *Macbeth*'s 25 days), as Welles bustled round the world doing thespian odd jobs to keep it going, shooting whatever he could whenever he could (with stand-ins if necessary) and editing it all together later.

Sadly, for him this is the rule rather than the exception. For over 40 years now he's paid the price of youthful principles.

TRYING TO capture Welles in a page of newsprint is a fruitless task, like summarising Proust in 15 seconds. A master of illusion, he has so many roles, so many masks and disguises, that at every turn you're faced with someone different, another contradictory character.

Despite all this, though, every Wellesian has their own favourite Rosebud for the man. Here's mine:

Orson Welles was a child prodigy who never learnt not to be an adult prodigy. He was the Wisconsin Wonder, the Kenosha Kid, the hugely gifted precocious brat, and, like all precocious brats, he got indulged for a time, went too far too soon, and got slapped out for it eventually. And still they couldn't stop him.

Just watch the films, okay?

LA RONDE: Gerard Philipe and Simone Signoret

La Ronde

Directed by Max Ophuls
starring Anton Walbrook, Simone Signoret, Simone Simon and Daniel Gelin (Premier)

LIKE VD, love in* La Ronde *goes round and round and . . .

The chain begins with the soldier and the whore and is passed on to a maid, her young master, his older married mistress and so on, eventually arriving back with the whore.

Based on Arthur Schnitzler's slight comedy of promiscuous manners, Ophuls' 1950 version is a tasty whirl of brief passions and no regrets, where the original was probably intended as something a mite more testy. But that's alright by me.

Unlike Ophuls' other recently revived masterpieces* Lola Montes *and* Madame De, La Ronde *goes no deeper than its sensuous surface. Again in contrast to those two, its neither portentous nor boring. **Chris Bohn**

*(**La Ronde** opens The Barbican's cinema on May 5, before being distributed nationwide through BFI cinemas.)*

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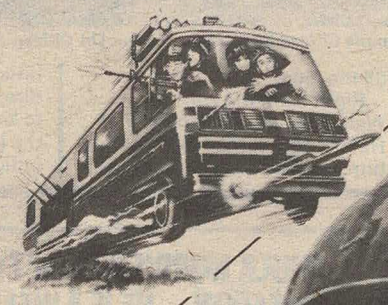

The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.

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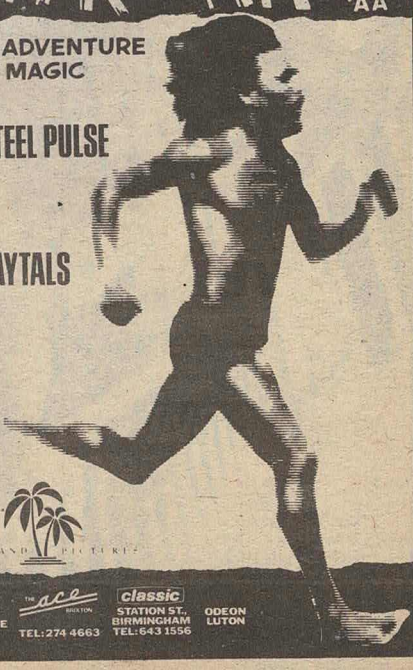

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MAIDENSPEECH: PAUL MORLEY

MONSTERS, TANKS, REPTILES, MANIACS, MURDERERS & THUGS — MECHANICS OF HEAVY METAL. FRIGHT OR FARCE? A SINISTER HOR LAUGHABLE TEDDYBEAR'S PLAYGROUND? IRON MAIDEN FACE THE STUMBLE OVER THE ANSWERS. SUB TITLE: NUMBERING THE BEAS

IRON MAIDEN MASQUERADE

BRUCE DICKINSON (left), EDDIE AND STEVE HARRIS

"It's like you come along and say it's as if we live in another galaxy, that it's all such an alien language and that it's like desperate, but for us it just feels entirely natural. Because we've grown up with it, and so have our fans. I just feel so comfortable!"

THE UNSMILING but unthreatening Iron Maiden are being photographed in the bright white tiled shower room of a compact sports stadium in Offenbach, near Frankfurt Germany. They stand close to each other, shoulders touching: limp and patient, quiet and thoughtful.

The session is taking some time: the group are obviously used to snappy photo-sessions and they look slightly bemused by the care that's going into the photography. The docile Maiden are painstakingly placed into position. I try to ingratiate myself into the friendly but private Iron unit . . . it's all very arty isn't it, I chuckle.

"Well," says the groups singer, gravely, "it's a lot better than sitting on a car bonnet and shaking our fists at the camera."

This strikes me as being very poignant.

IRON MAIDEN finish their soundcheck and prepare to travel back to their Offenbach Novotel for pre-match food and drink. Their luxury touring coach is jammed close to the stadium's backstage door, but there's still a gap of a few yards between the door and the coach. Hanging around hours before the show are scores of German boys: stringy hair covers their ears, their pale faces are streaked with light fluff and red blotches, blue denim is saturated with patches and badges, each single one of them assumes a plaintive toughness, a metal 'fearlessness'.

The Maidens and their minders force their way through the scrum to the sanctuary of the coach. The hopeful eyes of boyfans clutching posters, albums, magazines, picture discs, try to peer through the drawn curtains of the coach: what do their heroes get up to inside this monstrous mystery-mobile? Read comics, drink lager, watch *Mean Machine* on the video, suffer colds and flu . . .

A young fan bravely bangs on an uncovered window, catching the attention of the group's bass player. The bass player gives a coy thumbs up, then notices I'm looking at him. The German fan — who looks as if he could come from Sheffield or Kansas or Lille or Glasgow — probably thinks he's been given a sign from heaven, or hell. The bass player shrugs his shoulders at me, seemingly a bit embarrassed.

I think to myself: it's quite touching.

BASS PLAYER Steve Harris comes from London's East End, where his dad is a lorry driver. At 15 he wanted to be a footballer, had a trial at West Ham, and he used to laugh at what he saw as old hippies sitting around smoking dope and freaking out to Jimi Hendrix. His mates gradually turned him on, while they were playing chess, to King Crimson, Jethro Tull, Genesis.

"I fahnd fings goin' on in there that I'd never fort abaht before."

He describes his background as not particularly tough, he liked school for the sports and the mates. Other jobs apart from Iron Maiden bass player have been as architectural draughtsman, packer, labourer, road sweeper and, for three days, dustbinman. "I had to give that up cos I was right fed up with the maggots crawling dahn me neck."

Singer Bruce Dickinson lived with his grandparents in Worksop until he was 7, then with his parents in their Sheffield hotel. They sent him away to boarding school hoping he'd become a doctor or a lawyer.

"But at boarding school I discovered rock and roll, which was like not planned. Ha ha ha ha ha!"

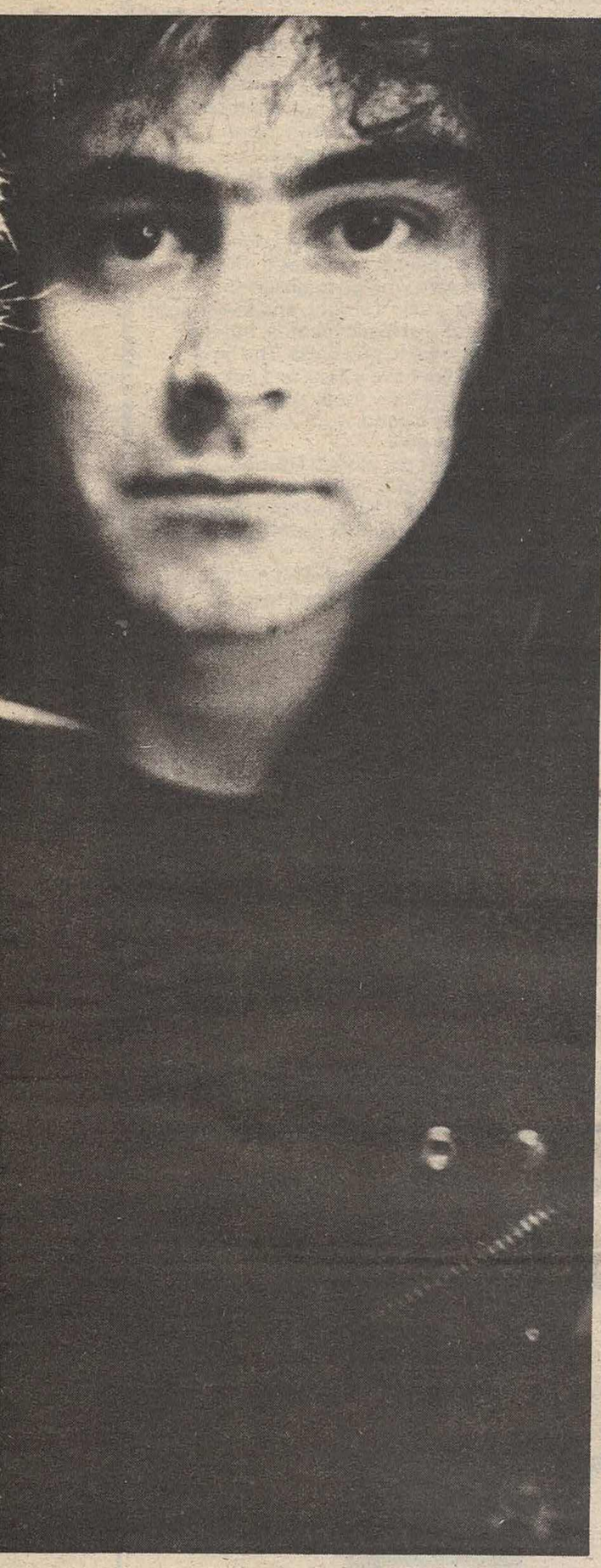
He went to Queen Mary's College in London having scraped three E-grade 'A' levels. He spent his three years at college singing in bands. "I was no student."

Before Iron Maiden he sang in Samson, and he's also spent time in the army, been a traffic surveyor and compiled the Kelly's Directory For Hackney. At school he liked to fence, but he recalls that he was thrown out of the boarding school for "pissing on the headmaster's dinner."

Iron Maiden, groups like them, and their fans, have marked out and withdrawn into a very specific territory: they occupy it with a very special pride, a self-referring knowledge. They are quite prepared to let people (enemies) into the territory to look around, even comment: they receive the standard hostility with a mixture of good humour, sad confusion and ingenuous defensiveness. A

MAIDENHEADS: ANTON CORBIJN

THESE ARE THE RRORLAND OR A QUESTIONS & T



bridge leading out of this territory links it with very little but: Cream, Hendrix, Zeppelin, Purple, Sabbath, Free, Cooper, Genesis, Zappa.

The territory is a place to dream of adventures: running free through the hills, forever getting girls on their knees, scrapping with Satan, battling with vermin and swimming through space. What goes on inside this territory is: simple, friendly "good fun", nice, uncomplicated devotion, a heroic isolation. Monsters, tanks, reptiles, rapists, maniacs, murderers, thugs roam the territory, but it's never *for real*, they're all harmless — HM is an extremely soft land, the monsters and the maniacs are really just teddy bears and dolls . . .

BRUCE AND Steve don't see how heavy rock can harm: they see no problems. They listen politely while I list some problems:

The crudest manifestation of a spiritual yearning within all of us; the clumsiest adoption of trance techniques; the silliest handling of the unknown; a desperate pursuit of adventure; a loveless, pathetic attempt to introduce excitement into dull lives.

Safety in numbers, safety in what you know, safety in just staying inside the territory.

A lame promise, under the dirty surface, of sex, power, knowledge . . .

They shake their heads. Heavy metal fans are just out for a good time; they don't consider that a bruised, beaten up, bloodied set of images and a badly broken language is being served up, that there's a lack of coherence or quality in the communication, that the whole enterprise is a badly garbled and scarred version of the type of exhilaration young people deserve. For Bruce and Steve it's a case of: if people enjoy it then it must be "good". A battered case?

Iron Maiden recently reached number one in the UK LP charts. Their Offenbach show is part of a huge world tour that visits 18 countries, including France, Japan, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, where their LPs easily reach the Top Ten, and America, where their latest LP 'The Number Of The Beast' is moving into the Top 50.

By the end of the year Iron Maiden will be one of the most successful rock groups in the world; through reducing life to a series of grunts and scratches.

After the Offenbach show Steve, Bruce and I talk into the early hours of the morning in the Novotel bar: German, British, French fans hang around waiting for autographs. Steve talks in a sanded-down East End voice: Bruce is comparatively well-spoken. A certain sense in their conversation is drowned by a stubborn HM perspective. They are extraordinarily tolerant.

At one point, whilst I'm calling Bruce corny and grotesque on stage, his elbow catches my knee. "Don't hit me," I plead. He apologises profusely. "Sorry, sorry, I'm not like that at all!"

We start by talking about Eddie: Maiden's teddy bear. Eddie is the exaggerated horror-headbanger featured in all Maiden artwork: a nine foot Eddie muppet model dances on stage during their final number, flanked by two red, agile devil-imps.

I say to Bruce that in some ways Eddie symbolises the Maiden/Metal appeal. There's the gimmickry, the ugliness, the cheering supposed other-worldliness, the sweetened and lightened black magic, something easy to identify with, something that is larger than life (but that hasn't a life of its own).

As Bruce begins to answer Steve leans over and says: "If you don't mind me asking, could you tell me where the khazi is?"

Well, yes and no . . .

BRUCE: YEAH, I think you could be right. I think there is more to the actual *music* side than that. As far as the overall image goes, the way Eddie is related to Iron Maiden, there may be a lot of truth in what you say. Oh, sure, he's definitely larger than life, but in other ways he's very much tongue-in-cheek. He's not to be taken deadly serious. People can find some fucking serious grief about Eddie, saying that he's real horrible, but it's no way that it's anything other than a good laugh.

There's a conscious humour within heavy metal?

B: There's a lot of humour about us, put it that way. We try and debunk a lot of your standard heavy rock poses. We do a bit of it ourselves but at the same time we take the piss out of it.

As with most heavy metal groups it appears that Iron Maiden are a parody of the excesses involved.

B: Maybe we fucking are! But that's because we're human beings and we don't take the whole of life completely, stupidly seriously and all we want to get over is that we're just normal guys out for a good time. I think that the music stands up like on its own, but there is no reason why you shouldn't give a show that is a good laugh.

On what grounds do heavy metal fans base their discrimination of the music?

B: I don't really know to be honest with you. I remember what I wanted . . . I suppose they want to see people who can play, they respect certain values like professionalism, and they don't want to be treated like shit. They pay good money and they look forward to seeing some good music being played by decent musicians who really put their soul into it. If a pile of shit walks on, well, they'll soon let you know if they don't like it. You can't get away with just farting.

Y'know, you'll find that a lot of heavy rock fans are into jazz-rock as well, they have a wide taste in music. I think heavy metal fans are more open minded than people give them credit for.

They all look the same, they wear dowdy clothes, it's almost as if they've swapped 'life' for just 'heavy rock' . . .

B: No, no, it's not like that at all. They have a great time with the music and what's important about someone is not what clothes they wear or what their haircut's like; what's important is what's inside their head. All this thing about the denim being a uniform and all that, I don't think the fans see it that way. They don't see it as a uniform but as a way to identify with other people that like heavy rock. It's like saying I like heavy metal and I'm friendly.

Steve: It's true, a lot of them wear their patches and everyfink to show other people that they're proud of what they're into and they don't give a shit what people fink. You know what I mean? The fans are like fed up with the slagging the music and the clothes gets and everyfink else and it makes it even more a closed shop because they fink, fuck it we're into what we're into, we have a great time at the concerts, and fuck everybody . . .

B: I mean, what's so bad about it all? It's not as if people go away from our shows punching other people's heads in or chopping people up with axes because of our songs. We loathe and despise violence . . .

Do your fans feel more alive after an Iron Maiden show?

B: I hope so, because that's what music used to do for me.

S: I hope when they go home they're so fucking wasted they can't fight anyone, you know what I mean?

B: It's like when I used to clock 'Deep Purple In Rock', the first one like, and I'd whack it on and it was just like plugging in. You felt great, you were right there with them, you felt what they felt. You look for the shiver that goes up the spine and if it's there it's fucking great.

But don't you feel that the music you play encourages an intellectual and moral complacency . . ?

B: 'Moral, intellectual complacency' . . . Well, the only way I can answer that is by saying that we place a great deal of thought into what we play and I think a lot of people place a great deal of thought into listening to what we play. I don't know in what sense you talk of intellectual complacency.

It appears that the type of people who like your music, all their experiences and attitudes, come from and move back into heavy metal. There's this obsessive identification with a music that, let's say, doesn't do much to add to vocabularies.

B: I don't think that's true at all. There's bound to be exceptions, there's going to be the odd maniac who doesn't think about anything but headbanging furiously against a brick wall. But most of the people keep it in perspective. It's not an obsession with most of them, if that's what you're saying. I mean, you get a few obsessives with all types of music.

S: We had some people follow us around for the whole of our last British tour and it's not somefink I would've done when I was like 15, 16, no matter how much I was into a band. Like I was really into early Genesis, it's somefink I can't really explain, it's just I fucking liked them. I went to see them three nights on the trot and I was pissed off I couldn't see them a fourth. But to travel around on a whole tour . . . that's incredible, they're so into the band, and really I'm not sure what to fink of that.

Does it frighten you that young people place so much faith in you as individuals?

S: Well, it frightens me in a way . . . there are some guys who have had Iron Maiden tattoos put onto their arms and that frightens me because it's so permanent. I said to 'em, I said, fuck they're for ever, what you going to do when your 50 or 60, you probably won't be into us anymore? They said, yeah but we're so fucking into it, the energy and we're enjoying it so much, we'll be able to remember the good times we had. That's the way they felt. It's total dedication which to me is a bit frightening. You know what I mean?

B: You have to be realistic, if people are going to do that there's not a lot you can do to physically prevent it. What you have to do is keep saying that we're just normal geezers, we're not Gods, we never will be, and if we met you we'll buy you a beer, or you can buy us a beer, or lend us a quid . . .

How do you feel about any influence or power that you have: this music directs the attention of a considerable number of people.

S: I don't feel any difference to when I was playing at the Marquee two or three years ago.

What do you feel about an energy you create reaching more and more people?

S: I just want to play on stage and enjoy myself for as long as I can. Let's face it, we all get old, and I know that I won't be able to deliver this kind of performance for ever . . . In ten years time I won't be able to do this and I tell you I don't even want to think about that day. It's gonna be a sad day when that happens. It's like, all it is, I really get off on what I'm doing and I'm sure a lot of the younger fans would love to be in my position and maybe in a few years they will be.

DOESN'T HEAVY metal turn in ever decreasing circles: each new generation attempting to recreate a feeling they knew about for the next generation without altering or developing the music, or enhancing the experiences and observations?

S: There's no way that we're a re-run of Deep Purple, for example. We're nothing like what's gone before. Obviously heavy rock is what we draw our influences from.

B: Basically we're talking about intensity. The intensity that people put into music has been the same since the year dot. There's no dilution of intensity in what we do. There's the same kind of intensity in what we do as there would have been in the music some medieval lute player did in the court of King Ned. He really gets into it and everyone goes, yeah! What a raving lute player! Y'know, and he smashes his lute up at the end of every gig or something.

That kind of intensity has always attracted people and galvanised them. It's an intensity that there is in heavy metal and yet it's always fucking clobbered. Nothing else is clobbered like heavy metal.

For all the shaking, aggression, volume, clenching, the music appears to be not so much intense as bland and superficial.

S: Bland!

B: Superficial!

S: It isn't superficial. Fans genuinely are into the music. It isn't treated in a superficial way by the fans.

B: Fuck, I would describe our music as being anything but bland. You put an Iron Maiden album on the turntables and watch your fucking mother-in-law drop the dishes or something. It's not bland at all; it sticks out like a sore thumb.

It's like you just take those things for granted; but it surely isn't the case, that it 'sticks out'.

B: People go, oh it all sounds the same but what does sound the same is a lot of the crap they play on Radio 1 that passes for pop music and all that sort of shit. I mean, that is bland! That stuff is designed so that people don't switch the radio off so the whole thing sounds totally the same from minute to minute to minute.

S: Yeah, it's just background music.

B: I hate background music!! But you know . . .

S: Hold on, this is a good point . . . we had a number seven single and they only played it on Radio 1 when they had to, like when they played the Top 40. You would fink that as it was in the Top Ten they would play it more. But I mean, maybe they were worried that when it came on the radio people were going to say, oh get this shit off, what is it? So how can it be bland?

Because the tricks, the techniques or whatever of the music are so well known. I would have thought the style of music is very acceptable.

S: If it is acceptable why the fuck won't they play our singles on the radio?! Perhaps cos mebbe it's gonna frighten the muvvers who're listening and doing their ironing and they'll have miscarriages or something . . .

This seems to be what you want to hope: that your music is hard and unacceptable for 'straights' . . . it seems that your music is comforting more than anything, and whilst this gives you success you are too inarticulate and insensitive to merit the type of following that you have.

B: Erm . . . I don't think . . . basically you're saying that heavy metal musicians are too dumb to deserve an audience.

You don't deserve this size audience because you're dealing with experiences or emotions in a destructively enclosed way, a harmfully sensationalist way.

S: Well, we don't deal with all the experiences that we have in life, we don't sing about everything that we go frew. There's lots of different fings that I'm into that I don't particularly want to write about.

And why not?

S: I'm into football, but I don't want to write a song about it. I might one day if I get the inspiration to write about football, y'know, or about anyfink. A lot of it is a fantasy fing. Y'know what I mean? People get a bit fed up with having politics rammed down their froats . . . people have like said to us, y'know, you're a working class band why don't you write about where you come from? And about politics and that, and how hard done by you were and all that business, but, y'know, we don't want to. . .

B: What's the point of telling people who haven't got a lot of money that there are lots of people who haven't got a lot of money? What's that all about? Punk bands like tell people who are being shat on by other people that they y'know are being shat on by other people and did they know? What's happening?

Perhaps as an energy level your music can be accepted as quite reasonable — if not up-to-date — but as with a lot of heavy metal groups you graft onto this energy a very peculiar and deformed series of symbols — relating to a naive horror thing, or a desperate projection of masculinity. The horror thing, this Beast/666 business, seems especially disturbing.

B: You're talking about the gothic horror bit. . .

Yes. You're delving into areas that are rich and intricate, in a sub-comic book way: trying vainly to be mysterious where no mystery exists at all.

CONTINUES OVER

MAIDEN

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

S: But hold on here, I mean, a lot of it is a fascination wiv the fings that are unkown . . . like all the films that are successful at the moment are like talking of the unkown fings that people don't quite know about. Like 666 and all that, that's just one song, there are other songs that deal with reincarnation and things y'know.

It seems sad to me that there should be lots of young people turning to heavy rock groups for the mysticism in their lives.

B: The lyrics have a lot to do with melodrama and things like that. I mean, they really play up on situations. I really don't know, I can't give you an accurate description of just why I love to watch say the old original Bela Lugosi Dracula movies. . .

S: You watch a film like that and it's just great. . .

B:. . . and there is something there on a deeper level. It's not just a case of look mum he's sank his fangs into her neck. Y'know, there is something on a deeper level. There's something that stirs inside your personality when you watch films like that . . . maybe I'm too fucking stupid but I cannot explain what it is but that something is what we try and translate into bits of our lyrics.

You don't see an awkward match between the basic rock energy and the crazed pseudo-gothic melodrama that's lumped on top?

B: No, no, no, melodrama, fantasty and energy . . . I mean, what more do you want?! They go together like great!

OFFSTAGE you're very polite and easy going, yet onstage there's this corny aggression — for me another part of the deceit or manic-compensation of heavy metal.

S: It's not corny, it's just natural, it's just what seems to be entirely right.

B: It's like you're building yourself up all day and then just letting it all go during that two hours. You have to visualise what's happening . . . I shut my eyes and think of the people in the audience and it's like a huge sea and the waves come rolling over you and you're part of it, and it's like you're part of this huge great thing . . . you can call me an old fucking hippy, I don't care. The whole thing is just absolutely great. I suppose it's like a meditation and it's like when I'm singing and there are no distractions there's a little voice that you become aware of that's singing along with you and you're aware of the crowd. . .

Shit, I'm making it sound fucking religious, like it's a way through to God.

Or are you saying: 'Heavy Metal is important', despite me claiming it's severly diminished?

S: It's not going to change the world. But I fink it's important for anyone to fink at some point in their lives, fuck it I'm going to have a good time, whether it's going out and getting drunk or playing football or seeing a band or screwing a bird . . . letting the barriers down . . . and kids can come to a heavy metal concert and have a good time without worrying who's looking at them or laughing at them. They can just do what they feel like doing at that time.

B: All this is getting a bit serious and theoretical . . . basically you get on that stage and you have a steaming great time and you come off and you think . . . what!!! That was fucking great!

Is there room in heavy metal for say a gay guitarist?

S&B: Gay!!!!!

B: If say some geezer turned up . . . put it this way if he could play fucking amazing guitar then he'd be in. . .

S: . . . As long as he doesn't interfere wiv me, I don't give a fuck!

B: Excuse me, but a lot of people buy Judas Priest records . . . you know what I mean . . . I don't want to spell it out, y'know . . . I mean everyone knows but no one fucking cares. . .

S: . . . We're not talking about all Judas Priest by the way. . .

It's not the fact people have their good time with heavy rock that causes the antipathy, but that there seems to be a very muddled, messy worldview, in fact quite often an active prejudice against gays or blacks or women or. . .

B: There's no prejudice against blacks. You don't see a lot of them at our gigs but it's like they have their own culture, their own community. I suppose it's a bit intimidating when you see a whole load of white guys all in denim in the same way that a white guy will be intimidated walking into some heavy rasta joint . . . plenty of ganja and guys thinking they look 'eavy in their bobble hats. . .

Have either of you any racist tendencies?

S: Well, put it this way, I don't know where you're from, but I mean in the East End it's like there is a lot of darkies because it is a working class area I s'pose but, er, I mean I've been to school wiv some of 'em and some are great, some of them aren't. There's good and bad in everybody. I dunno, there's been a lot of problems round the area and I fink being honest about it . . . I dunno . . . there's not many of 'em I get on wiv to behonest wiv you. Some of the ones I do get on wiv are like fucking great.

Would you say that you're a racist?

S: . . . Erm . . . well, like it depends . . . erm . . . *maybe* . . . I don't mean a racist in the sense of a right . . . put it this way, it's not a colour thing. Believe it or not, it's not . . . Y'know, it's said that the Australians hate the English, you know what I mean? And that's not a colour thing cos they're white, right?

Right.

S: It's just a racial thing where some cultures cannot seem to get on wiv others, and the fing I feel is that when people go to live in another country they should, er, y'know, when in Rome do as the Romans do as such. Try and integrate into that fing and live a certain way. I admit you've got to keep a certain amount of your own culture.

Do you not have respect for other cultures?

S: Yeah, I do . . . but the fing is if I went to Australia and they hated me just because I was English and not because of what I was like as a person, I wouldn't like it. But then again it's nuffink to do wiv colour cos I'm the same colour as them . . . If they don't like me it's because of the way I am, so fair enuff.

With the black and white thing it's not a question of colour, it's a question of you not getting on wiv someone who's a different race or whatever. All round the world there are wars because certain races just cannot get on wiv others, they just cannot live togevver . . . I fink that it's pie in the sky to say that racial integration can happen. It's been proved time and time again that it can't.

A GOOD LIFE has landed at your feet, but do you still get frustrated and disappointed with certain events or happenings or situations?

B: Well yeah, like the racial thing is a bit of a serious grief because fuck knows what anyone's going to do about it. There's loads of bad news about . . . We were over in America when the riots happened and I can understand that kind of thing because I can understand being concerned. I can understand feeling that there's nowhere, nothing, nobody to care . . . that you might as well be fucking dead. There comes this point where you think you might as well be dead, you'd be better off, so bollocks to everything, let's just fucking go for it.

Ultimately though I've got a fundamentally optimistic feeling about most human beings. I really feel that most people, apart from politicians, are quite nice people. I think all politicians are wankers and that most people just want to get on with what they do and they want to be happy and be friendly . . .

What about heavy metal's apparent attitude towards women — is it a 'sexist' attitude?

B: Not really . . .

S: There are only two songs that we've written about women as such and both are really, really tongue-in-cheek . . . fantasy fings about going wiv a prostitute which not everyone can say they've done. I'm not saying we have, well, I haven't . . .

B: Don't say nothing about Hamburg!

S: But it's like a fantasy fing and it really is tongue-in-cheek.

Does heavy metal omit girls because of its rituals and its undertakings?

S: What I really don't understand is why there aren't more women that come to our gigs — not just our gigs but heavy metal gigs in general. But then again you get more women going to discos because they like dancing. Guys go to heavy gigs cos they like shaking their heads and the aggression fing. I feel it's a shame that there aren't more women, do you know what I mean?

B: I think that heavy metal is a male orientated music, but I wouldn't say that it's sexist.

S: It's like disco music is female orientated cos birds love to dance. Let's face it, the majority of geezers who go to discos they might think the music's alright, and they might even buy a couple of disco records, but the majority of them go to pull birds. The birds dance, the geezers have a beer and pull.

B: I didn't go to heavy metal gigs to pull a bird. I went to see a band . . .

Why don't girls go?

B: Cos they can't get pulled! I dunno . . .

Don't you feel that girls will look at Iron Maiden onstage and it's something they can't possibly take seriously: this grotesque parody of sexuality.

S: Well, I just fink it's unfair that girls don't fancy us more. Perhaps we're all fucking ugly . . .

B: I wouldn't say that . . . I *can't* see how it's grotesque . . .

But wouldn't a girl look at you and laugh at the straining, whereas a boy-virgin will look at you and identify with it because he thinks that this is what appeals to women, poor sod?

B: I've no idea. When I'm onstage I don't even think of appealing to women. It doesn't enter into my thoughts in the slightest bit. I'm there to project the music that's being played.

Are you trying so terribly hard to be a man?

B: Not really. God made me one of those, or my mum and dad . . .

To be a 'man's man'.

B: I don't feel the need to have to go around proving that I'm more macho than the next . . . nerk. I really don't feel the need to be a great macho beefcake.

CONTINUES PAGE 49

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THRILLS, FRILLS, CHILLS: Cynthia Rose

ROGER CORMAN
Brilliance on a Budget

THIS WEEK SEES publication of Omnibus Press' *Toyah*, from which we learn that the stumpy songstress received her "real education" from a (local) chapter of Hells Angels. The Angels were of course also important in the career development of Hunter Thompson, Chrissie Hynde, and Peter Fonda to name but a few. But who first thrust iconographic profudity upon the geezers? Cult film figure Roger Corman, of course, with his 1966 *The Wild Angels*, featuring Peter Fonda, Bruce Dern and a pre-plastic surgery Nancy Sinatra.

The Wild Angels was America's entry to the '66 Venice Film Fest and the uproar which arose from that showing injected new life into the whole biker genre. *("A realistic leather jacket delinquency yarn with plenty of shock value"*, noted film Bible *Variety*). But all the uproar it caused distributors AIP was a Roger Corman staple: Corman was even by then legendary for his prolific production of both mayhem *and* money.

De Niro's first screen psycho cops a snort of Carbona in Roger Corman's 'Bloody Mama'.

His status as a cult director came about by default — Corman's real battles were waged not for Art (high or low), but *against* money and time. "A lot of people see these films today and ask if I knew I was being existential," he told Ed Naha, author of *The Films Of Roger Corman*, "No . . . I was primarily aware that I was in trouble. I was shooting with hardly any money and less time."

(D.H.) Lawrence of Arabia? aptly-named 'Big Bust-Out'.

Yet Corman assembled some pretty impressive troops in his one-man race against the clock — Jack Nicholson (who scripted *The Trip* for him in '67), Bruce Dern, Nicolas Roeg, John Sayles, Dennis Hopper, Francis Ford Coppola, Martin Scorsese, Peter Fonda, and Robert Towne *('Personal Best')* all worked with Corman. It was Corman who started Peter Bogdanovich off as a director, by offering him a few leftover days on one of Boris Karloff's contracts (result: *'Targets'*, with one of Karloff's best performances). And when Corman decided to eschew directing for production and distribution with his own company, New World Pictures, he supported more newcomers, like Allan Arkrush (director of Ramones' *'Rock And Roll High School'*). And lest the view of RC be limited to schlock, it should also be remembered that New World was responsible for bringing films like *Cries And Whispers* and *The Tin Drum* to the US.

Ed Naha has come up with THE Corman book — one which fills in all the gaps about how many disparate talents learned to work together (most of whom have continued to do so on far more high-profile projects). But mostly — and most interestingly — it explains the persona of the man who pulled it all together: *"a combination of visionary, master accountant and used-car salesman"*.

Along the way, Naha provides the first fully accurate Corman filmography and anecdote after anecdote, all illustrating how Corman continually protected the only secret weapon he could afford in his career struggle (imagination) with an unsinkable sense of humour. Quite simply, nothing could stop him, as he relentlessly ploughed his way through every genre already abandoned by the Hollywood community — the gangster pic, the prehistoric yarn, the B-western and, most of all, youth exploitation.

Corman saw every catastrophe as a learning experience. For *'It Conquered the World'* he designed a 'Venusian' space monster on the principles of real Venusian gravity; it was short and squat as well as low-budget. But on Day One of shooting he was surprised to see his leading lady stroll up, plant a vicious kick in it, and taunt, 'So *you've* come to conquer the world, huh?'. *"I was dumbfounded,"* he relates, *"but I realised that quite accidentally I'd discovered a general axiom for science fiction films . . . the monster should always be bigger than the leading lady"*. The Venusian was rebuilt in a morning.

Such practicality has ensured Corman's longevity. Two weeks ago, Francis Ford Coppola found himself putting his studio on the market for $20 million rather than enter into bankruptcy proceedings which would stop him working in the film industry at all. But in Naha's book, he recalls the job which gave him his first screen credit ever — Corman's *Battle Beyond The Sun*, for which he was supposed to translate some 'terrible' Russian sci-fi film. Corman had bought the footage to pilfer its special effects, and as they watched it together Coppola remembers a moment when *"a Russian astronaut saw what was presumably a symbol of hope, a golden astronaut standing on a hilltop holding a flare. It was lovely. Then Roger leaned over to me and said, 'We've got to put two monsters up on that hill'. And we did."*

Import copies of Ed Naha's *The Films Of Roger Corman* are now available in cinema or import-oriented bookstores, or you can write direct to the publisher at: Arco Ltd, 219 Park Ave South, New York, New York 10003.

Cynthia Rose

America's RAW meat for Britain's Dog

Sue Coe

Charles Burns

RAW is a smooth format *"graphix magazine for your bomb shelter coffee table"* — very hot on the visuals and featuring work by several artists well known for their moderne integration of sound into idiosyncratic styles of illustration (Briton Sue Coe, American New Waver personality Gary Panter). RAW 3 with its aggressive Panter cover became really legendary on these shores, already themselves a Euro-centre for expertise in the graphic arts.

But while art directors and ad slaves may have been content to leave RAW lying in front of the video unit, three art students from Camberwell College of Art decided to muster up a little competition. Andy Johnson, Adrian Bland and Ollie Howard were already working together under a three-word title ('DOG'), as they'd met at college and shared similar musical and visual manias.

Andy had already experienced 'straight' alternative cartooning for *Street Comix*, and Ollie's dad who, like Syd Barrett, had preceded Ollie at Camberwell, works as an illustrator for the *New York Times*. "We were mixing music and visuals in the same way as RAW or Bazooka," says Andy, "We just decided we preferred drawing to writing lyrics, so instead of a band we formed a magazine." Though, adds Ollie, they might revive their embryonic band "to publicise the mag".

For the record, RAW 4 — a splendid aggregation of gung-ho gonzo visuals — includes a flexi-disc, called 'Ronald Reagan Speaks For Himself'. It's an hilarious sound collage by Douge Kahn, based on a 1980 interview and reminiscent of radical wallpaper's 'The Day They Ate Ronald Reagan'.

However, execs at Eva-Tone, the Florida-based company which has a virtual monopoly on American soft vinyl (E-T productions include *Artforum*'s Laurie Anderson flexi) deemed RAW's record "morally objectionable". They also refused to contribute to "use of a performer's voice without permission" and advised the hapless staff to "contact his agent".

The day had to be saved by the Dutch . . . a New York-based communications company arranged for the dangerous disc to be pressed in the Netherlands. "We're just glad someone else realises Reagan is little more than a performer," offered a tired RAW spokesperson. RAW's cover price is $4.75 but subscriptions are available at $575,000 a year; send all correspondence to RAW Books and Graphics, 27 Greene St, New York City, NY 10012 USA.

Cynthia Rose

EXTRA **Currently, Roger Corman is working on a heading-to-far-planets-and-finding-strange-plant-life saga entitled *'Forbidden World'*. His early works *'Robot Monster'* and the Beatnik spoof *'Bucket of Blood'* will be visible at the Scala Cinema, London on May 13 and May 29, respectively — the latter as part of a May 21-May 30 *Ten Days of Trash*.**

ROCK and the Viz Biz: Update

SIMON BROWN dropped out of school and into agricultural college, out again and into Medway College where he met Perry Haines, who was labouring at a neighbouring establishment. On a working slog through the Far East, Brown took up photography and when he returned, his pop work began to crop up — first in Perry's *i-D*, later in glossies like *Company*. Having worked his way through the likes of Adam Ant, Angie Bowie, Gilbert and George, various Bodysnatchers and Blue Rondos, Brown's now following in the footsteps of Robert Fripp — his poptopics will be on display in Pucci's Pizzeria (205 Kings Rd, London) from May 3 to May 16. They're under the banner 'Look and Be Looked At', and admission costs no more than your mozzarella.

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ORNETTE COLEMAN

Of Human Feelings (Antilles)

ORNETTE COLEMAN'S reticence can be almost tragically frustrating. The last ten years have seen only three LPs under his own name — the uneven trance of 'Dancing In Your Head' and 'Body Meta' and the gentle, rather lachrymose duets with Charlie Haden on 'Soapsuds, Soapsuds' — leaving a host of unresolved options and unreleased sessions (what happened to the 1977 set with Don Cherry *and* Blood Ulmer?) that hint at greater rewards without providing the tackle to reach them.

Now we finally get to hear this session, which has been in the can almost three years. The time lag is important because Ornette's Prime Time have moved some way on from the incarnation to be found on 'Of Human Feelings'; and it explains in part why there's something missing from a record that still outdistances most of its competition.

Recorded only a few months after Ulmer's critical 'Tales Of Captain Black' and using three of the same musicians — Ornette, Jamaaladeen Tacuma on bass and Denardo Coleman on drums, plus Charlie Ellerbee and Bern Nix on guitars and a second drummer in Calvin Weston — the music superficially follows the same course as Blood's gladiatorial fisticuffs: guitars crisscross between fractiously twanged thematic snippets and chord sequences that seem to circle inexorably back to their baptismal point at the end of a song; Tacuma single-mindedly thumbs through a bass grammar elongated to the point where rhythm and melody operate in inter-dependent tandem; and the drummers splay patterns like an endless shoreline of breakers, where tempos seem misshapen by ceaseless agitations of double-time and charging interruptions yet evolve and support with organic certainty.

It's much like an alternative universe, this music which Coleman and Ulmer must take equal credit for, where flux is a constant and dynamics are tethered to a concern for sublimity immersed in riddle; the telling difference — perhaps, the less patient might suggest, the saving grace — with Ornette's mode is made clear by the record's title. It is Coleman's humanity which overrides the stonier aspects of music that possesses intimidating energy. There's a photo of him on the sleeve beaming with the benign warmth that seems to invest everything he does. Where Ulmer's harmolody often threshes into an inchoate wrath, Ornette's is expunged of rage.

The eight songs on 'Of Human Feelings' — and despite their lack of human voices they are songs rather than blank slabs of sound — are conceived as episodes from life, scenes extracted and explored and gently put down again: 'Sleep Talk', 'Him And Her', 'Love Words'. They are based initially on a melody sung out of Coleman's alto — it could be a beguiling staircase to a keening high note or a playful exercise around a shrimpy whirligig motif — perhaps mirrored by one of the guitars or contrasted with a reverberant electric undergrowth below. The theme founders in the song's centre, where pure imagination is compelled to hold sway until atrophy seems the only solution: then it is time to end by recalling the original melody.

Ornette's playing is as pointed and as in love with the echo of song as it ever was; sometimes he sounds rather submerged and overwhelmed by his companions' industry, and he isn't as sure as he was in last year's brilliant London Concert. That's not what I find troubling here, though: it's basically down to the drums and the mix.

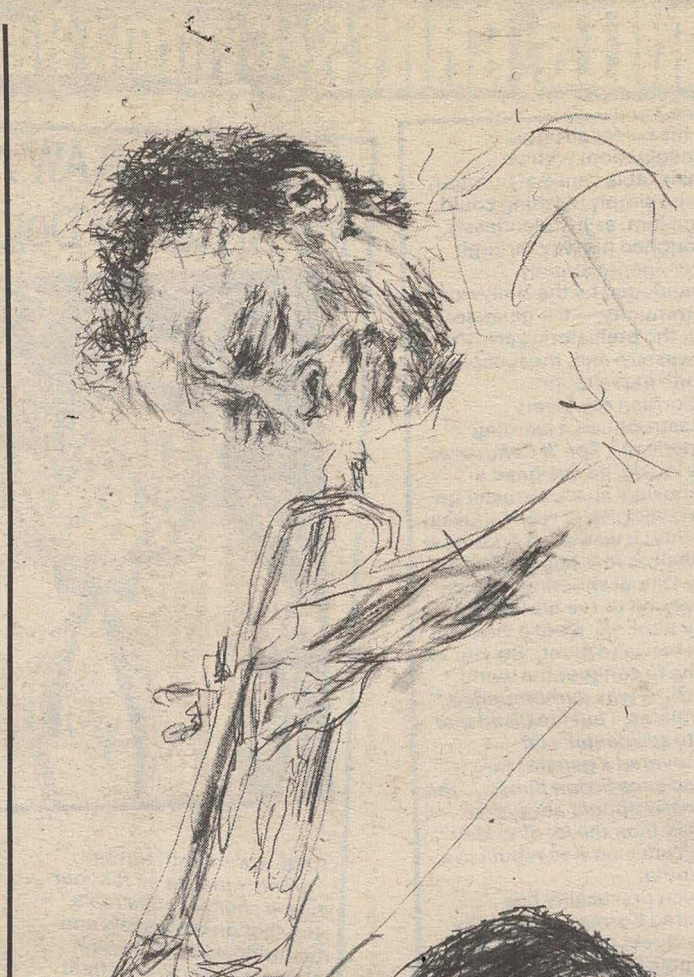
To be blunt, Coleman is simply not his own best producer. Music of this intensity clamours for a sound of juggernaut dimensions. I want to hear Prime Time absolutely blaze out of these grooves because they already have the purely *musical* strength to survive the excess. On too many occasions the impact is shrivelled by a crucial lack of fibre, no matter how clear the sound may be.

This is most noticeable on the drums — which are, in addition, not yet attuned to the enormous resource and body which the present Prime Time can muster. The two-kit line-up has never been properly investigated — in rock, only the Paul Hanley/Karl Burns partnership in The Fall has shown any alternative to mindless muscle — and there's a tendency here for one or the other to slip into a pat disco hi-hat shuffle.

'Of Human Feelings' is principally an essay on time: as long ago as 1959 (with 'Change Of The Century') Ornette claimed that his songs had no beginning or end. 'Times Square' is twice as long as 'Love Words' or 'Sleep Talk' here, but it could just as easily have been the reverse — each is played for the duration that is correct for that moment. Though they appear structured to a potent discipline they are all equally open-ended. Just as his masterful recomposition of the blues, 'Ramblin'', lent that old form an ageless stature, so these eight songs (recorded in *one studio* on *one day*) sound verdantly new.

It's secondary Prime Time and it could be even better: but it's still completely indispensable.

Richard Cook



Miles (top) and Ornette blow the voodoo down. Pic: Ian Wright

ON THE DILEMMAS OF A HORN

MILES DAVIS

We Want Miles (CBS)

WHEN MILES Davis mixed jazz with acid rock back in the late '60s, he went the whole hog and in half a dozen years released more live double albums than The Grateful Dead ever had.

Some, like 'Live Evil', were great and some, like 'Agharta', were not; but the major innovations Miles was making at this time came on his studio LPs. The shimmering spaciness of 'In A Silent Way', the driving rock rhythms of 'Bitches Brew' and 'Jack Johnson', the dense Afro-textures of 'On The Corner' were breakthroughs that intervening live LPs, for all their brilliant blowing, only hinted at or embroidered on.

'On The Corner', released in 1972, still marks Miles' last notable change of direction — one that never really flowered into the hoped-for series of masterworks that had followed on previous shifts. Last summer's 'The Man With The Horn', his first release after a six-year silence caused by serious illness, found him cutting his losses. It went with a cool, pared-down funk that harked back more to the early fusion days of 'Bitches Brew' than to 'On The Corner' 's busy, bubbling flow. Its mood was essentially one of reflection, its method a refinement of earlier styles.

True to form, the new 'We Want Miles' is a live double and does rework that previous studio tack rather than reveal any visionary new concepts. But, recorded in Japan and the USA in late 1981, it also offers a few welcome changes from the same band's recent Hammersmith gigs. For one, Miles plays a lot more than he did in London; and for two, guitarist Mike Stern plays less. This is *good* news.

The Wednesday gig I saw at Hammersmith was marred by Stern's frequent and histrionic hard rock guitar. Let off the leash for the evening, he nearly swamped the music with solos that, after promising starts, invariably strayed into wailing climaxes where speed and volume were all. On 'We Want Miles', the leader doesn't let this happen; whereas other solos lead gracefully into each other, Stern's are cut short by abrupt trumpet interventions. Deprived of his excesses, this unlikely Meatloaf lookalike re-emerges as a fair rhythm player with an apt, if orthodox, line in chordal splashes. What he doesn't have — or what Miles doesn't want — is the invention and flair to *rethink* the guitar role, as Ornette's guitarists do on the inspired 'Of Human Feelings' LP.

The rhythm section were — apart from Miles — the best thing at Hammersmith, and the record bears this out. Marcus Miller's bass is a pivot of diving, ducking funk lines over which comes Mino Cinelu's scurrying percussion, supplying the flow while drummer Al Foster punches and punctuates the beat in a nicely disruptive fashion. Saxist Bill Evans is notable chiefly for his absence, but also for his teasing sweet 'n' sour soprano when he does get to play.

And Miles — is Miles. Which is to say that despite his ill-health, he still has that magic, still plays totally upfront and takes all the risks. His lean, elegaic lines are leaner than ever, alluding to past associations with romanticism and melancholia in the same barely perceptible manner that he refers to past tunes. He can do the rest, too: those sudden dramatic ascents into the upper register, the long juddering runs and fierce, piercing stabs. Only it's all distilled now, the trumpet line a rare golden thread that rides on a dark swell of rhythm.

The LP begins with its most attractive tune. 'Jean Pierre' is a sly, simple funk riff around which Miles, Evans and Stern take turns to weave a few tricksy variations. Miles' plaintive cries are upstaged as Evans debunks the riff with elegant feints and sardonic punctures — his best moment on the record. 'Back Seat Betty' follows, ditching the delicate lilt (and sax solo) of the studio version for a restless undertow that intensifies as Miles gradually sweeps to ever greater extremes of register.

The second side opens with 'Fast Track' — really 'Aida' from 'The Man With The Horn' — which has Miles at his most fast and furious, and closes with a relaxed reprise of 'Jean Pierre'. The cliched crash-bang climax must be a joke, *n'est-ce pas?*

'My Man's Gone Now' fills side three. Miles originally recorded it for 1958's 'Porgy And Bess' LP with Gil Evans, and he lets wisps from other tracks — 'Summertime', 'It Ain't Necessarily So' — drift across his solos in fine inscrutable style. Listen to the rhythm section, too: their speedy, dig-in groove gives way here to a spacey pulse of low drum rumbles, coiled bass and spattering congas. And when Miles plays the original tune, walking bass and *tsk-tsk* hi-hat nod their tribute to traditional modes.

'Kix' ends the record on a less certain note. It's an edgy, messy track which appears to lose its way, discarding a jaunty bass swing for forced and faltering changes. Even Bill Evans' slithery bebop can't dispel the air of unresolved tension.

As a pointer to future directions, 'We Want Miles' gives little away. The feel, and basic approach, is reminiscent of 'Bitches Brew' fusion, pitching Miles over a forceful yet fluid rhythm ensemble. But minus keyboards, and with the sax reserved for solos, these rhythms are less textured than is usual with Miles, and the changes a good deal choppier. The use of sax and guitar for formal solos recalls the working practices that predate the fusion era, though their emotional shape here is less like the intense group interplay of the mid-'60s than a string-of-beads serial that reinforces the linear, almost skeletal, structures that Miles now favours.

So, where he goes from here is anybody's guess. Trying to assimilate a Miles Davis LP in a weekend is a pretty hopeless task, but 'We Want Miles' is already shaping up as his best work in a long time. It's definitely his most *consistent* LP since 'On The Corner', reclothing the old values in the sharpest new threads he can find.

In 1972, jazz critic Leonard Feather asked Miles what he wanted to be doing in ten years' time. The answer was simple: "Nothing." He may not be about to revolutionise jazz for the umpteenth time, but even a little from him is a lot more than that.

It's so good that he's back and blowing.

Graham Lock

SOFT CENTRED SWEETS

SQUEEZE

Sweets From A Stranger (A&M)

HAVING SNARED a formidable victory last year from the gap-toothed gums of a careerist defeat, one would at least have expected the stout-hearted men of Squeeze to celebrate their coup with a cocksureness of execution as regards the performances fleshing out the contents of 'East Side Story's successor.

Yet there is something tentative about 'Sweets', something curiously cautious, something not-quite-all-there. Where 'E.S.S.' producer Elvis Costello evidently held the reins, affording full back-up for experimentation whilst taking care to highlight the group's pop-based strengths, 'Sweets' boasts no such sense of cohesive audacity.

The problem is one of bad production, which hamstrings time and time again the compositions of Messrs Difford and Tilbrook to that point where they sound more like exercises in musical wit than actual songs.

But titles like 'I Can't Hold On', 'Points Of View' and and ebullient 'Stranger Than The

The Cure in reflective mood *Claude Gassian*

COLD TURKEYS

THE CURE

Pornography (Fiction)

IT WON'T improve your social life, reveal any reasons or relieve you of your load; and The Cure's name takes on an ironic tinge in that this music provides an antidote to nothing much at all, though it may clear out your system.

But what 'Pornography' *does* show is that The Cure, taken in one gulp, with no questions asked, do have a certain flair for identifying symptoms.

Presumably, this record wins its title because it portrays and parades its currency of exposed futility and utterly naked fear with so few distractions or adornments, and so little sense of shame. It really piles it on.

The Cure have applied themselves to catching a related collection of the very purest feelings endemic to their age, and holding them right on the spot in their intangible, unspecified, unmanageable and most unpleasantly *real* form. Here is an album written from the knife-edge of despair, and as a piece of craftsmanship in expressive sound, it is a very big, very harrowing achievement.

Each track varies only in melody and tempo from the others, the beat frequently pinned unnervingly near that of the heart. The drums, guitars, voice and production style are pressed scrupulously together in a murderous unity of surging textured mood. There are no subjects here which can be properly defined. Instead the accuracy is aimed at absolutely nebulous fears and confusions as *felt* rather than as observed. So it makes deeply subjective listening, although through tone and seeping snatches of words, the nature of the prevailing wind can scarcely be denied.

For more than one reason we are better off not picking about at particular parts of the whole. For one thing, too close a look at the poetic permutations to hand on the lyric sheet, taken with the occasionally irksome whine of Robert Smith, and he and his easily-stereotyped friends can quickly become the tiresomely self-analytical young 'sensitives' I've always feared The Cure might be. For those ambitious for profundity, vacuity is but a clumsy couplet away.

However, I feel that 'Pornography' was not designed to be objectified or probed, but taken *en bloc* as a very dense wash of emotional colour, portraying one soul on a leash, fighting back the panic in the dark. And, as such, it really works. The confessional returns, fragile, frightened, horribly forlorn, and very finely drawn. A killer of its kind.

Don't have too much fun, now.

Dave Hill

Stranger Of The Shore' sound to these ears landlocked, lacking a substantial musical backdrop to match lyricist Difford's ingenious vignettes.

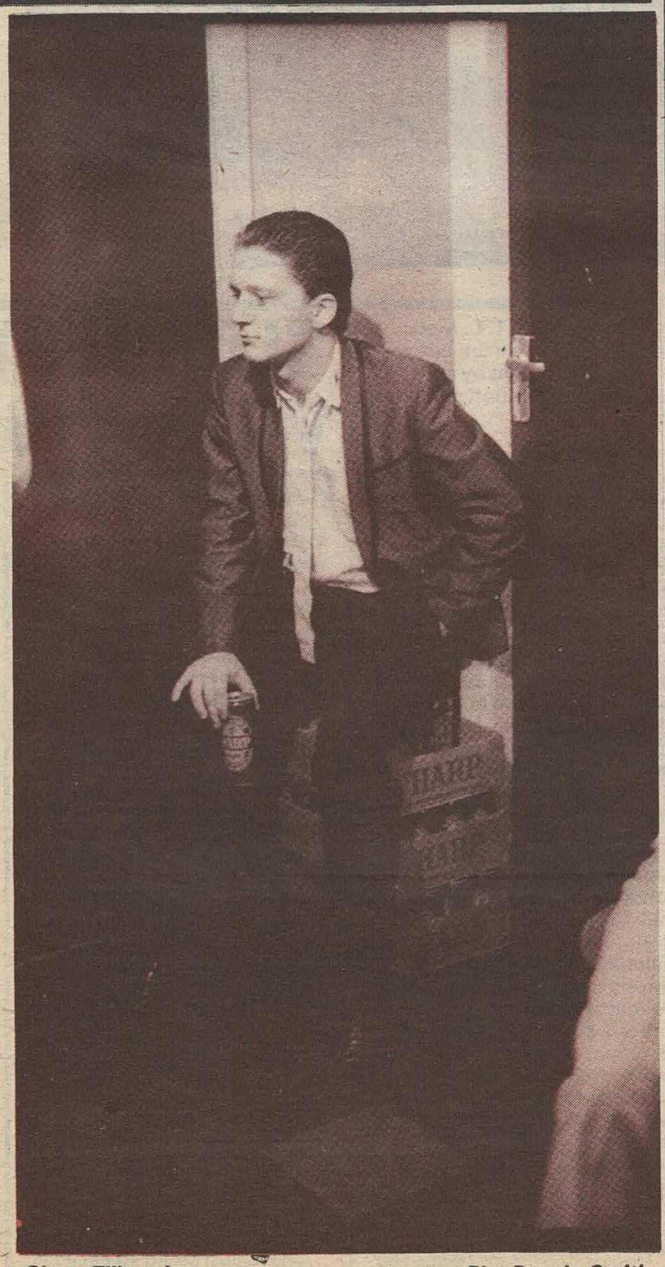
The blame for this soft-centredness of conceit must lie with the members of Squeeze and fellow producer Phil McDonald who seem unable to construct a body of songs from a dense, somewhat tawdry grab-bag of ideas.

In musical terms the arrangements spotlight the problems. There is the undeniable acid-pop style of 'On To The Dance Floor', and 'The Very First Dance' which simply annoys in the same way as XTC's clever-clever stupidity, and when Tilbrook composes music of a more conventional mould, as often as not the results sound no more than tardy out-takes from 'Sweets' predecessor.

Before you pen the usual barbed missive complaining that here at the *NME* we simply build them up to knock them down, let it be made clear that when the alchemy is right then Squeeze can still invigorate the parts that most other groups don't even know exist.

Bearing testament to this fact with a serious adamancy are the four songs that come to book-end the album's two sides. 'Out Of Touch' certainly broaches the issue at hand with a stealth-like synth-pattern jammed against the grain of drummer Gilson Lavis's tom-tom rolls. Here all consituents are in a feverish ascendance allowing Glenn Tilbrook's vocals to ring with a newly-discovered worldliness and sense of pacing.

CONTINUES OVER



Glenn Tilbrook *Pic: Pennie Smith*

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LEVI'S

LIGHTNING STRIKES

MIKE OLDFIELD
Five Miles Out (Virgin)

A SCRUPULOUSLY tasteful mix of the usual Oldfield interests; a few modest jokes, the odd quizzical eyebrow, a lot of tailored technical application, and a general desire to please the neutral sensibilities. *The Observer* really liked it, and I've just explained why.

Dave Hill

STEPHEN MILFORD
Planning By Numbers (Beggars Banquet)

EYELESS in Gazza for the under-fives, which is quite a reduced achievement. Remember that moment in *Gregory's Girl* when Claire says to her friend, "Why are boys so obsessed by numbers?" I don't know, I'm sure.

Mark Cordery

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Secret Policeman's Other Ball — The Music (Springtime)

THE REPETITIOUS programming of Amnesty International's annual charity concert has succeeded in making the best of British comedy appear boring — "What's Cleese up to now?" "Don't worry dear, just another of his turns." No laughs on this companion volume either — 'The Music' collects together the punctuation between the sketches and sounds like it. Nowhere else could you find so many pet peeves in one place: Phil Collins, Sting, Clapton (duetting with Beck), Donovan and Geldof/Fingers (not all mine actually, but they're bound to be someone's). Being an incorrigible romantic I'd choose the Scarlet Pimpernel's dodgy tactics above Amnesty's lack of adventure anytime. In other words, why wait? See you on the outside.

Chris Bohn

SCORPIONS
Blackout (Harvest)

THOUGH SCORPIONS' bassist Francis Buchholz (no relation to Schwarzwald Wanderer Horst, I presume) is a blond, he carries no sting in his tail. Not that this is necessarily detrimental, but the stubborn refusal of the rhythm section to swing — even if only in a simple sledgehammer sweep — mocks the Scorpions' swollen sex boasts. No doubt it's the irony found in the gap between intent and achievement that explains the group's popularity.

Chris Bohn

CUDDLY TOYS
Trials And Crosses (Fresh)

A FANTASTICALLY lavish attempt to work those favourite Bowie bits into a conceptual context suitably aligned with today's modern fop consciousness. Only singer Sean Purcell remains from the original, terrible Toys, and this is his heroic stab at sneaking a few wrungs up the ladder of respect. Well, if Japan can do it . . . Persistent, ambitious even, but far too fallibly forced.

Dave Hill

BILL WYMAN
Bill Wyman (A&M)

AS UNASSUMING and modest as its perpetrator. The most self-effacing Stone and a bunch of session musicians and friends stroll through ten average songs as if it didn't really matter either way. As in the hit of last summer (included here, fact freaks!), the sublime 'Si, Si, Je Suis Un Rock Star' there's a strong music-hall feeling throughout the record, and it can't be stated too often that Wyman is an excellent bass player, always impeccably on the right beat with the right feeling — it's a technique you hardly notice. Unfortunately, one could say the same about this album.

Tom Baker

THE BEATLES
Reel Music (EMI/Parlophone)

THE POSSIBLE permutations of The Beatles stock are far from exhausted — unlike either the patience of the consumer or the slack imaginations of the EMI shareholders. This *nth* compilation shuffles five film soundtracks and deals from the bottom of the pack. Don't let yourself be cheated.

Chris Bohn

SNOWY RED
The Right To Die (Dirty Dance)

GAWD. A pale, frail young thing stays home to make the kind of synth and lyric noises which can come only from a man convinced from birth that 'tis he alone who has a monopoly on torment. It seems callous to so bluntly deride Snowy's sweat and toil home-movie of himself but I can't help thinking it's nothing that a few proper meals wouldn't put right.

Dave Hill

THE BONGOS
Drums Across The Hudson (PVC — US import)

SATURDAY NITE music for late Sunday afternoon reminiscing. The three Hoboken mites who make up The Bongos may have enjoyed themselves, but they have problems recalling the excitement and relating it to the listener. The Bongos yearn, I yawn. I would sympathise if they hadn't relied so heavily on the easy equation of '60s pop with goodtime. The Bongos in Fetish-sized doses ('In The Congo' or the mini-LP 'Time And The River', which fit onto this full-sized import) aren't so bad, but the full story only reveals a group hankering after The Knack and getting too close for comfort.

Chris Bohn

J.J. CALE
Grasshopper (Shelter)

ROLLING OUT of bed to find the royalty cheque for 'After Midnight' sat behind the door has probably been the single greatest influence on J.J. Cale's musical career. With the money sunk into a recording studio in his backwoods home, he has become free to deliver music by correspondence course. Live shows seem unnecessary as competent students like Clapton and Dire Straits boost his career, keeping him off the streets and in the studio.

'Grasshopper' follows the slicker production path started by 'Troubadour', with the jazz influences introduced on 'Shades' continuing to poke their way into Cale's R&B style. A few quirky moments with vibes and steel pans provide the only surprises.

The uninitiated will find the 14 tracks good value for money. The cognoscenti will simply slide it in next to the others.

Duncan Disorderly

HALEN HEARTY

VAN HALEN

Diver Down (WEA)

HEAVY METAL has one of the longer and more honourable traditions as a "musical influence" in rock, yet its recent renaissance is by and large a series of conquests by creatures with all the intrinsic soul of real estate developers — people programmed to destroy *any* structure with the least pretensions to humanity or even coherence. At the same time, through our own creations (the printing press, the pressing plant, the box in the living room), others of similar inclination shame us with their unflagging insistence that we live in 'hopelessly depleted' times.

Times so inert, it would seem, that a body accrues status most readily by NOT doing things. Not wearing Gloria Vanderbilts, say; not refusing drugs; never saying 'Hey', and feeling somehow superior to folks who might. More and more people, in fact, are not doing things — and they're proud of it, too! Increasingly, they're *going out of their way* not to do stuff. (This includes the increasing number of musicians who decline to play on their own records.)

These do-nothings are chipping away at more than their own common sense; they're after curtailing *your* freedoms of choice, information and imagination. They don't listen to Van Halen records — and they'll tell you not to bother, either.

Van Halen, by contrast, are among the loudest of propagandists to no dogma at all. On the credit side, they boast Fast Eddie, one of the world's most pleasant and expert guitarists. Eddie's clear and absolutely confident guitar work is as used to brother Alex Van Halen's huge backbeat as night is to day. But no quarter is given for anyone to get 'used to' frontman David Lee Roth. The actual thinness of Roth's vocal talents is just no match for his gung-ho grasp of the free enterprise system and all its least savoury realities.

It's Roth who takes the rap for Van Halen's successful vandalism of Western rock's disarray. He's the pigeon who parades ever-new and ever-more-awful visions of the ultimate 'rock star', knowing even if you don't that the sillier he looks the more credit he'll get for *any* accomplishment. It's the Dolly Parton School of Subversion: start as a cartoon, then startle the folks with a real reward.

Such as, on this album: another great Ray Davies re-vamp, this one a timely 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone'; a superb industrial-strength cover of 'Dancing In The Streets'; and a rendering of Orbison's '(Oh) Pretty Woman' as the sublimest of environmental jarrs. Of their own compositions, 'Little Guitars', 'Secrets' and 'The Bull Bug' all more than pass muster technically; 'Secrets' actually sneaks a smidgen of sexual truth into its HM dittyfying, but it's the most vocally 'embarrassing' to the shameless Roth.

As usual, Ted Templeman's production holds the experiments — besides plenty of tyrannosauric tirades for the fans, there are acoustic intros, planes of plain synthesiser, *Jan* Van Halen on clarinet, an acapella rendition of Roy Rogers' 'Happy Trails' and some throwaway humour in heavy blackface — in expert balance. As a possible investor, you'd better know that there is one-fourth an album of filler here. But Roth has one advantage that's hard to top . . . his voice is so perfectly suited to delivering downright crass lyrics that when he makes a point of a more clever line (like *"this ain't Television but it's more than it seems"*), it sounds positively *acute*. Plus you get the point, which is it's doing something about showing you something: When To Laugh.

Cynthia Rose

"Here's lookin' at ya, Cindy!" *Pic: George Bodnar*

SQUEEZE

FROM PAGE 31

Tilbrook sings his partner's lyrics as though he means them, something that is all too rare further on. In fact it's only with the arrival of a straighforward bar-room blues pastiche 'When The Hangover Strikes', carrying on to side two's brilliant 'Black Coffee In Bed', that one can denote that nothing has been lost. Yet the soft-focus veneer of 'Sweets', when listened to in toto, is so irksome because all the wit and ingenuity that affords Squeeze their current reputation seems to have been camouflaged by a timidity that can only spring from self-indulgence and over-subjectivity.

Nick Kent

T.C. MATIC

T. C. Matic (Statik)

T. C. MATIC are from Belgium, and offer an efficient style of funky square-bash for all you devoted nihilists out there. Bearing a certain post-PiL outlook, especially in the guitar and voice, T. C. Matic show no lack of effort, but are rendered impotent by a shortage of ambition and depth.

They seem content to trot out accomplished but uniform militaristic back-tracks, and ladle out negativity by the truck-load. War, conformity, political debate, and the complete back-catalogue of serious matters, are set up and gunned down without a nod to their complexity, or a hint of personal doubt. They express, then, little but a kind of cartoon loathing, and seem unable to inject any other emotional inputs for us poor victims to lean on, lap up or react to.

It's hard not to sympathise, I suppose. But the group's contentment with firing all their thoughts up the same straight barrel summons visions of a parody of a parody of punk. There *are* odd moments when they get this morbid, shock-to-the-system bit pinned down. But I get this feeling that even if this planet gushed with perfect love and beauty, folk like T. C. Matic would still dredge up some dread devil to scare themselves with. After the revolution, what *will* they do with their time?

Dave Hill

SLOBBERY WITH VIOLENCE

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

We Are . . . The League (WXYZ)

AND A more *inhuman* League you're unlikely to encounter in a month of nightmares. The Anti-Nowheres, a collective mutant of heart-stopping hideousness, are a sort of conceptual bastard, spawned by some unholy marriage of The Ramones and The Damned, and taking on all the least appetising features of either parent. In short, a noisy joke.

A coarse, corny cacophony of brutalism rampant, the music of the Anti-Nowhere League takes the cartoon corruption of "punk" to its furthest and most laughable extreme. Rolling-thunder chords just crunch and crash on — remorseless and crude, defiantly dumb, twelve roaring anthems to Stupidity. And the stance *never* varies: the League's philosophy, in all its subtlety and richness, could be entirely expressed with two upturned fingers.

The group could so easily from *Not The Nine O'Clock News*, to *Benny Hill*, to *The Muppets* — the singer's name *is* Animal — that any attempt to "expose" them as ridiculous would be a waste of words. Half the League's appeal must lie exactly in this, the fact that they're so transparently *not* the real thing. I'd worry seriously for the mentality of any young punk who took the whole scam at face value.

A raucous celebration of depravity, the album wallows in moral squalor with slobbish delight. To call it sexist would be an understatement; to call it obscene would probably be accurate. A few quotations might convey the flavour, but I think I'll spare you. For the record, though, tracks include their murderous version of Ralph McTell's 'Streets Of London', 'Let's Break The Law' and the self-explanatory 'I Hate . . . People'. Where lyrical invention fails, choruses resort to anguished chants of howled expletives.

Personally, I'm amused, although I think I *should* feel disgusted.

Paul Du Noyer

Nick and Cyberman get "down" *Pic: David Corio*

TALKING IN RHYTHM

FUNKAPOLITAN

Funkapolitan (London/Decca)

THERE HAS always been something a bit boring about Funkapolitan. For all their musical polish and their *Harpers And Queen* silver spoon soul spreads, the rap platoon have always seemed a band lacking character, charisma and image.

A feeling that Funkapolitan were really no more than a jive-talking task force of earnest musos — an Ace or Kokomo for the '80s — grew stronger when their debut single 'As The Time Goes By' actually went *down* two places in the BMRB chart after a staggeringly pedestrian primetime *TOTP* slot: as the other ambassadors of an emerging dance sensibility set their sights for the top five, Funkapolitan were left with their wordy rap but no poppy snap.

The vague notion of a summer of funk came and went, pop music turned pinky blue, and Funkapolitan spent an awfully long time in London and New York studios recording and mixing an album with producer August Darnell.

I put my preconceptions to one side and played it and some cuts sounded very good indeed. I pinched myself and I wasn't dreaming — Funkapolitan have made a very promising debut album.

Always more open than most in admitting the debt they so obviously owe to the Sound of Black America, Funkapolitan catch and control the beat with swing that shames the majority of the newer British dance bands. They have an instinctive grasp of the basic grooves and an undeniable *feel* for funk, none more so than wonderkid guitarist Sagat Guirey, cutting into and across the beat with impish precision.

But the best grooves in the world, whether they are loose and languid or tight and tense, are not enough in themselves and it is where their zippy, zestful rhythms are coupled with songwriting skill and rapwise wit that Funkapolitan score most impressively.

Of the eight tracks here, two — 'War' and 'If Only' — are truly exceptional, although neither have been deemed fit for single release by the A&Rbiters of taste at Decca, the band's latest 45 being the throwaway 'Run Run Run'.

'War', tucked away on the flipside of their last single, is a lush, choppy cha-cha, a complex song both musically and lyrically but one which never loses sight of its basic dance directives. Pungent and pertinent, images of the height of the fighting are interwoven with sexual metaphor in the tradition of producer Darnell: *"Love on an aircraft carrier / Sex going through the sound barrier / A gun, a shell, a bomb or a tank / Just check out the style of my missile rank / Fighting is your duty when you're swinging in the army".*

The other gem is 'If Only', which cruises to the Caribbean on a cusp of chiming cowbells, steel drums and flamenco guitar, yet more of The Kid's musical eclecticism rubbing off on the west London rap philosophers. The song itself is a wonderfully vivid account of yearning long-distance love: *"Tall and tanned / Young and Latin / Roller skates / Pants made of satin . . . if only."*

Nothing else comes up to the same standard, although the vocal interplay of Nick Jones, Simon Ollivierre and Kadir Guirey is constantly entertaining. The trio possess an innate understanding of the dynamics of rap, talking in rhythm, but wisely slipping in the straighter vocals when things threaten to get monotonous, occasionally also adding the toaster's touch.

Of course rap can also be awfully boring at times and Funkapolitan pedal the cliches on side two, tracks like 'Behold The Super Ace' coming across as secondhand second-rate south Bronx bravado.

When they stick to the parlance of the rap poets, though, this music is no sham.

Adrian Thrills

Sarah Vaughan *Pic: Peter Anderson*

SARAH VAUGHAN

Volume 1 (Reactivation)

DINAH WASHINGTON

Volume 1 (Reactivation)

REACTIVATION OF standard material from two females with very fine voices indeed; interpreted according to their respective styles of jazz.

Dinah Washington is known to have provided a rocking good way on occasions in the past, but on the 16 sides assembled here she mostly prefers to counterpoint some vividly sentimental orchestrations from Don Costa alongside a selection of more sympathetic Fred Norman arrangements.

Dating from recordings made during 1962-3, songs include chestnuts like 'Fly Me To The Moon', 'My Devotion' and 'There Must Be A Way', something more convincing with 'Call Me Irresponsible' and the Jerome Kern /Hammerstein II composition 'Why Was I Born?' and at least one searing performance with 'I Wanna Be Around".

Accompanied only by the guitar of Barney Kessel and bass of Joe Comfort, Sarah Vaughan reflections from the same period are, by contrast, virtuoso intimate moments tendered with accomplishment. Even the most overworked material such as 'Just In Time', 'When Sunny Gets Blue' and 'Baby Won't You Please Come Home' are given interesting alternative slants. 'When Lights Are Low' completes the mood and 'Key Largo' is a positive classic.

Penny Reel

the Latest Release

THE LOOK OF LOVE

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Immediately I set about recording it with my group ABC.

In no time at all people all over the country were hearing the song.

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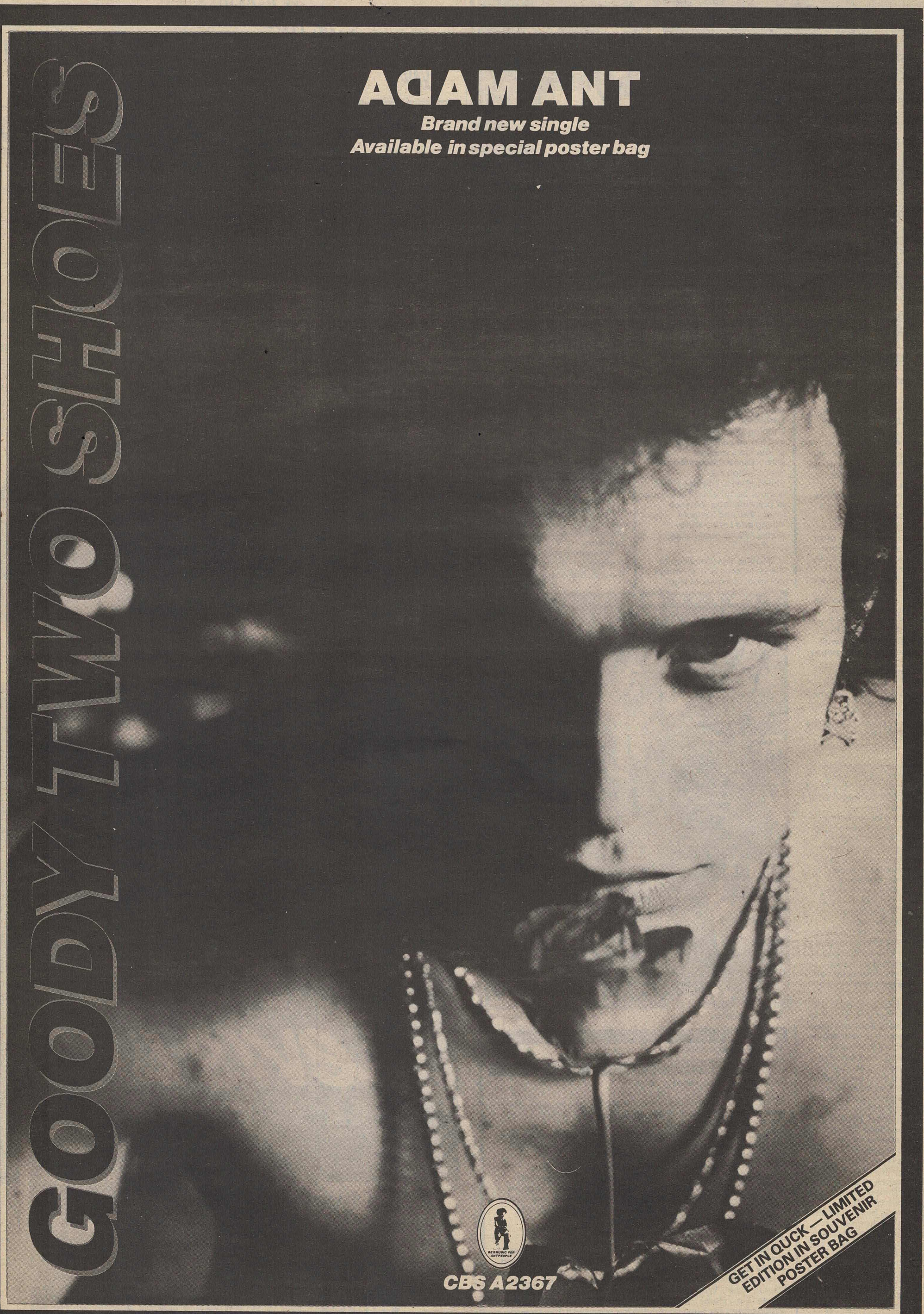

SEX MUSIC FOR ANTPEOPLE

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tour NEWS

JOHN MARTYN PLANS LONGEST-EVER TREK

JOHN MARTYN takes his band out in the early autumn for his biggest-ever British tour which, when finalised, will take in 35 shows. The eight concerts confirmed so far are at Manchester Free Trade Hall (September 20), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (21), Newcastle City Hall (23), Aberdeen Capitol (25), Glasgow Pavilion (27), Edinburgh Playhouse (29), Birmingham Odeon (October 1) and London Hammersmith Odeon (22) — and tickets for these eight are already on sale, with top prices of £4.50 (London), £4 (Glasgow and Edinburgh), £3.75 (Manchester and Birmingham) and £3.50 (the other three venues).

Remaining dates in his schedule will be announced in a few weeks. The tour will tie in with the September 10 release of his new album, which he starts recording for WEA this month. Meanwhile, his recent LP 'Glorious Fool' has just been issued in the States on Duke Records, the new label formed by Genesis.

Anti-Nowhere extension

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE's punk package — also featuring Chelsea, Chron-Gen and The Defects — has added several dates to its tour schedule, which kicks off this week (see *Gig Guide*). Newly confirmed are a matinee for under-18s at Manchester Rafters (May 19), Hull Tower Ballroom (22), Liverpool Warehouse (25), Bradford Ukranian Club (26) and Poole Wessex Hall (June 5.) Additionally, Birmingham Imperial Cinema switches from May 14 to 28, and Hanley Victoria Hall on May 26 is now cancelled.

☐ Another punk package — this one featuring Discharge, Vice Squad, Charge, G.B.H. and The Dark — plays a one-off at London Strand Lyceum this Sunday (9). Admission is £3.

HEEP ARE STILL ROCKIN' ON

URIAH HEEP return to the UK concert platform next month, with a headlining show at the Palace Lido in Douglas (Isle of Man) on Sunday, June 6. It's the main musical event during the island's annual TT Race Week, and it's being broadcast live by Radio Luxembourg. Tickets are £4, and they'll be available on the doors only.

The band precede this concert with a couple of warm-up gigs at Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (June 3) and Southport Theatre (4), and follow it with a show at Edinburgh Playhouse on June 8 — tickets for these three dates are all at £3.50 and £3, and are available now.

It's expected that Heep will be undertaking a full UK tour in late June and early July, details to follow shortly. Meanwhile, they have a new single released by Bronze on May 21 titled 'That's The Way That It Is', taken from their current album 'Abominog'.

ASH KEEP EMBERS GLOWING

WISHBONE ASH are playing a series of ten selected concerts, coinciding with the release of their 'Best Of' album by MCA. They visit **Dunstable** Queensway Hall (May 17), **Nottingham** Rock City (18), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (19), **Colwyn Bay** Pier Pavilion (20), **Southport** Floral Hall (21), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (22), **Oxford** New Theatre (23), **Barnstaple** Civic Hall (24), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (26) and **Ashington** Civic Hall (27).

☐ BUDGIE set out this week on another short tour, playing **Newcastle** Mayfair (tomorrow, Friday), **Birmingham** Odeon (Sunday) **Gravesend** Woodville Hall (May 10), **Lincoln** Drill Hall (11), **Chippenham** Rock Theatre (12), **Plymouth** Top Rank (14), **Guildford** Surrey University (15) and **London** Marquee (16, 17 and 18). They then go into the studio to record a new LP for release in August, when they'll be undertaking further dates.

☐ **BUMBLE & THE BEEZ** headline at London Woolwich Tramshed on May 11, just a couple of hours after appearing at the Hammersmith Odeon with Third World, whom they're supporting throughout their current UK tour.

☐ **LINTON KWESI JOHNSON,** Creation Rebel, Undivided Roots, Instigators and Legba are among acts appearing in a benefit show at London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic on May 14, to aid enquiries into the New Cross fire disaster. Admission is £4, or £3 for the unwaged and students.

☐ **THE GYMSLIPS,** Amy & The Angels, Wolverine Pinks, Crystal Pyjamas and She's Moved are among over 30 all-girl bands being featured in a month-long season at London Hampstead Starlight Room, presented by 'Women Live Music'. The season runs from Wednesday to Saturday inclusive, every week throughout May.

☐ **THE BERLIN BLONDES,** now featuring David Freeman (ex-Flys) as lead singer replacing Stephen Bonomi, have London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (May 10), Bond St. Embassy Club (18), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (21) and Baker St. Barracuda Club (31). More are being added.

☐ **HUANG CHUNG,** recently returned from a European tour, have lined up three dates this month — at Bristol Polytechnic (this Saturday), Swindon Brunel Rooms (May 11) and London Zig-Zag Club (15).

☐ **ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN** have their two films *Shine So Hard* and *Le Via Luonge* programmed with the science fiction movie *Fantastic Planet*, playing at Edinburgh Calton Studios (this Friday and Saturday), London Wardour St. Roxy (May 18), Norwich City Cinema (June 25) and Derby Metro Cinema (July 9).

BLONDIE TOUR NOW VIRTUALLY CERTAIN

THE ON-OFF British tour by Blondie is now almost certainly ON. Their British spokesman told *NME* at the weekend that an official announcement is very close, and he added: "Dates are now being finalised and, if everything continues to go according to plan, we expect to be able to release details in a week or two."

The band, whose new single 'Island Of Lost Souls' has just been issued by Chrysalis, will have their latest album 'The Hunter' out later this month — and, although the exact period of their proposed visit isn't yet known, they would obviously want to tie in their tour with promotion on the LP.

Despite rumours of drastic personnel changes, it's understood that Blondie's line-up for the UK tour would be almost the same as on their last visit 18 months ago — the only doubt concerning guitarist Frank Infante.

At last: Billy Preston and Syreeta due here

BILLY PRESTON & SYREETA, who've been promising to play some UK concerts together ever since their smash hit single 'With You I'm Born Again' in early 1980, have finally been talked into it! And the venue that's grabbed them is London's new Fair Deal in Brixton, where they appear on Friday, May 28 — all tickets £4, on sale now. It's not clear if they'll be playing any other dates — though, in any event, this will be their only London show.

Mountain are back

MOUNTAIN — the band who were one of the major hits at the legendary 1969 Woodstock Festival, and who have often been likened to Cream — are back together again, and they too are appearing at the Brixton Fair Deal. The date is Saturday, June 19, and all tickets are £3.50 — support acts are Tank, Tytan and a special guest to be announced. Leslie West (guitar and vocals) and Corky Laing (drums) are still in the line-up, but it's not yet known if original keyboards man Steve Knight is still with them — though it's likely that bassist Felix Pappalardi has been replaced, due to his deafness. The group first split in 1973 (when West, Bruce & Laing came into being), re-formed a year later, and split again in 1976. Now comes another incarnation.

MARI'S GOING TO THE DOGS

MARI WILSON, who has finally decided on the name of The Wilsations for her backing band, has been named as special guest in the Squeeze concert at London Brixton Fair Deal on June 6. And another handful of headlining dates has been slotted into the band's schedule — at York University (May 14), Leeds Warehouse (16), Portsmouth Neros (19), Bath Pavilion (21) and Folkestone Marine Pavilion (29). It had been expected that Mari, who was forced by law to drop the name Imaginations, would decide to call her band The Marionettes — but she's opted instead for The Wilsations, which are small dogs, a cross between the Alsatian and the Wiltshire terrier.

☐ Tickets for the six early-June Squeeze concerts, announced last week, are on sale now at box-offices and usual agencies — with a standard price of £4 (London) and £3.50 (elsewhere).

NEW FUNKAPOLITAN OUTING

FUNKAPOLITAN are on the road again in May and June, playing venues which weren't covered by their last tour in the autumn. The outing ties in with the release this weekend of their self-titled debut album on the London label (through Decca), produced by August Darnell of Kid Creole fame. Dates so far set are at **Sheffield** Limit (tonight, Thursday), **Retford** Porterhouse (Friday), **Leicester** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Norwich** East Anglia University (May 14), **Eastbourne** Winter Gardens (15), **Stanmore** Middlesex & Herts Country Club (19), **Canvey Island** Goldmine (21), **Chippenham** Goldiggers (25), **Plymouth** Top Rank (26), **Bournemouth** Midnight Express (28), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (29), **Gillingham** King Charles Hotel (30), **Brighton** Top Rank (June 2) and **London Strand** Lyceum (3).

B.B. KING

LONDON BLUES FESTIVAL — featuring B.B. King, Bobby Bland and John Lee Hooker, each backed by his own band — has added a fourth night at the Hammersmith Odeon. The package is already set to play there for the three-day period May 21-23, and there's been such interest in the show that it will now also perform at that venue on Thursday, May 20. Tickets are £7.50, £6 and £4.50, and the promoters are Straight Music.

■ PLUTO is being lined up for a UK tour, hot on the heels of his 'Your Honour' chart success. Together with his backing band, he'll be playing 15 club dates starting towards the end of June, and details are expected shortly.

■ THE BLASTERS, the five-piece U.S. outfit who are currently supporting Nick Lowe on his UK tour, have a couple of London headliners in their own right — at Camden Dingwalls (May 20) and Victoria The Venue (21). They'll be joined on both those dates by sax player Lee Allen, who has frequently toured with Little Richard.

■ ANDREAE CROUCH — one of America's top gospel artists, whose songs have been recorded by the likes of Elvis Presley and Paul Simon — appears in a special gospel show at London Wembley Arena on May 30. It's billed as 'The Banquet', and tickets are £7.50, £5.50, £3.50 and £2.50 — by post only from Banquet Office, 67 Windmill Drive, Croxley Green, Rickmansworth, Herts.

VAN MORRISON SETS CONCERTS FOR JUNE

VAN MORRISON is undertaking a short British tour, prior to his previously reported appearance in the Glastonbury CND Festival on June 19. He plays Belfast Ulster Hall (June 8, 9 and 10), Edinburgh Playhouse (12), Manchester Palace (14), Bristol Colston Hall (16) and Reading Hexagon (17 — see below for more details of this gig). Tickets are on sale now at all venues, and the promoters are Asgard.

He'll be backed by the same seven-piece band and three girl singers who were with him earlier this year, when he played a string of shows at London Dominion. To coincide with his visit, Phonogram will be releasing a 12-inch single of 'Scandinavia', the instrumental from his album 'Beautiful Vision' — it will be coupled with the previously unissued 'All Saints Day', plus one other track to be decided.

The OTHER Reading Festival

VAN MORRISON, Nick Lowe's Noise To Go and George Melly are among artists appearing in the Reading Festival this year. But don't be misled — this isn't THE Reading Festival, presented by the NJF over August Bank Holiday weekend. It is, in fact, the very first Reading Arts Festival — being run by the local council and the Hexagon Theatre, and taking place over the period June 13-27. It covers the entire musical sphere, from classics and ballet to rock — plus variety, plays and films. Meanwhile, first details of the established Reading Festival (August 27-29) are expected within the next two weeks.

■ FONTELLA BASS — the renowned soul singer, who had a Top Five UK hit with 'Rescue Me' way back in 1965, is now featured in a new group called From The Roots To The Source — led by Art Ensemble Of Chicago trumpeter Lester Bowie. They make their British debut in this year's Bracknell Jazz Festival (July 2-4).

Departures & Arrivals

WHITESNAKE have now lost Bernie Marsden, only a few weeks after the departure of fellow guitarist Micky Moody. He's now putting together his own band, with whom he'll be recording his third album for Parlophone, and they'll be going out on a major British tour — including a couple of festival appearances — to coincide with the LP's release. Despite these two recent losses, we're assured there's no question of Whitesnake breaking up.

■ THE BELLE STARS have now taken on Clare Hurst as permanent replacement for Penny Leyton on keyboards, and she'll also be playing additional sax with Miranda Joyce. Clarke, who was previously engaged on session work with Martha & The Muffins, has been playing occasional dates with the band over the past three months.

■ THE REVILLOS — who are about to travel to New York to work on a video LP, to be followed by a U.S. tour — have lost guitarist Kid Kruppa, and are now looking for a replacement. Auditions may be arranged by calling 031-229 6747. Fortunately the band have finished work on their new album, to be issued shortly, together with a new single.

■ LIGHT OF THE WORLD, who are basically the duo of Nat Augustin and Gee Bello, have now been joined permanently by bassist Paul 'Tubbs' Williams — who, ironically, was a member of the original eight-piece Light Of The World, before Nat and Gee joined! More recently, he's been working with his own project, Incognito.

☐ THE INMATES have a new drummer — he is Paul Turner, who was formerly with Straight 8, and he replaces Jim Russell in the line-up. He can be seen in action with the band at London Victoria The Venue tomorrow (Friday).

HEADLINE DATES BY CHINA CRISIS

CHINA CRISIS have lined up their first headlining tour, in support of their second Virgin single 'Scream Down At Me', released this weekend. They visit Edinburgh Valentino's (this Saturday), Glasgow Maestro's (Sunday), Doncaster Mainline Club (May 11), Liverpool Pickwicks (12), Sheffield Limit (13), Manchester UMIST (14), Leeds Warehouse (17), Coventry Guy's (19), Derby Blue Note (20), Cambridge Sound Cellar (21), Bath Moles (22), Oxford Scamps (24), Swindon Brunel Rooms (25), London Baker St. Barracuda (26), Hastings Downtown (27) and Brighton Cinderellas (28).

Wendy not wooing 'em on stage — yet

WENDY WU, who broke away from The Photos last year to pursue a solo career, has no immediate gigging plans — even though her single 'For Your Love', a re-working of the Yardbirds hit, is gaining favourable reaction. She is now busy planning a follow-up single, and writing new material with saxist and composer Gary Barnacle. And when she gets around to forming a band for live work, it's likely to be a joint project with Barnacle, though that won't happen until later in the year — after they've finished their current session of experimental writing and some record co-production.

China Crisis

The New Single

'Scream Down At Me' b/w 'Cucumber Garden'

May Tour
8
Edinburgh, Valentinos
9
Glasgow, Maestros
11
Doncaster, Mainline Club
12
Liverpool, Mr. Pickwick's
13
Sheffield, Limit Club
14
Manchester, UMIST
17
Leeds, Warehouse
19
Coventry, Guys
20
Derby, Bluenote
21
Cambridge, Sound Cellar
22
Bath, Moles
24
Oxford, Scamps
25
Swindon, Brunel Rooms
26
London, Barracuda
27
Hastings, Downtown Saturdays
28
Brighton, Hickstead Cinderellas
29
Retford, Porterhouse

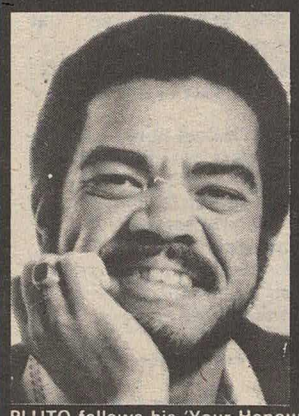
Virgin

An Inevitable Record
12" includes extended B side

record NEWS

RY COODER has his new Warner Brothers single released on May 14 — titled 'Gypsy Woman', it's taken from his current chart album 'The Slide Area'. The B-side is the vintage track called 'Alimony', lifted from his 1970 self-named debut album. It's issued with a limited edition free single, featuring 'Teardrops Will Fall' and 'It's All Over Now'.

GRAM PARSONS has an album out on Warners on May 14, with his name as its title. It contains 14 tracks culled from his solo LPs 'GP' and 'Grievous Angel', and it was compiled by Elvis Costello, who also wrote the sleeve notes. Emmylou Harris is featured on several of the tracks.



PLUTO follows his 'Your Honour' hit with a new single issued this weekend on KR Records (through RCA)— it's a new version of his biggest Jamaican hit 'I Man Bitter', and it comes in both 7" and 12" formats. Coming up in June is a new Pluto album titled 'Again', containing newly recorded versions of several of his standards.

LAURIE ANDERSON'S new Warner Brothers single 'Big Science' is now available in full-length 12-inch form. It's coupled with 'Example No. 22', plus the full-length version of her hit 'O Superman'.

UB40, currently touring Zimbabwe, have a new single out this week on their own label (through Spartan) — titled 'Love Is Alright' and coupled with 'One A Penny'. There's also a 12-incher featuring extended versions of both these titles, plus a live track called 'Tyler'. After their present African tour, followed by European dates, they'll be recording their fourth album for summer release.

JUDIE TZUKE's new single 'I'm Not A Loser', issued by Chrysalis May 14, is a remixed version of a track on her chart album 'Shoot The Moon' — and it's available either as a picture disc or a conventional seven-inch. B-side is a previously unreleased track called 'Run On Luck'.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD release their album 'Check Us Out' on EMI Records on June 14. It's preceded next Monday (10) by a single of the title track, a song which was inspired by *The Warriors*, a film about the New York street gangs.

JAPAN's new single, issued by Virgin on May 14, is 'Cantonese Boy' from their album 'Tin Drum' — and it comes either as a double-pack seven-inch or a three-track 12-inch. 'The Experience Of Swimming' (a Richard Barbieri original) and the title track from their debut Virgin LP 'Gentleman Take Polaroids' are featured on both formats, and the fourth track in the seven-inch package is 'Burning Bridges'.

SOFT CELL have their latest single 'Torch' released by Some Bizzare this weekend, with 'Insecure Me' as the B-side. It is also available in 12-inch form.

LEO SAYER has his new album 'World Radio' out on Chrysalis this week, also on cassette. It comprises ten trucks, including his recent hit single 'Have You Ever Been In Love'. His new single 'Heart (Stop Beating In Time)', written by Barry and Robin Gibb, follows on May 21.

ALAN PARSONS PROJECT release their first album for two years on May 21 — called 'Eye In The Sky', it's on Arista, and the title track is issued this weekend as a single . . . On the same label, there's the second solo album by Sky member Kevin Peek titled 'Life And Other Games', from which the track 'Drifting' appears as a single.

XTC, currently inactive due to Andy Partridge's illness, have a new single issued by Virgin on May 14 — 'no Thugs In Our House', written by Andy and taken from their hit LP 'English Settlement.' The B-side features 'Chain Of Command' and 'Limelight' (which originally appeared as a free single with their 'Drums & Wires' album, but no longer available), plus a short fourth track called 'Over Rusty Waters'.

A deal for The Damned

THE DAMNED have signed a worldwide recording deal with Bronze, and their debut for the label is a three-track EP set for June 4 release — it's called 'Lovely Money', and it features two different versions of the title track (including an oratory by no less a luminary than Viv Stanshall), plus 'I Think I'm Wonderful'. The band are currently recording a new album, as yet untitled, for September release — and they'll be undertaking a full British tour to coincide.

Meanwhile, the band's former outlet Ace Records are issuing — via the Big Beat label — a Damned single titled 'Wait For The Blackout' on May 21. It's coupled with 'Jet Boy, Jet Girl' by Captain Sensible & The Softies, and is also available as a picture disc.

● 'Earthbound Ghost Need: **Eric Random** Meets The Bedlamites' is a new album out on the New Hormones label, featuring Random and his regular pool of musicians. It comprises six tracks — five originals, plus a re-working of Ravel's classic 'Bolero' — and it's expected to sell at just under £4. Random and the group will also be touring to promote it.

● **Eddie 'Tan Tan' Thornton** — who's spent over 15 years touring and recording with the likes of Aswad, Boney M and Sugar Minott — releases his first solo album 'Musical Nostalgia For Today' on his own Rainbow Records label (through Rough Trade and Jet Star).

● London's Rooster Records label is reactivating its year-old EP by **Magic Slim & The Teardrops** — featuring 'Teardrop', 'Wonder Why' and 'If You Need Me'. The record won a coveted W.C. Handy Award in Memphis last year.

● Coming up this month are three new releases on the Alternative Tentacles label — 'Bites From Bait', a four-track single by U.S. synthesiser wizard **Christian Lunch**; the first solo recording by Dead Kennedys bassist **Klaus Flouride**, a 12-inch single titled 'Shortnin' Bread'; and a four-track 12-incher by New York black punk band **Bad Brains**, on which the main title is 'Fearless Vampire Killers'.

● 'Statistics Mean Nothing When You Get On The Wrong Plane' is the title of the debut four-track 12-incher by **Kid Montana**. It's released on Sandwich/New Dance, with distribution through the full indie network.

● **Zounds** have a four-track EP titled 'La Vache Qui Rit' issued on Not So Brave Records, a new Belgian independent label with UK distribution through Rough Trade. It features 'Not Me', 'Biafra', 'Fear' and 'Wolves', the last two being live tracks.

● The first album by **The Newtown Neurotics** comes only in cassette form. Titled 'Pissed As A Newt', it runs almost an hour and costs £1.75 — through Rough Trade, or by mail order from No Wonder Records, 161 Spencers Croft, Harlow, Essex.

● 'Mzui' is the title of the first album by ex-Wire duo **Bruce Gilbert & Graham Lewis** who, for this LP, have collaborated with Russell Mills. It's on Cherry Red Records, who have just reissued the first **Ben Watt** single 'Cant', following the success of his current 12-incher with Robert Wyatt titled 'Summer Into Winter'.

KEEP TAKING THE TABLETS

THE DECORATORS release their debut album 'Tablets' next week — it comprises ten original compositions, one of which 'Strange One' is out as a single. The label is the new independent Red Flame Records, formed recently by Dave Kitson. The band, who've now been joined by ex-Dexys keyboards man Pete Saunders, will be appearing at London Victoria The Venue on June 10 — prior to which they play Brighton Sussex University (tomorrow, Friday) and Manchester 666 Club (May 28).

● '65 Love Affair' by **Paul Davis** — a smash hit in the States, where it's one of the fastest rising singles of all time — is issued here this week by Arista. Out on the same label (in both 7" and 12") is 'The Other Woman' by **Ray Parker Jr**, who's expected to arrive in the UK shortly for a promotional visit.

● Chiswick are releasing a limited edition of the current **Rocky Sharpe** single 'Shout! Shout! (Knock Yourself Out)' in picture disc form. From the same label comes the debut single by Ulster band **Minor Classics**, titled 'Sign Language'.

● We've already had hit singles from the England and Scotland football teams, and now comes the official song of the **Northern Ireland World Cup Squad**, who are joined on the track by **Dana**. Title is 'Yer Man', and it's on Towerbell Records.

● Magnum Force Records launch a subsidiary lable called Blue Moon, giving them freedom to break away from the rock'n'roll policy of the parent label. First release this week is the single 'The Hungry Wind' by **Garth Hewitt**. First album will be a special live double-LP European import of one of the last shows by **Ducks Deluxe**.

● Cherry Red reissue the bizarre cover version of Rod Stewart's 'D'Ya Think I'm Sexy' by **The Hybrid Kids**, which is actually an alias for ex-Mott The Hoople keyboards man Morgan Fisher, who plays and sings everything on the track. Reason for the re-release is that he's joining Queen on stage for their upcoming concerts.

● **Dale Hargreaves**, formerly with The Vye and now fronting his own five-piece Flamingos band, releases his first solo single this week — titled 'Scared To Death', it's on Blackpool label Lightbeat Records.

MULTI-COLOURED MADNESS

MADNESS have a new single issued by Stiff on May 14, and for the first time it will be available as a limited edition picture disc — though only 70,000 copies are being pressed in this format, so supplies can't be expected to last very long, specially as it will sell at the same price as a conventional seven-inch.

The picture disc will feature a coloured, and previously unseen, group shot. Title of the new epic is 'House Of Fun', and it's coupled with a track penned by guitarist Chrissy Boy titled 'Don't Look Back'.

● A report in the London *Evening Standard* last week, naming Madness as special guests in Queen's concert at Milton Keynes Concert Bowl on June 5, has been denied — both by Queen and Madness spokesmen.

● Two upcoming albums from Big Beat Records are a compilation titled 'Texas Dance Hall Favourites' featuring tracks by **Augie Meyers, Delbert McLinton, Joe 'King' Carrasco** and **Charles Christy** (May 28) — and the second **Pink Fairies** 'Live At The Roundhouse' album, in pink vinyl and with a sleeve containing many rare pictures of the band (June 11).

● The official **England World Cup Squad** single 'This Time (We'll Get It Right)', which has already sold over 250,000 copies, is now available in different coloured vinyls — red, white and blue, naturally!

● **George Chandler** — former Gonzalez lead singer, and featured vocalist with The Olympic Runners — returns to the record scene after a two-year absence while, as a "single parent", he's been raising his two children. His new single 'This Could Be The Night' is out this weekend on Polydor.

● **Roni Griffith** — a six-foot blonde, who was formerly a top model and one of King Creole's Coconuts — has her own single out this week. It's a re-working of the Phil Spector classic 'The Best Part Of Breaking Up', and it's issued by PRT on the Vanguard label.

CHESS MASTERS

PRT RECORDS release the second series of Chess Masters albums this week, taken from the superb blues catalogue of America's Chess label. Among them are sets by Howlin' Wolf, John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Rogers, Bo Diddley and Elmore James — as well as two by Muddy Waters, including the classic 'London Sessions' LP. Also in the supplement is the compilation 'Folk Festival Of The Blues' featuring Muddy Waters, Willie Dixon, Buddy Guy, Howlin' Wolf and Sonny Boy Williamson.

● **Barry Biggs** arrived in London last week to find his single 'A Promise Is A Comfort To A Fool' at No. 1 in the reggae charts. He'll be undertaking personal appearances and interviews for a couple of weeks, before shutting himself in a London studio to complete work on his new album.

● Virgin are rushing out a new version of current disco hit 'I Specialize In Love' by **Sharon Browne**, on the 12-inch format only. The B-side was originally an instrumental, but this has now been changed to a brand new and different vocal version of the A-side.

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+ Tempa Red

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FOXES AND RATS
featuring Paul Fox from The Ruts, Rat Scabies from The Damned and Martin from Watford
+ Support

Sunday 9th May £1.50
THE ALTERNATIVE CABARET

Monday 10th May £1.25
BERLIN BLONDES
+ The Prams

Tuesday 11th May £1.25
HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
+ Precious

Wednesday 12th May £1.50
Battle of the Bands winners:
THE CRACK
+ The Reactions

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 6th May £1.00
Floss Rock Show
GROUNDZERO

Friday 7th May £1.50
NEW AGE
+ Sex Gang Children

Saturday 8th May £1.50
NAKED LUNCH
+ Judi & The Shades

Sunday 9th May £1.25
SPYNAL CHORDZ
+ Fear Of Falling

Monday 10th May £1.00
THE ALARM
+ Outboys

Tuesday 11th May 50p
THE IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY

101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill SW1
223 8309

Thursday 6th May £1.00
DIRECT HITS

Friday 7th May £1.50
THE HAMSTERS

Saturday 8th May £1.50
THE INTROZE

Sunday 9th May £1.00
SPIES

Monday 10th May £1.00
DAWN PATROL

Tuesday 11th May £1.00
TIME LIMIT, OFFICIAL SECRET, TOWARD SHADOW PLACES

Wednesday 12th May £1.00
MAD SHADOWS

TICKETS £3.50 FROM BOX OFFICE TEL. 0705.824355

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURSDAY 6
ROBIN HITCHCOCK MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
£2.25

FRIDAY 7
STAN WEBB'S SPEEDWAY
supported by THE ACT
£3.30

SATURDAY 8
NO DICE
supported by EMPTY VESSELS
£3.30

MONDAY 10
THE RIMSHOTS IDLE FLOWERS
PLUS OTHERS
£1.75

TUESDAY 11
DIRTY STRANGERS

WEDNESDAY 12
FROM U.S.A.
JOHNNY MOORE AND SLIGHTLY ADRIFT

THURSDAY 13
ONE SPECIAL NIGHT ONLY
RICO
WITH HIS TROMBONE & FRIENDS
plus support. £3.

TUES 18 and WED 19
MOTOWN MAGIC WITH..
JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALL STARS

THURSDAY 20 / FROM U.S.A.
THE BLASTERS

BLUE ORCHIDS

CARMEL • THE HIGH FIVE
7.30 pm £2.00 adv £2.50 door
FRIDAY MAY 7th
ULU Malet ST WC1

23 SKIDOO

+ T.SOAR + OTHERS
8 pm £2.50 adv £3.00 door
FRIDAY MAY 14th
580 9551 ext 27

MOONLIGHT — STARLIGHT

100 WEST END LANE — West Hampstead Tube
Sundays and Good Friday 7.30 — 10.30

Thursday 6th May £1.50
JUMP SQUAD
+ Safehouse 7

Friday 7th May £1.75
PAINT + Furniture

Saturday 8th May £1.75
SKANK ORCHESTRA
+ Support

Sunday 9th May £1.00
TOP SECRET + Access

Monday 10th May £1.50
THE CHAMELEONS
+ I Am Alone

Tuesday 11th May £1.50
MASAI + The Republic

Wednesday 12th May £1.50
SECOND WINDOW
+ The Dads

"Women Live '82"
Thursday 6th May
Sound And Vision Night
SOLE SISTER + A Band + Disco

Friday 7th May
WHORES OF SAMOA
+ Army And The Angels + Disco

Saturday 8th May
Women Only Night with
CHRISTAL PYJAMAS
+ A Band + Quiet Brill Disco

Wednesday 12th May
Semi Accoustic Night
YVETTE ANNA
+ Janie And Andrea + Ethnic Classical Disco

Thursday 13th May
Women Only Night
Visual Surprise Night with Belly Dancing, Talk & Dance by
WENDY BUONAVENDURA
+ Ethnic Classical Disco

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 5th May £1.25
THE SOUL BAND

Thursday 6th May £1.25
THE ALARM

Friday 7th May £1.50
LEE KOSMIN

Saturday 8th May £1.50
THE GAS

Sunday 9th May £1.25
THE DEADBEATS

Monday 10th May £1.25
From USA
THE DIODES

Tuesday 11th May £1.25
AMAZULU

Wednesday 12th May £1.25
WIPEOUT

MEL BUSH PRESENTS

THE JETS
Plus Special Guests

MAY
17TH NEWCASTLE CITY HALL TEL 0632 612606
18TH EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE TEL 031-557-2590
19TH SHEFFIELD CITY HALL TEL 0742 735295
21ST HULL CITY HALL TEL 0482 29908
22ND IPSWICH GAUMONT TEL 0473 53641
24TH BIRMINGHAM ODEON TEL 021-643-6101
25TH LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL TEL 0533 544444
26TH PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL TEL 0705 824355
27TH CHATHAM CENTRAL HALL TEL 0634 403868
28TH BRISTOL COLSTON HALL TEL 0272 291768
29TH POOLE ARTS CENTRE TEL 0202 685222
30TH LONDON DOMINION THEATRE TEL 01-580-9562

NEW ALBUM CASSETTE 100% COTTON
NEW SINGLE HONEYDRIPPER

ROCK CITY

Talbot St, Nottingham
Tel 0602 412544 Open 8pm-2am

Tuesday 18th May £3.00adv
WISHBONE ASH

Wednesday 19th May £3.50adv.
TODD RUNDGREN

Thursday 20th May £3.50 adv.
KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

Wednesday 26th May £2.50 adv.
CABARET VOLTAIRE

Thursday 27th May £4.00 adv.
BB KING

Must Be Over 18 Years Of Age. Tickets From Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office Nottingham — RE-Cords Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office Lincoln — or by post from ROCK CITY, ENCLOSING SAE.

KISSES

LEWISHAM'S NEW STYLE PUB
165 LEWISHAM ROAD
COCKTAIL BAR — VIDEO JUKE BOX — HOT SNACKS
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
LUNCHTIMES AND EVENINGS

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

AIRPORT & DEANE
THU.6. Poly recording artistes & purveyors of high-tec POP, or Jethro Iull meets Depeche mode

TONY McPHEE'S BLUES BAND
FRI.7. Boom! Boom! Urban Chicago blues, that'll knock you dead. Conceived and piloted by perennial ex-Groundhog guitarist and K-board player.

CAYENNE
SAT. Pioneers of the latin beat having toughend their chops in the first Brit Jazz/Funk boom. "Music was fine and fiery" reported N.M.E.

SUN. INFINITY + ANSWER + ROMAN HOLIDAY
MON. ANGELS ONE FIVE + ZONTY + GUEST
TUE. SNEEZES IN CHINA + VANE

ZERRAI
WED.12. 2-piece synth orchestra who mix dark drama with spiky lyrics and Roxy-like abstractions.

PATRICK FITZGERALD
THU.13. The new-waves Leonard Cohen who picks a gentle guitar & occasional back-up tape.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 TILL LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 TILL 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 9.30 A.M. TILL 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

THE STAR

196 LONDON RD CROYDON
Phone 01-684 1360

Thursday 6th May £1.00
LONDON APACHES + Artists

Friday 7th May £1.00
WAR HORSE + Messenger

Saturday 8th May £1.00
BIG JAY MOKIDY
(Creole Singer From New Orleans)

Sunday 9th May £1.00
NAUGHTY THOUGHTS
+ Channel 5

Monday 10th May £1.20
TRIMMER & JENKINS

Wednesday 12th May £1.00
KRYSIS + Support

CANVEY STADIUM

900 High Street
Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath
No 98 Night Bus to Central London

Thursday 6th May £1.00
8—12 Mod Night
SMALL WORLD
+ DJ Dick Coombes

Friday 7th May £1.50
8 — 12 Hard Rock
ANGELWITCH
+ Ready Rubbed

Saturday 8th May £1.50
8 — 12
JAM TARTS
+Carnel Suffragettes

Sunday 9th May £1.00
8 — 10.30 Funk with
VERTICAL HOLD

Monday 10th May
PRIVATE FUNCTION
—Tickets only

Tuesday 11th May £1.00
8 — 12
60's + NORTHERN SOUL NITE

Wednesday 12th May £1.00
8 — 12 Kosmik Rock
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Scanners

Thursday 13th May £1.00
8 — 12 Motown
THE MOTIVATORS
+ DJ Dick Coombes

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MAY
5 Judy Collins
7 Don McLean
7, 8 Ashford & Simpson
9 Discharge
11, 12 Third World
13 Girlschool
13 Jethro Tuil
15 Al Di Meola
17 Nick Lowe
18, 19 Rose Royce
20, 23 B.B. King, John Hooker, etc
22, 23 The Clash
23 Au Pairs
24 Judie Tzuke
28 Fashion
29 Mink De Ville
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images
30 David Soul

JUNE
1 Altered Images
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
4, 5 Diana Ross
5 Funkapolitan
5 Queen (Milton Keynes)
5, 6 Ry Cooder
6 Anti-Nowhere League
8 Kid Creole
10, 11 Haircut 100
10, 11, 12 Glastonbury Festival
11 Simon & Garfunkel
18, 19 Frank Zappa
25, 26 Toyah

JULY
12, 13, 14, 15 Jackson Browne
17, 18 Toyah

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

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96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

NME Live ads are read by more people than in any other music weekly.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

RORY GALLAGHER AND HIS BAND

Derek Block presents

PLUS GUESTS

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
SATURDAY 22nd MAY TICKETS £3.50

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SUNDAY 23rd MAY TICKETS £4.00. £3.50

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
WEDNESDAY 26th MAY TICKETS £4.00. £3.50

MANCHESTER APOLLO
THURSDAY 27th MAY TICKETS £4.00. £3.50

GLASGOW APOLLO
FRIDAY 28th MAY TICKETS £4.00. £3.50

BRISTOL LOCARNO
SUNDAY 30th MAY TICKETS £4.00

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
TUESDAY 1st JUNE TICKETS £4.00. £3.50

DOMINION LONDON
THURS./FRI. 3rd/4th JUNE TICKETS £4.50. £4.00

TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

Tolworth Recreation Centre
Red Lion Rd/A3 Kingston
Kingston Poly SU Presents

SHAKATAK
+ Yeow Band
Saturday 15th May Doors open 7.30
Students/UB40 £2.50
Guests £3.50
Nearest Station Tolworth (SR)

Derek Block presents

THIRD WORLD
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

BUMBLE AND THE BEEZ
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tues Wed 11th 12th May
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50
Doors open 7.30pm

ASGARD present

VAN MORRISON

Ulster Hall BELFAST
TUE 8, WED 9 & THUR 10 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets £8.00, £7.50 from Harrisons Records, Belfast

Play House EDINBURGH
SAT 12 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets £5.50 from box office

Palace Theatre MANCHESTER
MON 14 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets from box office 061 236 9922

Colston Hall BRISTOL
WED 16 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets £5.50 from box office. Tel Bristol 22957 & usual agents

Hexagon Theatre READING
THUR 17 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm

FRIARS
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY MAY 8th 7.30pm
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
CHRON-GEN
CHELSEA
THE DEFECTS

Tickets £3.25, available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, FL More Records Dunstable, Luton & Bletchley, DJ Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford or £3.25 on door on night.
Life membership 25p. Friendly people welcome. The right to refuse admission is reserved.

MONDAY JULY 12th
THE CLASH
The Clash date has now been postponed until July 12th. Tickets for the original date will be valid for the rescheduled date so those who already have tickets should hold on to them. Tickets for July 12th are available now from outlets above.
Come back Joe — All is forgiven

ZIGZAG CLUB

MAY 22 24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON W9

Fri 7th — THE MODETTES BIRD with BIRTHDAY PARTY
TENPOLE TUDOR
The BARRACUDAS Special Suprises
THE MODETTES
Doors open 7·30 £3·00

Sat 8th — BIRTHDAY PARTY
UT CRAVATS
Doors open 6·30 Show 8·30 £3·00

MAY Fri 14th — HEAVY METAL NIGHT with
DIAMOND HEAD
TYTAN + ORE
Doors open 7·30 £2·50

Sat 15th — Huang with Chung from Liverpool
COME IN TOKIO
A SELECT COMMITEE
PERSONAL COLUMN
Doors open 6·30 £2·50

Sun 16th DOORS OPEN 7-12am — Advance Tickets 3.50 — SEE PULSE SEE PULSE — Tickets on Door 4.00

Sat 22nd — the EXPLOITED the dark A-HEADS ★
Doors open 6·30 £3.00

Coming Soon "VIDEO REVIEW CLUB" with the BIGGEST VIDEO SCREEN in England

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM ZIGZAG CLUB, 22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON IN ADVANCE MON-FRI 12 NOON-6 P.M. OR BY POST (ENCLOSE SAE) OR ON THE NIGHT PHONE: 289 6008
NEAREST TUBE WESTBOURNE PARK

MCP presents

★THE★ CLASH
Plus Special Guests
PEARL HARBOUR
BRIXTON FAIR DEAL
SAT/SUN 22nd/23rd MAY 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.00 Available from Fair Deal, LTB Premier, Keith Prowse and Albermarle or by post from MCP P.O. Box 124 Walsall WS5 4AP enclosed Postal Orders only and SAE

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287

Thursday 6th May — BIRTHDAY PARTY
Sunday 16th May — MARI WILSON WITH THE WILSATIONS
Thursday 13th May — MODERN ENGLISH
Monday 17th May — CHINA CRISIS

Late bar 9 - 2 am

ILFORD PALAIS
ILFORD HIGH ROAD, ESSEX
01-478 3128

Andy Ruw's

MOD ALL-DAYER no 3
Sunday 16th May
2.30-10.30. Doors open 1.30
60's Soul and Northern Soul Special Headlining band

JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALLSTARS
playing all their old hit records (Walk in the Night, How Sweet it is, Shotgun, etc)
plus **THE HEARTBEATS**
and **THE MOTIVATORS**
5000 Watt PA

Special guest is the Midlands top Northern soul DJ **CLIVE JONES** + guests **TONY CLASS,** top London DJ and **LEE & MICK**

£50 for the best Northern Soul dancer — £25 for the shortest skirt — £25 for the smartest dressed couple — crazy eating competition — Lambrettas spares stall by LCGB — Northern Soul record bar — Patches and badges stall — Free raffle — Hot food available all day

Avoid disappointment and get your tickets now from **CARNABY CAVERN,**
3 Newburgh St W1 (one min Carnaby St) Tel 01-734 3971
Downtown RECORD SHOP — Ilford & Romford
Advance tickets £6.00. Party rates for groups of 20 or more on application

Postal applications to AM Promotions, 6 Denberry Drive, Sidcup, Kent.
PO's and SAE please

If you would like details of other mod and 60's clubs in the London area please contact AM at the above address

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Asgard presents

RY COODER
AND HIS BAND
(Ras Baboo, Jim Dickinson, Chris Ethridge, Jim Keltner, Smitty Smith, Willie Green, Bobby King & Pico Payne)

MAY		
19	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
20	MANCHESTER	Apollo
21	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
22	GLASGOW	Apollo
24	DUBLIN	Stadium
25	DUBLIN	Stadium
27	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
28	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
29	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
31	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
JUNE		
1	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
2	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
4	BRIGHTON	Dome
5	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
6	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon

PLEASE NOTE THAT THERE IS NO SUPPORT ACT OR INTERVAL. PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEATS EARLY!

DOMINION THEATRE
Derek Block presents
FASHION
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
STEVE TORCH & ROY WHITE
FRIDAY 28th MAY 8pm
TICKETS 3.50 3.00
FROM BOX OFFICE 01 580 9562 & USUAL AGENTS.

SPYNALCHORDZ
are appearing at
THE BROADWAY, Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith, W6 on SUN 9th MAY

THE RAILWAY HOTEL
Tottenham Lane, N8, on THURS 13th and 20th MAY. On stage 9pm

NME Live ads are read by more people than in any other music weekly.

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100 CLUB
100 Oxford St, W1
Tuesday May 11th
Second Punkarama Anniversary

UK SUBS
+ Actifed
+ Brutal Attack

CINEMAS

NO MERCY NO FUTURE
A film by
Helma Sanders-Brahms
London Film Festival Award Winner
ICA CINEMA THE MALL SW1 930 3647

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 6th
Complete version of **NEW YORK, NEW YORK** 1.30, 4.30, 7.30

Friday 7th
BOB MARLEY LIVE 2.00, 6.30 + **THE HARDER THEY COME** 2.55 7.25 + **ROCKERS** 4.45, 9.15

Saturday 8th
BUTTERFLY MURDERS 4.00, 7.30 + **BEACH OF THE WAR GODS** 2.15, 5.45, 9.15
11.30 all night
HORROR : SHIVERS + NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD + RABID + ZOMBIES + THE BROOD

Sunday 9th
1.30 **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (Sep Perf)
Bunuel : **DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** 7.00 + **TRISTANA** 4.15, 8.45

Monday 10th
GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE 1.40, 5.20, 9.00 + **JUBILEE** 3.20, 7.10

Tuesday 11th
50's Noir : **KISS ME DEADLY** 3.45, 7.10 + **NIGHT OF THE HUNTER** 2.10, 5.35, 9.00

Wednesday 12th
DEATH IN VENICE 2.40, 7.00 + **DAY FOR NIGHT** 4.55, 9.15

Thursday 13th
Turkey Triple : **PLAN 9 + ROBOT MASTER + TEENAGER FROM OUTER SPACE**

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Altered Image pic: Alain de la Mata

Clare de la Luny

ALTERED IMAGES set out on their second major tour since they broke through into the big league. Hot on the heels of a string of chart successes, they open at Newcastle (Thursday), Bridlington (Friday), Leeds (Sunday), Lancaster (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

GIRLSCHOOL, arguably Britain's most successful all-girl band, delayed the start of their UK tour due to commitments in America — but their revised schedule gets under way this week at Dunstable (Tuesday) and Colchester (Wednesday). It's their first outing since bassist Gil Weston replaced Enid Williams in the line-up. What's claimed to be the first major punk package since the Sex Pistols 'Anarchy In The UK' tour, way back in 1977, hits the road at the weekend. Headlined by the ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, it also features CHELSEA, CHRON-GEN and THE DEFECTS. After a warm-up gig at Aylesbury on Saturday, the tour proper gets under way in Brighton on Wednesday.

Another intriguing tour is the first by the re-shaped DOLL BY DOLL, with leader Jackie Leven having now brought in new singer Helen Turner — and, as reported last week, introduced a more "erotic bias" to their approach. Their initial gigs are in Chesham (Saturday) and Loughborough (Wednesday).

23 SKIDOO are out on the circuit again, at Leicester (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday) and Oxford (Monday).

thursday 6th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Marillion/Pallas**
Basildon Raquel's: **Red Star Belgrade**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Twist & Tears**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Saracen**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Third World**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackpool Opera House: **Mike Harding**
Blackwood Woodbines Club: **Fire Down Below**
Bletchley Compass Club: **The Click/Gobbin' Robin**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Ferrari Red**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **The Groopies**
Brighton New Regent: **Pinski Zoo/The Razzors**
Bristol Yate New Entertainment Centre: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Bristol University: **Seething Wells/Akimbo/Tony Allen/Tymon Dogg**
Carlisle City Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World/Dick Coombes**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Gene Pitney**
Coventry Climax Club: **The Rubber Vultures**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Dramatis**
Coventry Warwick University: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Don McLean**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Tilt**
Croydon The Star: **The Artists**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Farnham The Maltings: **Exit/Pictures Like This/Earthmen/Dakar/Slak Batalion**
Galashiels College of Textiles: **The Mood Elevators**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barker Brown Bluesband**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Gloucester Avenue Hotel: **The Red Telephone**
Hastings Downtown: **Hi-Tension**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Stopband/Odds Ends/Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Silence/The Times**
Huddersfield Star Bar: **Danse Society**
Jarrow St. Mary's Catholic Club: **The Stingrays**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Birthday Party**
Leicester Polytechnic: **23 Skidoo**
Leicester The Town Arms: **East Park**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Membranes**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Tank**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Robyn Hitchcock/Motor Boys Motor**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Big Jay Monque'd**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airport & Deane**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tal Farlow Trio** (until Saturday)
London Finsbury Park The George Robey: **Takeaway**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Destroyer**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Sole Sister/Rosalie Stiletto D'Boot**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Peking Opera/Hermine/Event Group**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Shea Ramah**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jah Warrior**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Rock Goddess**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Dream Cycle 7**
London Putney White Lion: **G.B.H.**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Waso**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Whispers**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Inmates**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jump Squad/Safe House 7**
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Corporation**
London W.C.1 Drill Hall: **Gail Thompson Quartet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Harry Beckett — Chris McGregor Quartet**
Manchester Fagins: **Dave Berry** (for three days)
Manchester Polytechnic: **Mari Wilson Band**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Altered Images**
Norwich Jacquard's: **Rudi**
Norwich Whites: **Ruby Joe**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Spectrum: **Rose Royce**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Neil Innes**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Treason**
Oxford Scamps: **UK Players**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Steel Pulse**
Portsmouth Rock Garden: **Diamond Head**
Preston Warehouse: **Chaos UK/Court Martial/The Undead**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **The Pulsators**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **The Slacks**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Funkapolitan**
Sheffield Rebels Disco: **Kirlian Levis**
Stockton Club Fiesta: **The Breakfast Band** (for three days)
Stonehouse Crown & Anchor: **Artists And Lovers**
Sunderland Fino's: **21 Strangers**
Thrunscoe Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
West Drayton Anglers Retreat: **Steela**
Wigan Trucks: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Wokingham Angie's: **Short Stories**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Spider**

friday 7th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Matchbox**
Aldershot West End Centre: **The Human Beings/Ron Geesin**
Alfreton Somercoates Club: **Saracen**
Ayr Pavilion: **The E.F. Band**
Bath University: **Silent Movies**
Belfast McGlade's: **Colenso Parade**
Birmingham Aston University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers/Morrissey Mullen**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Reality**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Extensions**
Birmingham Lake Hall: **Neil Innes**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Foreigner/Gamma**
Birmingham Odeon: **Third World**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Passage**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Venus Club: **The Earwigs**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Radio 5**
Bradford University: **Mari Wilson Band**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **Altered Images**
Brighton Cinderella's: **Hi-Tension**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Decorators**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Boomtown Rats**
Bury The Derby Hall: **John James**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Gene Pitney**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Cardiff Great Western: **Fire Down Below**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Angelwitch/Ready Rubbed**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Searchers**
Colchester Institute of Education: **Modern English**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Stargazers**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Russ Abbot's Madhouse**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The 45's**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Dawn Trader**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Another Dream**
Durham Dunelm House: **Boys Of The Lough**
Ewell College of Technology: **Here & Now/Kyte**
Feltham Football Club: **The Satalites/The Alley Cat**
Folkestone Marine Pavilion: **Dramatis**
Folkestone Toby's: **The Nightingales**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **King Crabs**
Glasgow Night Moves: **23 Skidoo**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Marillion/The Family On Holiday**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hatfield The Forum: **Judy Collins**
Hitchin The Regal: **Cuddly Toys**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Wasted Youth**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Waves**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Utter Nutters**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Harry Beckett-Chris McGregor Quartet**
London Barbican Centre: **Nina Simone**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Rock Band**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Third World**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Arc Connexion**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stan Webb's Speedway/The Act**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **John Spencer Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Hamsters/Red Banner**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tony McPhee Blues Band/Shoot The Lights**
London Enfield Starlite Rooms: **The Drifters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gas/Tempa Red**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Amy & The Angels/Whores Of Samoa**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **New Age/Modernaires**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Republic/The Pals**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Kosmin Band**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Tommy Flanagan (until May 15)**
London North Polytechnic: **Hi-Tech Primitive/Sisterculture**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Earl's Band Wish/Toulouse**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pinski Zoo/Stinky Winkles**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **The Mighty Diamonds**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Persistant Gods/Slight Fish**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jo-Anne Kelly Band**
London Putney White Lion: **The Blue Cats**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **The Eastside Stompers**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Don McLean**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Wellins Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Kings College: **Carmel/Dead Or Alive**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Pryzmix**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Ashford & Simpson**
London University Union: **The Blue Orchids**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Paint/Furniture**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Kissing Sharks**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **The Mo-dettes/Tenpole Tudor/The Barracudas**
London W.C.1 Drill Hall: **Jan Ponsford Quintet**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Psy-kicks**
Maidstone Mid-Kent College: **Stark/The Farce/The Dicemen/Dance Factory**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Caribbean Seranaders**
Manchester University: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Budgie/Dagaband**
New Romney Southlands Youth Wing: **Another Language**
Nottingham Rock City: **Jr. Walker & The All-Stars**
Oxford New Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Otway & Barrett/The Chameleons/The Alarm**
Paisley College of Technology: **The Mood Elevators**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Poole Sloop Hotel: **Crossfire**
Preston Guildhall: **Tank**
Reading Town Hall: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **De Styjl/Crime**
Retford Porterhouse: **Funkapolitan**
Shanklin I.o.W The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Sheffield Sorby Hall: **The Slacks**
Shenfield Parish Hall: **Sold Out/The Guardians**
Southend Zero Six: **UK Players**
Spalding Leisure Centre: **International Heroes**
Stoke Mayfair Suite: **Diamond Head**
Stoke North Staffs. Polytechnic: **The Room**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Stan Tracey/Lineup**
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **Ik!**

□ CONTINUED OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Windsor Arts Centre: **Seething Wells/Akimbo/Tony Allen/Tymon Dogg**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Alligators**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Spider**
York University: **Rudi**

saturday 8th

23 Skidoo: Edinburgh

Aberdeen Victoria Hall: **The E.F. Band**
Aylesbury Friars: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chron-Gen/Chelsea/The Defects**
Banwell Bell Club: **Fred Wedlock**
Barrow-on-Humber Haven: **Whammer Jammer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Miles Over Matter/Treatment**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Meatloaf**
Birmingham Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
Birmingham 64 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Ron Taylor & Sue Edwards**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **The Up-Zone**
Brighton Belle Club: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Bristol Granary: **The Artists**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Gene Pitney**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Popes**
Canvey Island Kings Club: **Liquid Gold**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **The Frames**
Cardiff Paddlesteamer: **Fire Down Below**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Jam Tarts/Carnal Suffragettes**
Chesham Elgiva Hall: **Doll By Doll/Zoo Radio**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Searchers**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chichester New Park Club: **Spider**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Raw Screens**
Coventry Queens Inn: **Easternworld Westernworld**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Alarm**
Crawley The Rocket: **Traitor**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Modern English**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Steel Pulse**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **23 Skidoo**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Third World**
Edinburgh The Coffe Club (at Valentino's): **China Crisis**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Mari Wilson Band**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Burst Out Laughing**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Diamond Head**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Spiteful Child/The Wailing Pumas**
Kidderminster Boars Head: **Lady Killer**
Kirkcaldy Cuinzie Neuk: **Pallas**
Leeds Turners: **Fault**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Funkapolitan**
Leicester The Hind: **East Park**
Liverpool Adams Club: **Jr Walker & The All-Stars**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Spandau Ballet**
Liverpool Warehouse: **King Trigger**
London Barbican Centre: **The Three Degrees**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em And Risk It**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Dice/Empty Vessels**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lone Wolf**
London Central Polytechnic: **Rudi**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Cayenne/Shanghai Rhythms**
London Covent Garden The Basement: **Twelve Cubic Feet/Portion Control/The Legendary Pink Dots/Open Verdict**
London Enfield Starlite Rooms: **The Drifters**
London E.7 Norwich Road Centre: **Mikado/Sus**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Foxes & Rats**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Macondo**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Naked Lunch/Judy & The Shades**
London Harrow Rd. College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Mad Shadows/Kissing Sharks**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Passion Puppets/Tiger Tiger**
London Marquee Club: **Limelight**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Crown Of Thorns**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Alec & Le Roc Bizarre/Alan Glen Blues Band**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **The Mighty Diamonds**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Rubella Ballet**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Pete & Chris Coe**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London School of Economics: **Seething Wells/Akimbo/Tony Allen/Tymon Dogg**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Wellins Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Khartomb**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Ashford & Simpson**
London Twickenham Black Dog (afternoon): **Electrix**
London Twickenham Black Dog (evening): **Short Stories**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hot Gossip**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Skank Orchestra**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Ground Zero**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **The Birthday Party/The Cravats/UT**
London W.C.1 Drill Hall: **Maggie Nicols & Julie Tippetts**
Loughborough University: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
Maesteg Caerau Progressive Club: **Fire Down Below**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **We Don't Want The Peanuts We Want The Plantation**
Manchester Queens Park: **Neil Innes**
Manchester University: **UK Players**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Budgie/Dagaband**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rose Royce**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Penrith Newton College: **Marillion**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Waves**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Nightingales**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Don McLean**
Reading University: **Chemical Alice**
Redditch The Fox: **Lost Cause**
Retford Porterhouse: **Saracen**
Romsey Fleming Arms Hotel: **Crossfire**
Shanklin (Isle of Wight) Pavilion: **Dramatis**
Shanklin (Isle of Wight) The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheringham Little Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Judie Tzuke**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **Inquisition**
Wisbech Angles Theatre: **International Heroes**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juke Jump**

sunday 9th

Steel Pulse: Lancaster

Bathgate Cairn Park Hotel: **Marillion**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Ricky Cool/Blues Power**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Meatloaf**
Birmingham Odeon: **Budgie/Dagaband**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Spandau Ballet**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Vertical Hold**
Coventry Whitley Abbey: **Little Arthur N' The Hornz**
Croydon The Star: **Naughty Thoughts**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Ben Watt/Kevin Hewick**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Third World**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Mari Wilson Band**
Exeter University: **The Alarm**
Gateshead Honeysuckle (lunchtime): **Mag 7**
Glasgow Maestro's: **China Crisis**
Glasgow Spaghetti Factory: **The French Impressionists**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The E.F. Band**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Wise**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar: **Liquid Gold**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **Steel Pulse**
Leeds The Adelphi: **Galopede/Graham Larkbey**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (eveing): **Volunteers**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Altered Images**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Vin Garbutt**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Chase/Straight To The Point**
Liverpool Daley's Dandelion: **French Lessons**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Rose Royce**
Liverpool Everyman Theatre: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Rotters: **Shakatak**
London Barbican Centre: **The Three Degrees**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Trilogy**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Spy's**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Infinity/The Answer/Roman Holiday**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **UK Players**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Seething Wells/Tony Allen/Akimbo/Tymon Dogg**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Spynal Chordz/Fear Of Falling**
London Highgate Jackson's Lane Community Centre: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Deadbeats**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **The Drifters**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers**
London School of Economics: **Vital Disorders**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Clark Terry**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Gene Pitney**
London Wembley Arena: **Foreigner/Gamma**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Don McLean**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Top Secret/Access**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Hank Wangford**
London Wood Green Trade Union & Community Centre: **African Dawn / Benjamin Zephaniah / Pauline Melville / Mr Clean**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The Eastside Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
New Romney Southlands Playing Fields: **Another Language/The Serenaders**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime)/Flight 77 (evening)**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Judy Collins**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Diamond Head**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Muckram Wakes/Hunters Moon**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Exotic Pandas/A Shallow Garden**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
St Austell Cornwall Colisseum: **Judie Tzuke**
Wellingborough Chequers Inn: **The Psy-kicks**
Wokingham Angie's: **Motley Crew**

monday 10th

Spandau Ballet: Reading

Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Shoot The Moon**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bristol Yate New Entertainment Centre: **Diamond Centre**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **The Bite**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go / The Blasters**
Cumbernauld Cottage Theatre: **The Dolphins**
Dundee University: **Mari Wilson Band**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Steel Pulse**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Rose Royce**
Exeter University: **Judie Tzuke**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Scheemer**
Gloucester The Barge: **The Photos**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Budgie / Dagaband / Spider**
Hatfield The Forum: **Frankie Laine**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **The Blitz/Crash**
Lewes Giroteknics: **Vince Vacant & The Vomits**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco: **Depth In Metres**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Third World**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45s**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Rimshots / Idle Flowers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Creamies**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Annette Peacock / Weekend**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Angels One Five / Sanity Clause / Guesst**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Joe Newman**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Berlin Blondes / The Prams**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Alarm**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Diodes**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Jimmy Lindsay**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Screamers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Clark Terry Quintet**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Zoot Sims (for two weeks)**
London Southall White Hart: **007**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Celadon Ceili Band**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Drama**
London Victoria The Venue: **Malcolm De Loreans Class Of '82 / Shea Ramah / Only After Dark**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chameleons / I Am Alone**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **Ground Zero**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Diagram Brothers**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **Special 20**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Three Degrees (for a week)**
Oxford Scamps: **23 Skidoo**
Pontllanfraith Greyhound: **Fire Down Below**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The King's Singers**
Reading Top Rank: **Spandau Ballet**
Sheffield Lmit Club: **Marillion**
Stockton Club Fiesta: **Red Performance**
Stoke Jolees: **Shakatak**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Wakefield Pussy Cat: **Liquid Gold (for three days)**

tuesday 11th

Girlschool: Dunstable

Aberdeen The Venue: **Mari Wilson Band**
Ashford The Rose: **Emotional Plav**
Batley New Frontier: **Gene Pitney**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Art Themen/Lennie Best Quartet**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Blitz/The Violators**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Bristol Granary: **Pure Motivation**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Harlem Spirit's Tribute to Bob Marley**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Jr Walker & The All-Stars** (for three days)
Cardiff Central Hotel: **Fire Down Below**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Zipper**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Marillion**
Corby Festival Hall: **Frankie Laine**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Crayford Town Hall: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Xena Zerox**
Doncaster Mainline Club: **China Crisis**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Girlschool**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Urbs**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Rose Royce**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **Life Studios**
Lancaster University: **Altered Iamges**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds University: **Diamond Head**
Lewes Girotekhnics: **The A.P.T.'S**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Clark Terry Quintet**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Budgie/Dagaband**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Rudi**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Drivers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dirty Strangers/Under The Influence**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Secrets Now!**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sneezes In China**
London Covent Garden The Basement: **Benny Green/Linda Taylor/Mike Berry/Labi Siffre**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Joe Newman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rye & The Quarter Boys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers/Precious**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Third World**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (At Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Angela Rippon's Bum**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Amazulu**
London Marquee Club: **Cuddly Toys/Mad Shadows**
London N.W.2. Hogs Grunt: **Slipstream**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **UK Subs**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegaus: **The E-Types**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Dolly Mixture**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **The M.G.'s**
London Victoria The Venue: **Syl Sylvain's Teardrops**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Masai/The Republic**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bumble & The Beez**
London W.1 ((Baker St) **The Barracuda: Wild Swans**
London W. (Bond St) Embassy Club: **V.C.O.**
London W.1 (Gt. Portlannd St) The Albany; **the Nice Men**
London W.C.1 Hillel House: **Harmonious Science/No Permit/Blitz/Bystanders/D.B.6**
London W.C.1. New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight's Thin Line**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jelly Roll Soul (for three days)**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Lena Martell**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Discharge**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Modern English**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Special 20**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **The Drifters**
Wakefield Speakeasy: **The Screaming Ab Dabs**

wednesday 12th

Chelsea: Brighton

Aldershot West End Centre: **Ray Dorset/Guy Van Duser & Billy Novic**
Bangor University: **Marillion**
Batley New Frontier: **The Drifters (until Saturday)**
Belfast Queens University: **Dramatis**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Locarno: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton New Regent: **Life Size Models/Carved To A Noise/Rippin Trifles/Joe Dash**
Brighton Top Rank: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Boomtown Rats**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Scanners**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Budgie / Dagaband**
Colchester Essex University: **Girlschool**
Hayes The Hayes Club: **Dave Berry**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Modern English**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Diamond Head**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Lewes Giroteknics: **Instructions From Above**
Liverpool Pickwicks Club: **China Crisis**
Liverpool University: **Altered Images**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Pencils**
London Camden Digwalls: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift/The Flying Pickets**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Weard's Last Post**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Mad Shadows**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Go-Betweens/Judy & The Shades**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tiny Winters Cafe Society Orchestra**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Crack/The Reactions**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Short Stories**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Third World**
London Highate Jackson's Lane Community Centre: **The James Smith Experience**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Volcanoes**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Spider/Truffle**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Oop Bop Sh'Ban**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Twilight Idols/The Czechs**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Grieg & Guests**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay & The Jaywalkers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Le Mat/I**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Second Widow/The Dads**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Baby Laurel**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Four Moods Of Zieman Barzell**
London W.C.1 Drill Hall: **Jam Today**
Loughborough University: **Doll By Doll**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Hollins College: **Special 20**
Manchester The Gallery: **Eyelids**
Manchester University: **Level 42**
Newcastle (Jesmond) The Lonsdale: **The Eastside Torpedoes**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Breakaways/Heads Of State**
Norwich The Trumpet: **Ruby Joe**
Nottingham Commodore Suite: **Gene Pitney**
Poole Arts Centre: **Frankie Laine**
Sheffield The Royal: **Kirlian Lens**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **UK Players**
Stirling Avant Garde: **Mari Wilson Band**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Rudi**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Sway/Seez The Day**

Tippetts festival show

RARE LIVE appearances by singer Julie Tippetts and pianist Irene Schweitzer are among the highlights of Early Evening Jazz, the first-ever British festival of women's jazz, which takes place in London from May 4-15.

Tippetts — who as Julie Driscoll had a 1968 Top Ten hit with Bob Dylan's 'This Wheel's On Fire' — has been working in jazz and improvised music for several years now, often in collaboration with her husband, pianist Keith Tippett. Her festival set, though, will be a vocal duo with longtime associate Maggie Nicols, who also appears with Irene Schweitzer — recently voted Europe's top free jazz pianist by French magazine *Le Monde*.

Other special events at the festival, which is part of the *Women Live* music month, include gigs by Contradictions, an occasional improvising group which features ex-Henry Cow and FIG reeds player Lindsay Cooper; the Hipscats, a new six-piece a capella choir; and the quaintly-named Lydia D'Ustebyn Swing Orchestra, a 15-piece ensemble which boasts several members of Sisterhood Of Spit. All the jazz gigs will be at the Drill Hall, 16 Chenies St, WC1 and begin promptly at 7.30 (ending by 9.45). Tickets are £3 and £2, and can be booked in advance on 01-637-8270.

The full programme is: The Guest Stars (May 4), Lydia D'Ustebyn Swing Orchestra (5), The Gail Thompson Quartet (6), Jan Ponsford Quintet (7), Maggie Nicols and Julie Tippetts, plus The Ida Headache Trio (8), Contradictions, plus Maggie Nicols and Irene Schweitzer (11), Jam Today, plus Sylvia Hallet and Friends (12), Norma Winstone and John Taylor, plus The Nicky Scott-Francis Quartet (13), The Hipscats, plus Jane Shorter's Longshots (14), and The Kathy Stobart Quintet (15).

— **GRAHAM LOCK**

THE LINE-UP has now been finalised for the all-female "Kitsch'N'Sync" season at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall, which ties in with the Women Live Music month. The series starts this weekend, in association with Capital Radio, and admission to all gigs is £3 — plus 40p day membership for non-members. The running order is:

Margo Random Band and **Sitting Ducks** (tomorrow, Friday); **Margo Random Band** and **The Guest Stars** (Saturday); **Cast Iron Fairies** and **The Whores Of Samoa** (Sunday afternoon); **Fig** (Sunday evening); **Dolly Mixture, The Gymslips** and **She's Moved** (Tuesday, 11); **Amazulu, Fast Relief** and **The Mistakes** (12); **The Au Pairs, Sole Sister** and **Amy & The Angels** (13); **The Mo-dettes, The Delmontes** and **The Skirts** (14); and **UT, Nadia Kapiche** and **Malaria** (Saturday, 15).

A DEBUT album from UK songstress Janet Kay is newly released on the Solid Groove label out of Croydon in Surrey and entitled 'Capricorn Woman' (SGL 103).

Recorded at Studio 80 in Waterloo, the LP was arranged and produced by Dennis Bovell, credits God with direction and features a host of sessioners, including Aswadites Angus Gaye (drums) and Tony Robinson (keyboards), former Aswad bassist George Oban, plus John Kpiaye on guitar and backing vocals from Marie Pierre in lieu of eight original titles and incorporating her national hit 'Silly Games'. Also from the same label is a self-produced Junior Brown effort: 'Rockers' c/w 'My Devotion Dub' (SG 010) issued on discomix.

Up from New Jersey on Shanachie arrives a solo excursion from Rita Marley bearing the epithet 'Who Feels It Knows It' (43003). Recorded and mixed at Tuff Gong studio in Kingston, the set dispenses 10 songs, including two written by her late husband Bob Marley, 'Thank You Jah' and 'I'm Still Waiting', their joint composition 'A Jah Jah', interpretation of Bunny Wailer's title track, plus former single releases 'That's The Way' and 'One Draw'.

New 12" discomix titles include: Sammy Dread, 'Running Around' c/w Jerry O'Ranking, 'Running Around Dub' (Heart Beat); Pernell Roberts, 'Black Is The Best' c/w Hugh Chris, 'War Can't Conqueror' (Export Import — EX 715); Troy, 'Love & Harmony' c/w 'Land Of Love' (Love Linch — LL 022); Karen Dixon, 'Cause I Love You Baby' c/w Neville King All Stars, 'In Chains' (NK — NKRD 006); One Force, 'Cruising' c/w 'Miss Daisy' (After Lord — AL 001) — produced by Jah Bunny; and Little John & Billy Boyo, 'Bushmaster Connection' c/w Little John, 'Little Girl' (Greensleeves — GRED 86) — produced by Toyan.

Among the batch of recent 7" pre from Jamaica is included a trio on Marvel comics labels: Cork Screw with 'Hard Road To Cavalry' (Grimm Ben); Ranking Devon, 'Love Don't Love Nobody' (Spider Man) and Yellow Man, 'Lover Corner' (Grimm Ben).

Yellow Man also has a new tune out on GG's Hit label urging 'Build The Ark'.

Other new JA pre include: Black Uhuru, 'A Eden Pan Street' (Jammy's); Big Youth, 'Conqueror' (Negusa Nagast); Brigadier Jerry, 'Pain' (Jwyanza); Ranking Fuzzy, 'Bad Life' (King Bennie); Tidals, 'Great King' (Tidal Sound); and Love Light, 'Sing Rastafari Moving' (Cummings).

On UK 7" release via his own Dread At The Controls label Mikey Dread offers 'Rocky Road' c/w 'Sweet Sixteen' (DUN 21), taking from his new LP 'Swalk'.

Finally, every Friday from 6pm to midnight Dread Broadcast Corp present a dread outta control on Rebel Radio 103.8FM. Tune in if you rankin'!

Penny Reel

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The ALBERT HALL cassette features fifteen tracks, and nearly forty minutes of quality pop, rock and jazz, recorded at Zelle Studios in Birmingham.
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LIVE!

BEAUTY AND

English rock on vacation in the 'States . . .

Pic: Fin Costello

POLICE
BLACK UHURU

New Jersey

IT LOOKS intriguing from a distance, the Byrne Arena, glowing in the darkness of the New Jersey Meadowlands. But it starts to look scary as you get up close. Opened last year, this is the first American arena built specifically for concerts, not sport events, and it was designed with crowd control functions primarily in mind. It is an impenetrable, uninviting fortress. The high fence surrounding the building gives it a concentration camp feel, and the security boys searching everyone at the gates for bottles, cans and cameras don't do much to dispel the impression. The loudspeakers outside blaring a constant tape-looped warning against trying to smuggle in these forbidden items update the image to *1984*. The building talks, imposes, threatens. You get to your seat feeling intimidated and small.

But that's not right, that's not right, that's not right in this sight. Because — can you believe it? — Black Uhuru are on that big stage. And Black Uhuru make me feel warm and big and in touch with strange reservoirs of determination and strength. It's just a little bit harder in a place like this, and takes a little bit longer.

It was the biggest place Black Uhuru had ever played in, though not the biggest number of people. The vast majority of the audience were still in their cars driving towards the gig when Black Uhuru took the stage, at the dot of 7.30. The Police, they knew, wouldn't be on till 9.00.

So Black Uhuru sang to those who were there, and worked their magic well. Michael Rose danced around the way he does, an inspired shaman, full of grace. Puma danced around the way she does, an elegant, sturdy, strong woman. Duckie stood glowering the way he does, a tight-lipped, almost silent partner. They look bright and beautiful, draped in colours that could carry over distance.

The guitars rang out, a clear compelling sound, and the keyboards played inventive flourishes all over the melodies, and it was sweet music. At the end, Sly and Robbie did their dub outro — dubwise at the Meadowlands! — and the audience applauded. Not thunderously, not enough to get them an encore, but they didn't just run off to get another hotdog. This was by no means assured, so it was a small victory.

The Police are much more the prisoners of this fortress. Captured by this treadmill of touring, beat by the almost insurmountable odds against bringing real imagination and life to these identical concrete expanses, they have surrendered themselves to a catalogue of gestures. They know their genius, and so do I, but it's not enough. They are coasting.

Sting is, as always, the immaculate pop presence — smiling, commanding, so easy to receive and love. The attractive grin, the broad movements, the sweet soaring voice — this boy is one lively mannequin, a made-to-order idol. But the drive to personalise the pop-star myth I once thought I saw in Sting's performance is on a long holiday.

Of course I would much much much rather see the Police than any other act that troops around these arenas. They do have their moments of greatness, when they jump on the simple great pop tune and just play it, and Sting is jumping around like a madman pumping great bass and Copeland is snapping and cracking and Summers is under control and, especially, when the horn section comes in wailing and it adds up to sexy soul spirit body music.

But everytime they hit that peak they follow it with some contrivance, some stretched-out bit of artiness or some deadly guitar soloing from Summers, all flash and no heart, or some arena-rock grandstard play with the lightshow going berserk. They lose it.

Song after song gets inflicted with deadly dub passages that they just can't play, long meandering breaks taking a detour to nowhere. Even 'De Do Do Do', that shiver of simplicity, gets ruined by this treatment, and the longwinded mess they make of 'Bed's Too Big Without You' is painful to recall. They save some of their best songs, 'Don't Stand So Close To Me' and 'Can't Stand Losing You' for the encore, so as to end on an up note, but still insist on those asinine call-and-response

BUMBLE AND THE BEEZ

Barracuda

SWEET HONEYCOMB maze of dance! The EMI executives swooned-dropped with fatigue at the sight / sound / vision of the best thing under their belts since ole J.R. let the Pistols shoot.

Showcase success on the Bumbles first night in London was guaranteed by the turgid swarm of employees — so many workers for the Queen Bee. The crowd danced with the same *joi de vivre* as a *TOTP* audience and they didn't need a floor manager!

Success on the floor was met with mistakes on the stage. The bumbles came in the first five minutes when the rhythm guitarist blew his amp. Still, all the more time for the gracious host Michael Riley to warm to the crowd and the crowd to warm to him. Then there was sound.

An ensemble *extordinaire;* percussion and vocals courtesy of Michael Riley (ex-Steel Pulse) all performed standing up . . . and a violin player . . . and still so sweet. Fluid and funky flow the beats per minutes. Video recorders drone into life and the buzz begins.

This step to funk rock is a breakaway for Michael Riley but it is accomplished with genius. The rockers awareness is still there in the matrix of music-bass guitar and drums smashing out a bottom line for some furiously funky improvisations on the top keys.

The vocals mix'n'match to every song — some excrutiatingly close to David Byrne's crooning on some of his latest ventures. In songs like 'I Make My Own Reasons For Living' this is painfully obvious. But the slotting away of this band so simply would be a foolish mistake. There is no delineation — it is difficult to demark any boundaries with a band of this elasticity. The uniform waiters suits serve a chameleon-like purpose — a ubiquitous guise that is cool enough to surprise you with its subtle ability for metamorphosis.

Few groups (bar Dexys) have the panache to let loose a violin solo in the midst of what is unadulterated funk. Sticking in this viscious web of sound Riley is clever enough to retain the basic logic of dance whilst allowing the rest of the band to air their skill and meddle with some lucid, even inspired funk rock. This is the Beez ace in hand — their sting in the tail.

The absurdities involved are manifold though — what should be a band attracting attention from both black and whites equally will become a band playing for sales to a dominantly white club audience.

Due to marketing, the funk rock fusion and the hip, white nature/appeal of the band, the broader implications reflected in the music will be lost. Hopefully I'm wrong and none of this aphrodisiac will be forfeited.

David Dorrell

NEW SINGLE

'ME and THE BOYS'*

b/w live version of

'QUEEN of HEARTS'

Produced by Dave Edmunds

*Taken from his current album 'D.E. 7th'

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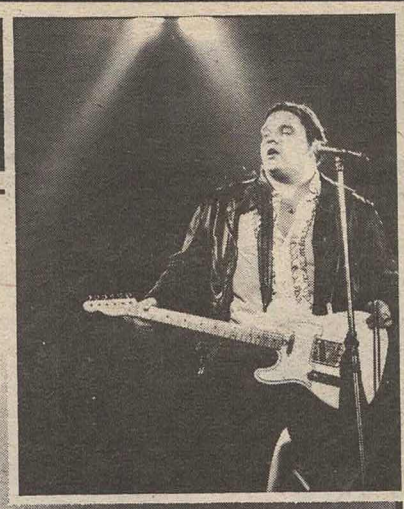
THE BEAST



and American rock belly-flops in Britain

Pic: Joe Stevens

routines and a "jam" stuck in the middle of the songs.

It's no good. The arena has defeated them. The Police have perfect command of the stage but the soul of their music, it's a bright beating heart, is leaking out all over into a bloody mess.

Richard Grabel

MEATLOAF

Wembley Arena

THEY'VE asked me to make this as short as the Loaf in question is large — but there's a painful amount to be said. The descent into the heart of Meat Loaf is the descent into Morley's "bloated carcass" of American rock'n'roll ITSELF.

If Loaf was a tragic caged beast, if there was a lean soul straining to free itself of the mountainous rock blubber, what would one not give to be squashed under its mass? But think of the other great fat men of rock, figures whose Falstaffian girth is or was a matter almost of shame — Bob Hite, David Thomas (the omnipotent impotence of Ubu Roi, Ubu Cocu, . . . Ubu Enchaine?).

It makes you realise that the grotesque new icon of ML is proof that the svelt glam heroics of rock don't any longer suffice, have exhausted their function of fantasy. Loaf is the Moby Dick that's gorged itself on all the Ahab Alice Coopers and golden Jonah wunderkinds in the biz.

And still, for all this symbolic strain, Meat Loaf's Wembley show is a very tepid affair. This is because he — we'll grant it that pronoun — represents a swelling of highly false emotion for a similarly swollen middle mass of consumers, in turn consumed by the surrogate, pseudo-Dionysiac godhead he has assumed. Even though the theme is merely the tritely heroic one of Springsteen; that, even on the last lonely glory drive, "rock'n'roll is true", Loaf has, like Cronos, feasted titanically on his innocent children and *become* Rock'n'Roll.

The show is lifeless because the audience isn't really an audience at all, but a body of consumption, and simultaneously because Loaf's obese body is the antithesis of the mythic rock presence he is obviously so concerned to embody. The horrible lump plods around, squatting and straining forward at the edge of the stage as though preparing to squeeze out a royal loaf of a turd. It's not, after all, meat in that bulk but lard, the constipated pastry-base of a terminally bland rock sound. Loaf's point is that he cannot excrete, that his grotesque attempts at passion are an expansion without release, a vast leakproof stuffing.

For the middle mass, then, of perms, dungarees, and TR7s, he is not a hopeless contradiction but a beautiful monster, *almost* bursting with the abundance of his "passion". Yet the contradiction is obvious: this huge hill of flesh (to borrow a phrase from Prince Hal) is *screaming* — fatly — about tenderness and touching. When he's rocking — 'Deadringer', 'Promised Land' — the massive wall of four-guitar blandness is almost equivalent to an effacement of hard rock ITSELF.

But he flounders about so petulantly in his amorphous morass of illusions that he becomes *purely* offensive. When finally he can no longer contain his self-love — and it may, as Gore Vidal once described Long Longford's, be contagious — he bashes his mike repeatedly against his belly and goads on his audience to become a kind of gargantuan reflection and echo of himself. In the last resort he has no alternative but to fall and roll over like an elephant playing dead, only to rise awkwardly and explain to his worshippers that he knew if he fell down "you'd think I'd died and that way I could get your attention." It did make me aware of course, that he hadn't held my proper attention for one moment.

It is strange the number of sinewy, athletic young men who admire Meat Loaf, who seem to want somehow to *osmose* into his vastness, to blow up physically as perhaps they cannot "passionately" in front of their girlfriends. And there *is* implicit pathos, if not catharsis, at work here. For Loaf is acting out the tumescent swelling of their lost desires, he is the solid objectification of some voice of love trying to escape its own flesh and mortality. A Meat Loaf congregation serves a very precise, a religious, function after all.

Barney Hoskyns

LIVE!

JETS

Belfast

THE CELTIC ted brotherhood come out in force. Coach parties, Chevrolet smarties, the lot. Mum and Dad see their offspring safely to the drape, crepe, ducktail queue and then join it themselves. The parent rebel praxis.

At this end of the assemblage expectations are low. Two smash hits to date seem to bode a threesome of minimalist Showaddywaddy glamourpusses footling prettily with tried 'n' tested rockabilly doggerel. Then there's the shining Ma Cotton's boys image and the authentic 'billy clothes pose: the quiff of the shirt of the shoelace of the belt of the trouser of the sock of the shoe. In all, a Crackerjack picture of Happy Day youth affluence.

But no!

As song and dance men the Jets are exemplary. I haven't laughed so much at a gig in years, and that's laughing *with* the performers. What an abrupt treat and how convincing. The Jets are in the pink — freshmen bouncing smiles and a genuine hale, hearty character that has an almost fairytale allure.

Their act is all front door feelings — from the spiralling slap bass click and bellow to their butterscotch barbershop harmonies they get happy, and go lucky.

Jets' entrance is hailed by a nanging dry ice fog out of which the Cotton brothers gradually materialise, whipping into the first song so ferociously that a double bass string snaps and springs from the soundbox after two sterling bars. It's a white night with a warm Jet heat, a tousle of white college cardigans with big J's embroidered on the pockets; friendly, chipper without a trace of rock'n'roll filth. Yet it *is* r'n'r, but Jets style it becomes something new and worthwhile, unforced and funny. The guitar acrobatics are an exuberant *response*. The bass becomes a misshapen totem pole to be danced round and clambered on with whooping, foolish vim.

Oh don't ask how, don't ask why, it just *happens* that the Jets can cut through the usual various crippling restrictions of their genre and *perform*. They're what's behind the green door — a spruce manicured 'billy equivalent to the Ramones with a quaking, quality execution that gives the music's beggarliness interest.

Given, Jets are a toothsome prefabrication, an anodyne antidote to the alcho-Setzer brand of badboy bikerbilly, but at least they can attract, and attract generously. You'll see. The new single 'The Honeydipper' has a punishing be-bop purist beauty that will violate your hipness and better judgement.

The Jets fill a generation gap with tasty toothpaste.

Adrian Maddox

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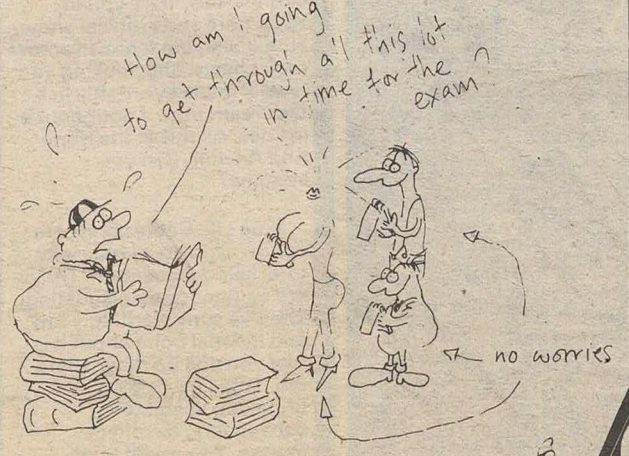

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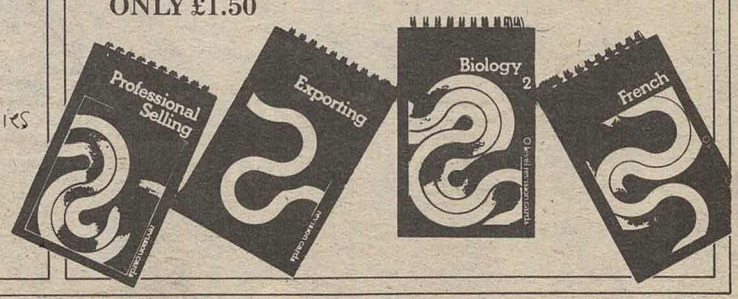

LIVE!

Fiery Mark takes a tumble

Pic: Bryn Jones

FALL FROM FAVOUR

THE FALL

Derby

"WE NEVER liked preaching to the converted anyway."

Action, Time and Vision . . . The Decline or Fall. Mark Smith has the ATV angle firmly pinned against the cool George Melly label. Slightly cold but calculated enough to persuade the dissenters of the Blue Note confine anyway. The bodily risk of dancing on shaky stairs and the mental strain of jiving to The Fall art ensemble . . . a perverse combination of the two and dislocation dance is today's hip priest reality.

You people know far to much of The Fall being serious contenders for the prole-art-threat piece prize. But do you know anything about Mark E. Smith as a rock band? OK. So let's have some Action on that dance flaw.

Purrkur Pilnikk trash chords alphabet fashion in dead, normal rock non-style. A million other bands do this, and some have better names. Smith probably recruited them between games of Asteroids in some dingy Reykjavik coffee bar. Definitely more suited to a Killing Joke support slot than step-ups for The Fall.

Mark Smith is the hip shepherd leading a priesthood of catholic Fall-guys. Together they steal thunder from a redundant rock machine and plough the plundered product into a suspect antithetical device.

"Rock'n'Roll," a voice screams, "don't forget the roots Smithy."

These Fall people don't have roots. Their nomadic wanderlust moves from set to set but this year's hip priest harmonic still rumbles the fiery jack madness. The bass prowls a little bolder, guitar stings a little colder and Karl Burns is back on the beating track . . . but this is STILL the white crap spitting and shouting in YOUR face.

Play the seedier side of the rock'n'rigmarole if you like but beware the risks. The Fall enduce claustrophobic repulsion in a twisted pack-them-in and wind-them-up philosophy.

'Lie Dream' introduces the heavier duty (F)allout blitz. Screwed-up guitars grate into a cranked-high nervous system in characteristic atonality. Only this time reprieve doesn't arrive too easily thanks to the twin drum set-up pushing the mental whine along on an incessant mono-pain level. There's been nothing but good said about the two drummers but tonight, with Hanley and Burns closeted discreetly away in darker Blue Note recesses, the effect is more blanket-noise than rhythmic bounce.

The Fall action is frenetic and Mark Smith possesses ample time and vision but tonight his biting lyrical cool is overwhelmed far too often by grey sheets of industrial noise to implement any form or content to a sordid blank Fall expression.

"His heart wasn't in it. His brain was in his arse."

Is Mark Smith laughing at you? Or are you taking him for a quick ride too?

Whichever way you look at it the hex enduction hour of redemption failed . . . failed partly because The Fall made no more sense than the very first time I endured the witch trials . . . failed mainly because an experiment with rhythmic variation misfired blindly in the live arena . . .

Amrik Rai

The PASSIONS

New Single

Jump for Joy

Produced by Mick Glossop

polydor

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS

Hope And Anchor

I HAVE SEEN the future of loud, proud, hollering vulgarity and its name is True Life Confessions. How can I describe them? Crude old rubbish? A great lump of private flesh dangling in your tea? A strip show? A fantastic piece of satire?

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As True Life Confessions play, sing and fall out of their clothes, they bury you in streamers and artificial snow, smear shaving foam all across their chests, and, looking you lewdly in the eye, deftly lick the cream from a doughnut's insides. All this at the Hope And Anchor. Can you imagine?

True Life Confessions are concerned very simply with total self-debasement. They are stupendously disgusting. They've sunk startlingly low, and the real point about it is that you end up down there too. True Life Confessions bring you absolute debauchery, devoid of finesse. You might think you're above all this, but True Life Confessions are pretty sure you're not. Well? Are you?

Dave Hill

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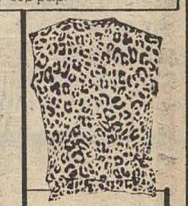

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LIVE!

MODERN ENGLISH CANKER OPERA

Derby

TONIGHT the slender stemmed stools stand gracefully idle in the Blue Note wine bar. The action's on the dance floor: rebels jiving street-wise to the Canker Opera. Featuring a cast of aristocrats and shopowners, The Opera compound seething malignant non-rhythms with a purveyance of gentlemen's finery in an ultimately distressing exercise. Vocalist Nik Jackson achieved a modicum of local notoriety with Derby's first punk band, The Corridor, but the Canker Opera venture constitutes no more than another door leading off to an indifferent brick wall.

But now the monacled/manacled debs/dandies have seen their fop opera canker farce and the milling and ligging begins anew in the stir-shake-mingle-mix-stir cocktail stool parlour upstairs. Leaving Modern English with a headache of a P.A. and only half an audience to tangle with.

I tangled. . .and stayed long enough to regret it. The new album, 'After The Snow', generates atmosphere-draped rich sound but the live Modern English is a cold callous hybrid of soulless pap. Combining the toothless dinosaur bite of the King Crimson era/genre with some obscure futurist pretensions hardly makes for a rivetting live performance.

Robbie Grey is a tailor-made singer but his suit is sharper than his lyrics. It's difficult to understand how anyone can be empasioned about words like: *His house is just a fridge; we live in a forest of ice and my cat is so cool, it's frigid."*

The live Modern English present and intimidating nihilism discreetly sheltered behind a sub-Killing Joke thrash of confusion. Their joyless gothic dirge, curtained from the flimsiest mesh and lace, is a futile barren aggression of tart synthesised pseudo-rant.

In the still Blue Note breeze motionless caricatures of modernity are dancing blindly through the dark side of the early '70's and stumbling glibly along the jive track of the modern '80's.

Modern English should never be allowed to see a stage. If the rock'n'roll circus wasn't so dogmatic in its promote-product-do-tours attitude then bands like this could concentrate on releasing ultimately tasteful records. As it is, the numbing disparity between recorded product and live debacle forces a regrettable indictment of the Modern English faculty.

Forgetting the vicious start on-stage rant, for a moment, 'Life In The Gladhouse' is a well-crafted single provoking a modd-struck emptiness in a cluttered barrage of shooting riffs. The keyboards slip and slide into a frustrating devotion generated towards recapturing some undefined (possibly non-existent emotional intensity).

There are songs on 'After The Snow' that, given a half-way decent dry-clean, could see Modern English into the charts. But the 4 A.D. commercial viability noose is beginning to strain visibly around the collective neck and they need to discard their stake in the vainglorious artistic-hip race with the likes of Bauhaus. Modern English might just get rich quick. . .but they'll never be hip.

Amrik Rai

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ON THE BOX

Monty Smith claims to have seen every film ever made at least twice

Friday May 7
The Great K&A Train Robbery (Directed by Lewis Seiler 1927). My dad took me to see this when it first came out (I was 27 at the time) and I enjoyed it so much I got my mum to take me to see it again. *(Oh, get on with it. — Ed.)* After tea, ask your mum if she'll switch on the television for you so that you too can gasp in amazement as Tom Mix rounds up Ronnie Biggs and the other baddies who are robbing trains (screenplay by Nostrodamus). Described by more than one critic as "terribly duff" and "not at all funny". **(BBC2)**

John And Mary (Peter Yates 1969). One long 'meet-cute' without any discernible gags as Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow swap stilted dialogue in a New York apartment you'll grow to hate. Promiscuity has never seemed so tame. **(BBC1)**

Saturday May 8
Petticoat Pirates (David MacDonald 1961). Mutiny on a frigate full of Wrens as Charlie Drake makes a complete pratfall of himself. **(BBC1)**

Merrill's Marauders (Sam Fuller 1962). Good Second Division cast — Jeff Chandler, Ty Hardin, Andrew Duggan, Will Hutchins — in a characteristically physical war movie from Fuller, based on the (apparently true) exploits of a crack battalion in Burma. Only about a million times better than Fuller's lone forage in the big budget league, *The Big Red One*. **(BBC1)**

Nobody Runs Forever (Ralph Thomas 1968). Rod Taylor's Antipodean dick comes to London on the trail of a crooked High Commissioner (crooked Christopher Plummer). The clumsy attempts at mystery and suspense are met with resolute blankness by an ill-assorted cast. **(ITV network)**

Virginity (Franco Rossi 1976). Latest in the late night dogs from LWT, who labour under the misapprehension that if it's foreigners making smutty jokes about sex then it's sophisticated, adult fare. Benny Hill could've covered all the angles here — Sicilian teenager arrives in London to embarrass recently-settled uncle Vittorio Gassman (Mr Big in *Sharky's Machine*) — in a five-minute sketch. **(ITV LWT)**

Let It Be (Michael Lindsay-Hogg 1970). The death of four salesmen, cruelly captured in a bitter little film full of Beatle bickering and intimidating close-ups of the impassive Yoko. Still, there are 22 (count 'em) songs in it, including the famous 'Get Back' rooftop session. **(BBC2)**

Sunday May 9
Perfect Gentlemen (Jackie Cooper 1978). Contrived comedy, made for TV, worth seeing only for the relaxed playing by Lauren Bacall who, in league with Sandy Dennis and Ruth Gordon, masterminds elaborate robberies while hubby puts his feet up in jail. **(BBC1)**

Othello (Orson Welles 1951). Welles in modest blackface, Suzanne Cloutier as Desdemona, Michael MacLiammoir as Iago, and the most invigorating way imaginable to endure Shakespeare. **(BBC2)**

Confidential Report (Orson Welles 1955). Welles warming up for his masterwork *(A Touch Of Evil)* with a typically idiosyncractic thriller full of unspoken menace and eerie dark passages (sequences, not alleyways). Great fun and, in its distant echoing of *Citizen Kane* — wealthy financier employs a detective to trace his past acquaintances — a little sad. See Andy Gill's thesis — er, sorry, article — in this week's *Silver Screen* and wait open-mouthed for next week's screening of *Touch Of Evil* . . . "Quite possibly the best film ever made" — A. Previn, G. Millar, I. Penman, A. Gill, M. Smith, etc. **(BBC2)**

Monday May 10
Your Three Minutes Are Up (Douglas Schwartz 1980). Back to banalities with yet another made-for-TV time-filler, a would-be con man comedy starring Ron *Kaz* Leibman and Beau "My brother actually went on nationwide TV and said 'Rock'n'roll — phew!' " Bridges. **(BBC1)**

Wednesday May 12
Killer By Night (Bernard McEveety 1970). Summer schedules have started early, obviously. Robert Wagner and Greg Morris feature in the epidemic destroying the city strain of made-for-TV crap. **(BBC1)**

The Prince And The Pauper (Richard Fleischer 1977). The Salkind brothers' attempt to emulate their success with Dick 'Don't Call Me Dick' Lester's *Musketeer* movies fell flat on its opulent arse both here and in the States (where it was called *Crossed Swords*). Not much of Mark Twain's novel remains, and the odd cast — Charlton Heston, George C Scott, Oliver Reed, Ernest Borgnine, Rex Harrison, Raquel Welch — are happy to be swamped by Maurice Jarre's crashing soundtrack music. **(ITV network)**

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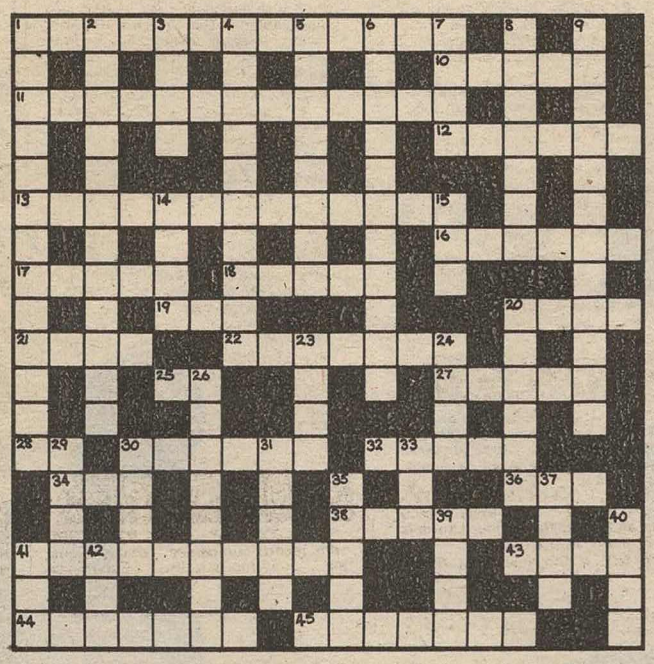


ACROSS

1 Fear the hot tea spilling (7, 2, 4)
10 **& 7** Axeman from two decades ago, backed by his Rebels (5 4)
11 Madness went a lot better than Bardo (3, 4, 6)
12 Georgie Fame's first hit and a number one (3, 3)
13 A daft name for a pet when it's not a dog, Genesis (4, 3, 6)
16 **& 32** *"—— —— had a strange hobby — collecting clothes, moonshine, washing line — they suit him fine"* — Syd Barrett (6, 5)
17 **& 41** Single, of which the better known flip-side is Sid Vicious' 'My Way' (2, 3, 2, 8)
18 Where Maria Muldaur moistened her mouth at midnight (5)
19 Welsh band better known for album work, including 'Rhinos, Winos and Lunatics' (3)
20 They've just acquired new sax player Wesley Magoogan (4)
21 Originally a number one for Kalin Twins, revamped by Showaddywaddy (4)
22 They put the oops upside your head (3, 4)
25 The Rock Follies, alright? (1-1)
27 Word connection between Blondie and Strawbs singles (5)
28 **& 30** *"Now no one's knocked upon my door, for a thousand years or more"* — 1980 top 10 hit (2, 6)
32 See 16
34 **& 31 & 43** A bawler from the Box Tops (3, 4, 1, 4)
36 Solo single in 1977 from member of 44 across (3)
38 See 41
41 See 17
43 See 34
44 In 1966 they were US television's answer to the moptops (7)
45 See 23

DOWN

1 Four of them have just split, leaving Bailey, Currie and Leeway to carry on (8, 5)
2 Current chart hit made from ELO verse only (4, 2, 6)
3 Hold The Line . . . (4)
4 . . . it's Jaz in Reykjavik calling about good old Britain and what's left (6, 4)
5 They couldn't get (boing boing) bouncing babies by the Teardrop Explodes (8)
6 This was Stevie Wonder's 25th UK chart entry . . . (7, 4)
7 See 10
8 . . . and this was (arguably) David Bowie's 25th hit (7)
9 Currently starring with Clint Eastwood in "Two Bad DJ" (7, 5)
14 From out of whom emerged Van Morrison (4)
15 **& 26** He had 30 hits between 1952 and 1962 including Ramblin' Rose (3, 4, 4)
20 Single banned recently by Beeb because of rape content (6)
23 **& 45** Space invaders, monopoly or tiddlywinks with the Queen (4, 3, 4)
24 See 42
26 See 15
29 Phil ——, US folksinger, contemporary of early Dylan, committed suicide in 1976 (4)
30 **& 40** Eagles single from 'One Of These Nights' album (4, 4)
31 See 34
33 Steely Dan album taken from a jam session (3)
35 Rolling Stones track coupled with Brown Sugar (5)
37 Flock of Seagulls in a fair and breezy sky (1, 3)
39 Bee Gees album — prior to their motion pictures work this was their notion pictures (4)
40 See 30
41 **& 38** Positive personal statement from Neil Diamond (1, 2, 1, 4)
42 **& 24** Hallo to you out there in normal land — this is the BBC banning work by another artist (3, 4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'The Missionary', 7 'Stop', 11 'More Than This', 12 Fripp, 13 'Ooh Boy', 14 'If You Go Away', 16 'A Single Girl', 19 Hebb, 21 American, 22 Key, 23 'Brass In (Pocket)', 26 Who, 28 Gig, 30 Andy MacKay, 33 'Exodus', 35 Yardbirds, 39 'Help', 40 '(Brass in) Pocket', 41 'It Has Been Hours Now'.
DOWN: 1 'Temporary Beauty', 2 Earth Wind And Fire, 3 'In Thoughts (Of You)', 4 'Stay', 5 'Out Of Time', 6 'Rescue', 8 'This Wreckage', 9 Pop (Group), 10 '(In Thoughts) Of You', 15 Bevan, 17 'Lyin' (Eyes)', 18 Clash, 20 ('I'm a) boy, 24 'I'm a (boy) 25 '(Lyin') Eyes, 26 Wood, 27 'Opus', 29 (Pop) Group, 31 Marbles, 32 'Charade', 34 Hello, 36 Span, 37 Echo, 38 'Bear'.

IRON MAIDEN

FROM PAGE 28

That's exactly what it looks like you're trying to prove.

B: I'm not! Ha ha ha ha ha. There's not a lot I can say about it.

What are you trying to do?

B: Expend a lot of energy so that I have a good time and enjoy myself and let myself go and as far as possible accentuate the music and what's going on in the music. I want people to have lots of enjoyment through what we do and I don't see why it has to be analysed.

YOU FINISH this world tour in November — what's beyond that, and do you take each month as it comes?

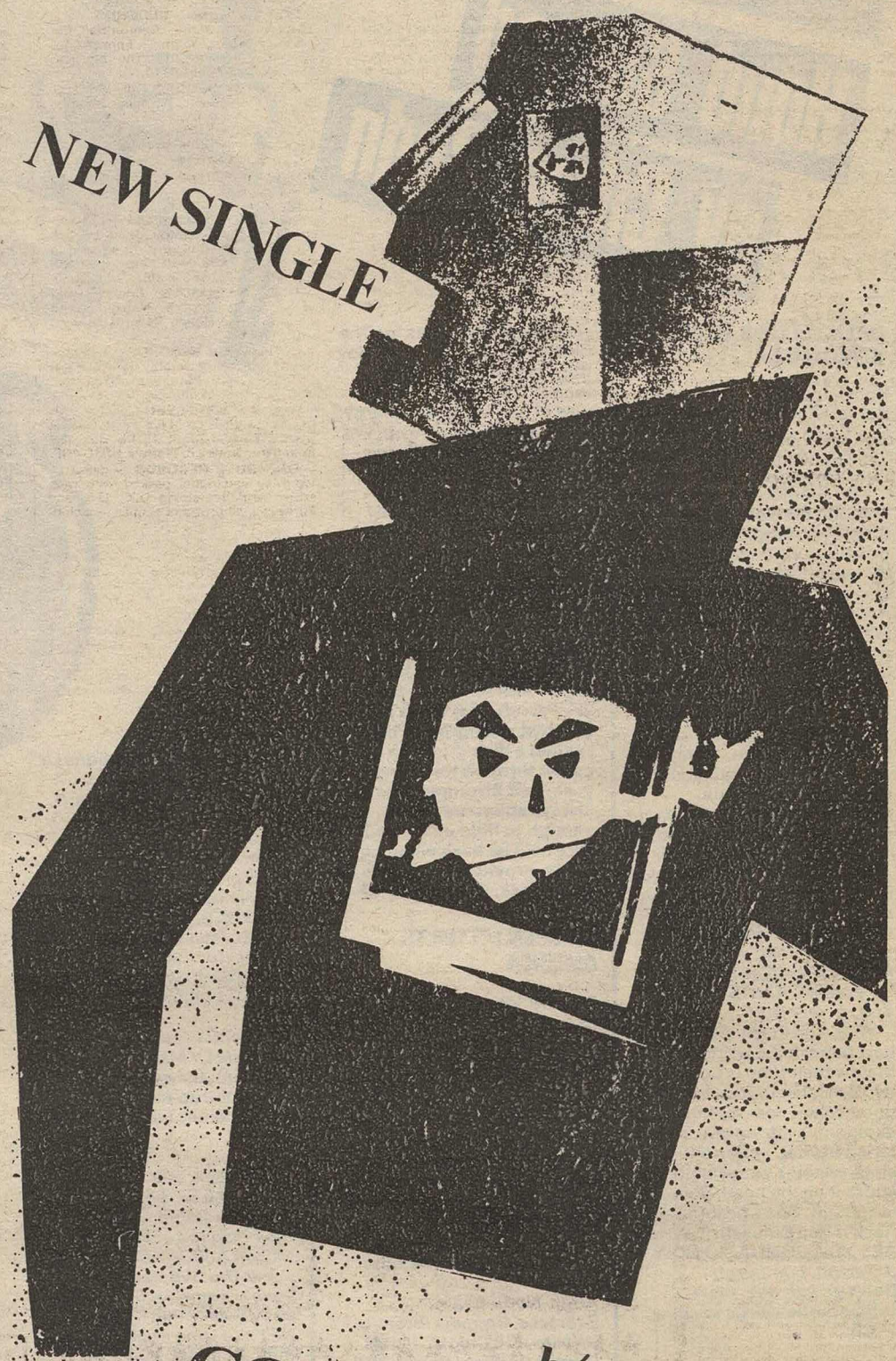
S: You can't really say what's going to happen. I take each month or whatever as it comes. Y'know I just want to play for as long as possible onstage. I want to go to different countries and play to different audiences. So basically I'm having a good time at the moment and I want to have a good time for as long as possible, and I don't want to fink about the day when I'm going to have to fink about somefing else.

It is similar to a football fing. You know that at 32 you're going to have to give it up . . . Y'know, I don't really regret that I didn't make it as a footballer. I couldn't really be dedicated to it. Cos like when I went round to West Ham, like it's my favourite team, it's all I ever wanted to play for, and when I got down there I found that it wasn't really what I thought it was. You know what I mean? I didn't want to go to bed at ten o'clock in the evening. I was at that age when I wanted to go out and have a few beers and meet a few women and that . . .

Which is what you've been doing ever since.

S: Well, yes and no . . .

THE HOP



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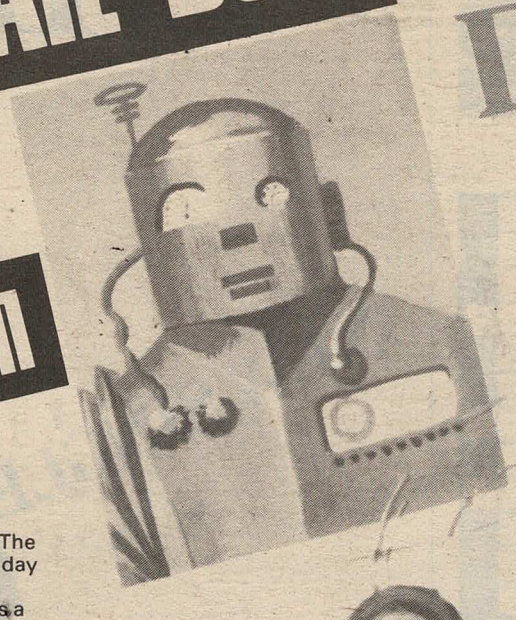
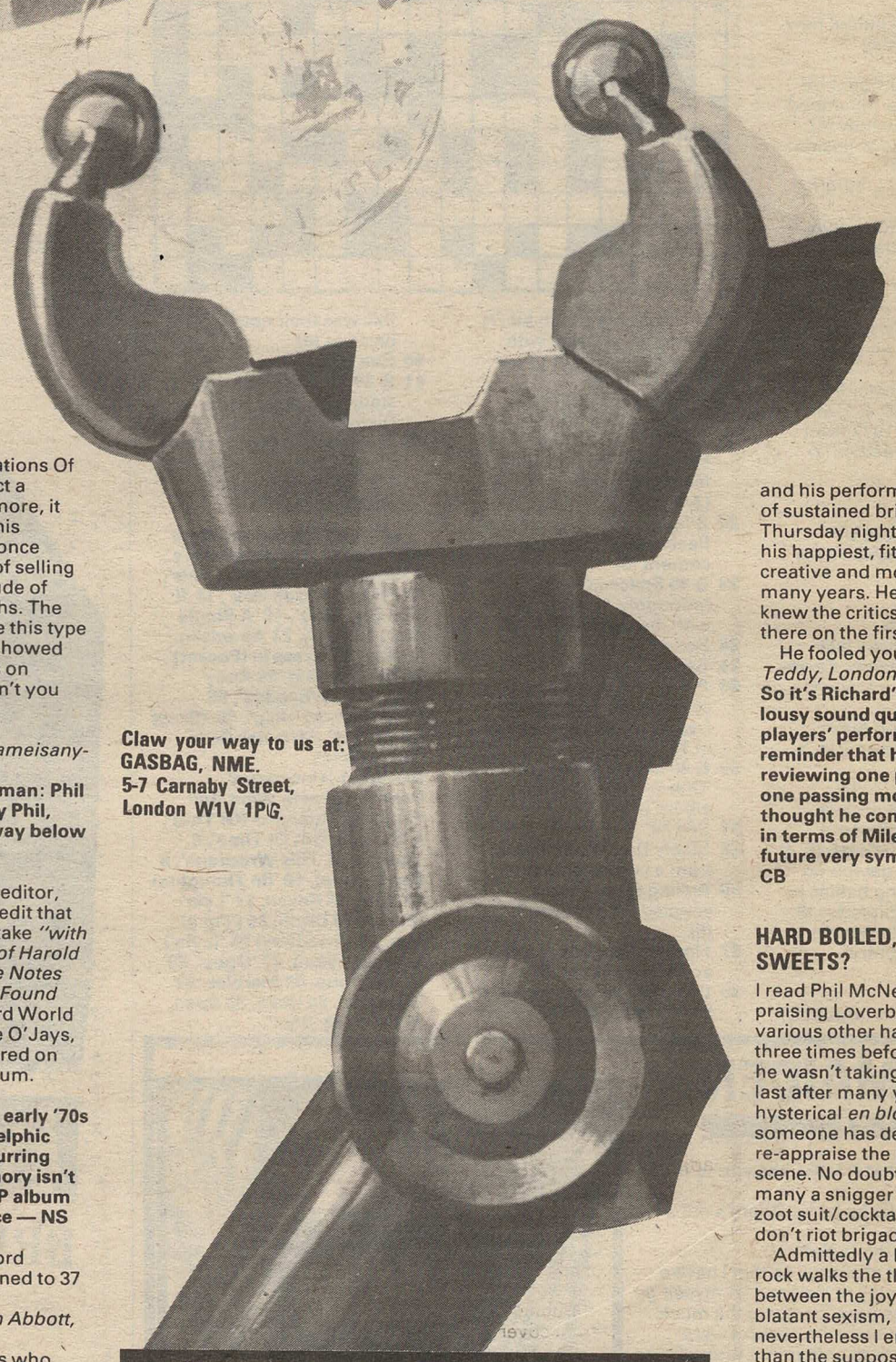




Claw your way to us at: GASBAG, NME. 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

Illustration courtesy of the USSR's answer to Buzby.

OPEN LETTERS TO JOE STRUMMER

Know your rights! I know my rights. I have the right to see The Clash after paying £3.50 and having had to put up with two previous cancellations.

You should know that on entering the Rock'n'Roll Circus you're going to have to prostitute your ideals. If you try and take on the system single - handed it'll break you.

The Clash have stayed more faithful than most and I respect that, but the ideals have slowly got buried.

A) 'I'm So Bored With The USA' — so why live, record and tour there? B) The rock star ego trip — you admitted it would finish you, but you're still trying to come on concerned. Joe told *National Rock Star* (deceased) in '76: *"Suppose we make albums and they sell and we make lots of money. That's going to fuck us up completely. How could we talk to the kids on the street after that? One day we're going to be totally acceptable. And that's it. You're finished."*

Well, The Clash are still the best band in the world, but maybe their time is up. After two brilliant albums, two good value - for - money explorative efforts and a string of vital, important singles I think you should knock it on the head. Six years is enough. Don't become a Rock'n'Roll Dinosaur!" WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO NOW?
J. Parrott, Edinburgh
Don't go yet, Joe, more sympathetic words to come — CB

Dear Joe, come back, there is nothing to forgive! I am writing as someone totally involved and committed in a struggle against the forces of poverty, misery and oppression. Despite the setbacks change comes slowly.

For me and many others the existence of The Clash, their determination to say things that need saying, their commitment to changing what needs changing in the world we live in is a source of inspiration. Many times, after a bad day, week or month I have listened to Clash songs and have known that they are worthwhile. Strummer has used his abilities as a musician to articulate my frustrations, my pain, my hopes and I love him dearly for it. Through Clash music many people have become aware of the fact that there is more to our presence on this planet than dressing up and cocktails, and have been encouraged to think they can do something to change all this.

Of course there are the snipers. There are those whose own privileged way of life is threatened by the sort of ideas The Clash espouse. There are those who have become tired and cynical, who think we cannot work together to bring about change. We must expect this and try, though it is hard, not to be demoralised by it.

I bought my tickets for The Clash's Brixton dates the day they went on sale. I look forward to the concerts as a way of replacing lost energy.

So, Joe, don't give up. We can get the world to listen — and if we can't we can go down fighting.
Cate, Stepney, London E1
With friends like . . . sorry, Cate, but I'd imagine your woolly embrace of everything The Clash said and did to be part of the cause of Strummer's departure. Don't take everything the man says as gospel, challenge him, argue with him, fight back, like Parrott. The Clash's greatest strength has been to sustain a dialogue with the public through these past six years and Strummer has always appeared tough enough to hold up his end. I'm sure he'll be back when he's ready, providing he wants to come back, of course — CB

AN OPEN LETTER TO AMERICA

Piss off! You cultureless bastards just haven't a clue have you? I'll tell you for nothing that Black Flag is not *it*, and is not likely to become it. It amazes me how you, who ignored the dreaded spectre of our new bands for several years, can call us English hepcats "lame assholes". You're too late America. There's a party going on and, apart form a few gatecrashers, you're not even in the right street.
Andy, Nottingham.
Scorsese, Coppola, Brando, De Niro, Kid Creole, James Chance, William Burroughs etc are welcome at my party anytime. So what that America currently hasn't got a lot of rock and roll? Who cares that they didn't take to the British version? That doesn't render the continent a cultural wasteland. Dig a bit, Andy — CB

AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE

Dear Bill Gilliam and Alternative Tentacles. Like the rest of my professional colleagues I'm in broadcasting because I have the experience, the ability and the determination to do the job. If you're so good at your job, why don't you run a big record company?

Short of suss if you can't see why pirates are subject to police harassment. They are operating illegally. If someone broke into your house would they be harassed if they were justifiably nicked for it? Would you accept their defence that, although burglary is against the law they should be allowed to do it? So the pirates keep getting run in, ahh my nose bleeds for them.
Jim Hawkins, Professional Broadcaster and proud of it, Leamington, Warwicks.
Come within 220 yards of this office and it will, ya smug bastard — CB

The person who wrote the headline *"Crass Join The Double Album Set"* in April 17 issue might like to note the second Crass LP 'Stations Of The Crass' was in fact a double album and, more, it included a poster. This ignorant attempt to once again accuse Crass of selling out typifies the attitude of *NME* in recent months. The Crass do not deserve this type of filth, Paul Weller showed respect for the Crass on *Riverside* so why don't you follow your leader?
Mr. Whocareswhatmynameisany-way, Isle Of Man.
We name the guilty man: Phil McNeill! Don't worry Phil, praise comes your way below — CB

If Neil Spencer's the editor, how come he didn't edit that glaringly stupid mistake *"with their inspired cover of Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes 'Now That We Have Found Love'* "from his Third World story? Make that The O'Jays, Neil, the song appeared on their 'Ship Ahoy' album.
Floyd, Reading.
Funny how all those early '70s Gamble/Huff Philadelphic productions start blurring together in the memory isn't it? I played my MSOP album ten times for penance — NS

Re: *NME* X-Press Word 17.4.82. What happened to 37 across?
C. D. Riches, Newton Abbott, Devon.
When is whoever it is who compiles the crossword going to get it right? Where were 23a and 36a clues in April 24 issue?
Mrs. Cross Patch, Crossroads Motel.
We're stumped, too. Perhaps they went AWOL with Strummer — CB

GUITAR PICKERS

Concerning Charles Shaar Murray's clumsy "just another Ry Cooder album" pass off review of 'The Slide Area'. This man Murray's selfish expectations are very disillusioning. Is he expecting Cooder to take a plunge into yet another study of the American colloquial culture? Or does he anticipate Cooder's Irish leprechaun / African tribesman heritage to be prominent in the next slur over the bottleneck?

Cooder has obviously found an interest in ethnic music forms, and indeed, instrumental expression in general. His knowledge of his instrument has always been marvellous (be it electric, acoustic, bottleneck guitar or mandolin) and he certainly fits the Woody Guthrie Dust Bowl Hero image better than Dylan did.

I would like Murray to be more thoughtful and less clumsy when dealing with Cooder's American ethnic music reputation, if there is a next time.
Scott Harrigan, Montrose.
See Charlie, that's what comes from being reasonable about a record — nobody notices anyway. We told you there was no sense in it. Next time really let rip — CB

BLOWHARD

I am aghast that Richard Cook can make generalisations about Miles Davis on the evidence of one performance. Miles has always led music critics to say he's finished, that he can't cut it anymore, only to leave them with egg on their faces with the next LP or concert. Cook could have simply avoided the egg by going on Wednesday and Thursday nights, too. They made Tuesday's concert seem like a half - hearted sound check. Cook says: *"He doesn't have the stalwarts to make it work just as he wants."* How does he know what Miles wants? I agree that Mike Stern's guitar playing is offensive, but Cook's criticism of Bill Evans is amazing, especially as the sax was barely audible on Tuesday. That was rectified for the following nights, with the result that Evans proved himself to be one of the truly original young saxophonists around.

As for Miles, he said on Thursday that the previous night's gig was the best he'd done in over 10 years. There was nothing frail about him, no solos petered into nothing and his performance was one of sustained brilliance. Thursday night saw Miles at his happiest, fittest, most creative and most inspired for many years. He probably knew the critics would be there on the first night.

He fooled you!
Teddy, London W1.
So it's Richard's fault that lousy sound quality impaired players' performances. Just a reminder that he was reviewing one performance, one passing moment and we thought he contextualised it in terms of Miles past and future very sympathetically — CB

HARD BOILED, MY SWEETS?

I read Phil McNeill's article praising Loverboy's LP and various other hard rock outfits three times before I realised he wasn't taking the piss. At last after many years of hysterical *en bloc* dismissal, someone has decided to re-appraise the heavy rock scene. No doubt it caused many a snigger amidst the zoot suit/cocktail skirt/dance don't riot brigade.

Admittedly a lot of heavy rock walks the thin line between the joy of sex and blatant sexism, but nevertheless I enjoy it more than the supposedly aesthetically pure New English pop which is sometimes too sweet and cloying, what with its feigned innocence and showbizz pizzazz. And now, with every right wing Tory dingbat calling for a return to "old values," it's more likely that Minnie Mouse and Altered Images will be playing at Elvis Costello's 'Night Rally' than Foreigner giving a rendition of 'Hot Blooded'. Nice one, Phil.
John R. Godzilla, Histon, Cambridgeshire.
Hope you enjoy Morley's Iron Maiden appreciation this very same issue — CB

C'mon Morley! What's going on? After waiting almost six weeks for my *NME* to arrive to Texas what do I get? A review of Kirk Brandon's ears! A review of Pete Murphy's mouth! Is it too much to ask what the gig was like? Is this the best that these respective bands have to offer? I don't get much info about new bands and I ain't much better

off now am I? Your reviews are like reading the *Lancet*. If I wanted an anatomy lesson, I'd buy a medical journal. Or maybe I missed the point?
Disgusted Ex-pat, Texas.
Yes — CB
What point where? — NS

You stupid bastards! Go on, turn the Killing Joke saga into a humourous weekly serial. Just remember who wrote, recorded and released 'The Empire Song' three weeks before the Argentinian crisis. Killing joke. Huh, you should cocoa.
Matt Braddock, Nelson Street, Norwich.

Oh, we're so daring these days bitching about Jaz of Killing Joke. *Gasbag* gets more outrageous by the minute. The tales of impending apocalypse peddled by your rag since he left for the land of fish and igloos have distracted everyone from the real crack of his disappearing act: Just as Killing Joke were primed for mass consumption Jaz has fugged the whole thing up . . . (cut so as not to distract you, dear reader, from the punchline).
Ray, Allied Propaganda *fanzine, Northolt, Middlesex.*
PS Armageddon out of here soon, too.
Fact: Killing Joke are not funny, but they are suitable targets for derision — CB

LEST WE FORGET

The sound of music made by the Dead Souls was the only mistake and, because of exercise one, the kill, something must break. I remember nothing of the interzone, because insight caused disorder in the wilderness. For twenty-four hours the day of the lords seemed to be the eternal shadowplay. The colony in isolation was the atrocity exhibition but because she's lost control, the passover was a means to an end.

These days, transmission is digital and the ice age will remain for decades until the novelty dies. Love will tear us apart, and as the new dawn fades, the joy division will unite into a new order. Dreams never end, but at the chosen time, my senses will see the him, whilst there are doubts even here about the I.C.B. This procession will continue the ceremony in a lonely place until denial of truth means that everything's gone green. The unknown pleasures will draw closer still until bursting into movement and the factory will survive, watching forever.
With heart and soul from Sister Rat, A Candidate to be a glass that walked in line. Warzawa 1977-81.
Dear Ed, I'm not sure we should encourage this sort of thing, but as it's a short week — CB

Errol isn't really dead — the doctor just cured Ray Lowry of chronic schizophrenia.
Christ,
Kingston-upon-Thames.
He ain't dead. He's asleep — Bob Dylan, Little Italy

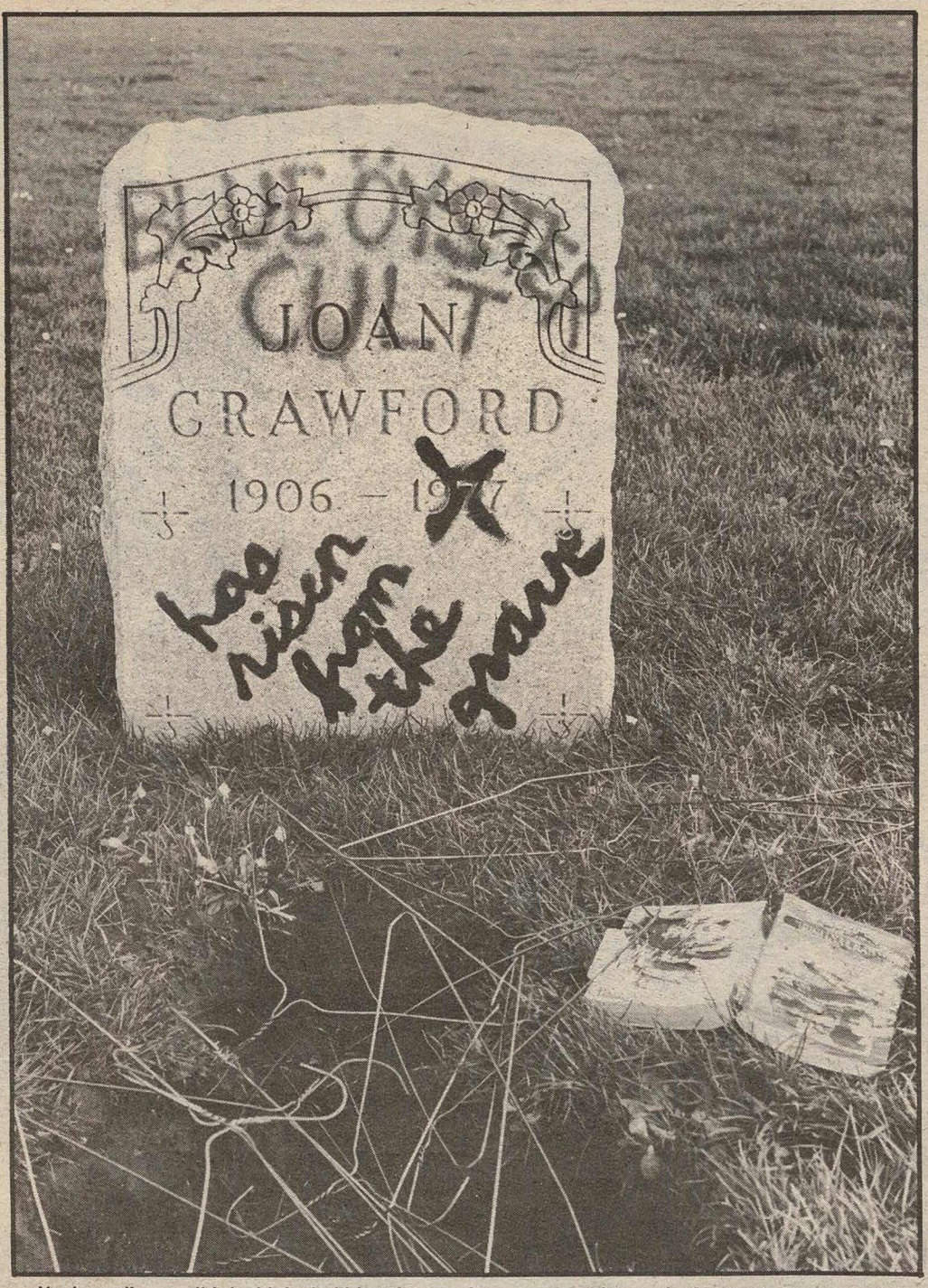
STAR LETTER

Penman is right.
Lee Connor, London.
Cogent. To the point. I like it — CB

GET OUTA HERE!

Bucks Fizz but sterling keeps on falling. It ain't fair.
Margaret Thatcher, New Barnet.
Currently rising against the dollar, falling against the mark, actually. War's always a good boost to the economy — CB

Toyah, like Daffy Duck, is very superficial. He also speaks the same. But at least he can act.
Leon Schlesinger, New Barnet.
Dear John Connolly, TV critic Clive James has retired. Join him — CB



Yeah, well, you didn't think she'd just ignore those creeps who made 'Mommie Dearest', did you? No, actually, this is the rejected sleeve of Blue Oyster Cult's new single, 'Joan Crawford Has Risen From The Dead'. Movie stars come and go, but good taste is timeless. Pic: Hugh Brown.

THE GRIP tightens. Despite a mounting chorus of international protest, the *Gasbag* page maintains its blockade around us — starving *T-Zers* of its essential supplies, such as bad jokes, fifth-hand gossip and mischievous inaccuracies. It seemed unlikely, as the week's press deadline loomed, that our acclaimed and popular page would appear in this issue at all.

Suddenly, in a daring, ninth-hour, Entebbe-style, SAS-type, undercover rescue bid — all that was changed. A crack squad of hand-picked *T-Zer* operatives was despatched — around the back and the front covers, finally scaling the page two charts — to the news section at the front of the paper. Their mission: to kidnap a news story, bring it back alive, and turn it into an opening *T-Zer*. And, by jingo, they've done it! (A full diagramatic explanation of the operation will appear in the *Insight* section of next week's *Sunday Times.)* And here it comes . . .

Hi! I'm this week's installment of **The Killing Joke Story.** *(Cue groans of boredom and disbelief, cries of "is that the best you could bring back?")* And I go something like this . . .

It was a day much like any other day at the *NME* office, when a furtive, hooded figure was seen to cast his shadow across our door. In the stranger's bony grip was a plain brown envelope, only the printed legend "Reykjavik" to betray its place of origin. Wordlessly, the messenger left his missive and scurried away, who knows where? Inside, an unsigned letter headed "Dear Readers" — that's you, wake up — presumably from those Icelandic abscondees, **Geordie'n'Jaz.** In the letter, the pair denounce their supposed partners, the local band **Peyr,** as a "vile enterprise", who shall no longer be allowed to associate themselves with Killing Joke. However, KJ (Icelandic chapter) say they *are* working with some local musos, will record a single **'The Gathering'/'Spill The Beans'** at the end of this month, followed by some UK, US and European dates, and an LP. They conclude: "As far as our longterm future goes we intend to stay in Iceland and continue our studies of strategic locations, geomancy and wind directions, and . . . PS: We bitterly miss being spat on by potential squaddies. PPS: We're only Joking." Phew, *that's* a relief . . .

Two Great **Bowies** Of Our Time — that's **Joe,** from **Defunkt,** and **David,** from **Beckenham** — met for an eyeball-to-eyeball, and a chat as well, at **Gaz's** club in Soho last week . . .

Just as a point of interest, could that be *the* **Wesley Magoogan** — the sax-man who's just joined **The Beat** — who has a track all to himself, on the **England** squad's doubtless-dreadful album, called **'Can't Get A Ticket For The World Cup'**? Well, of course, we're never ones to jump to conclusions, a chap's innocent till proven guilty and all that — but who supposes for a moment that there are *two* people in the world called Wesley Magoogan? . . .

AFTER THE departure of **Stephen Mallinder,** returning to the fold of **Cabaret Voltaire,** Fellow-Sheffielders **The Box** are looking out for a "new voice or voices". If **you** have a new voice, then why not try it out by speaking down the phone — to **Sheffield 660510,** between 6 and 7pm — and — asking about the job . . .

We still can't get confirmation of reports that **Stevie Wonder** is following up his successful partnership with **Macca,** by teaming up with **Meatloaf** — the collaboration to be known as Wonderloaf. Sources claiming to have heard the pair together in the studios describe the results as "the greatest thing since sliced bread" . . .

According to slightly-more-credible reports, **John Lydon** is applying to the relevant authorities for permanent US residency. It's also said that he cites lack of "artistic freedom" in his native country . . .

Meanwhile up in Bootsville UK (that's **Northampton** to you), those local rock'n'roll heroes (no, not *your* lot, **Peter Murphy) The Jets** have come up with an album-track called **'Old Man Mose',** an ancient thing once done by **Louis Armstrong.** Nothing unusual? Well, no. But DID YOU KNOW the song was once banned from radio because the girl singer on **Eddie Duchin's** well-known version pronounced the line **"Old Man Mose, he kicked the bucket, aww . . . bucket"** in a manner likely to be misunderstood by those with faulty hearing-aids. Mind you, this all happened way back in the late '30s — even before **Monty Smith,** then known as **Tyrone Power,** portrayed the dashing Duchin for the benefit of both 20th Century Fox and his own bank balance. . .

And *still* those Northampton *T-Zers* keep coming! Did you hear how that town's video-pirates — done this week for a whole boodle of booty — used to ply their illegal trade by copying Thorn-EMI tapes, on machines they rented from **Rumbelows** shops. Rumbelows is a chain owned (wait for it) by Thorn-EMI. British ingenuity at its best; What possible chance did the **Argies** ever have? . . .

Oh good. **Keith Richards** is planning an acting debut, in a film of **James M Cain's** *Past All Dishonour.* He'll play a pianist in an 1860s brothel . . .

IN THE WAKE of **Adam's** shock-horror decision to totally disband his **Ants,** the one big question on everybody's lips is, of course, Where will **Gary Tibbs** turn up next? We at *T-Zers propose a modest wager on the future employment of rock's most adaptable and resilient bass-player (glowing references available, by everyone from* **Roxy Music** to **The Vibrators**), with the current state of speculation as follows: **Bananarama** 7-4, **Status Quo** 11-4, **Killing Joke** 9-2 . . .

But say, **Suggsy,** singer with **Madness** by profession, why did you sign to downhome little **Stiff,** instead of to a swanky major label? "What put us off were all the plush offices," he told the *Express.* "We didn't want our royalties spent on tropical plants for the office" . . .

OMD co-supremo **Andy McCluskey** — claimed by many to own the pop-world's most angst-ridden eyebrows — has ended his romance with Miss Great Britain, **Tracy Dodds,** with "career commitments" the culprit, says she . . .

"I sing because I live with Satan. The Lord turned me off." That's the kind of thing you'd sing along to if you played a certain **Led Zeppelin** record backwards — according to some eminent Californian scientist. Rock records, such as those by **ELO** and **Styx,** are infested with these evil and insidious messages, he says, and it's got to be stopped! In fact, we learn that **Pink Floyd's** 'The Wall', played backwards, says *"Congratulations, you have just discovered the secret message. Please send your answer to Old Pink, c/o Old Farm, Chalfont."* And in ELO's 'Fire On Fire' you get *"The music is reversible, but time isn't. Turn back, turn back".* Which doesn't sound very sinister at all, does it. Anyway, we'd check these allegations ourselves, but personally we can't stand hearing those groups *forwards,* let alone the other way about . . .

Folks, all that's and . . .

JUST FANCY THAT!

"When you're lost in the rain in Juarez
And it's Eastertime too
And your gravity fails
And negativity don't pull you through . . ."
— Just like Tom Thumb's Blues, by Bob Dylan 1966.

"When your world is full of strange arrangements
And gravity won't pull you through
You know you're missing out on something
Well that something depends on you . . ."
—The Look Of Love by Martin Fry 1982.

From: "The ABC Of Pop Composition', by Versa Vice (Poison Arrow Books).

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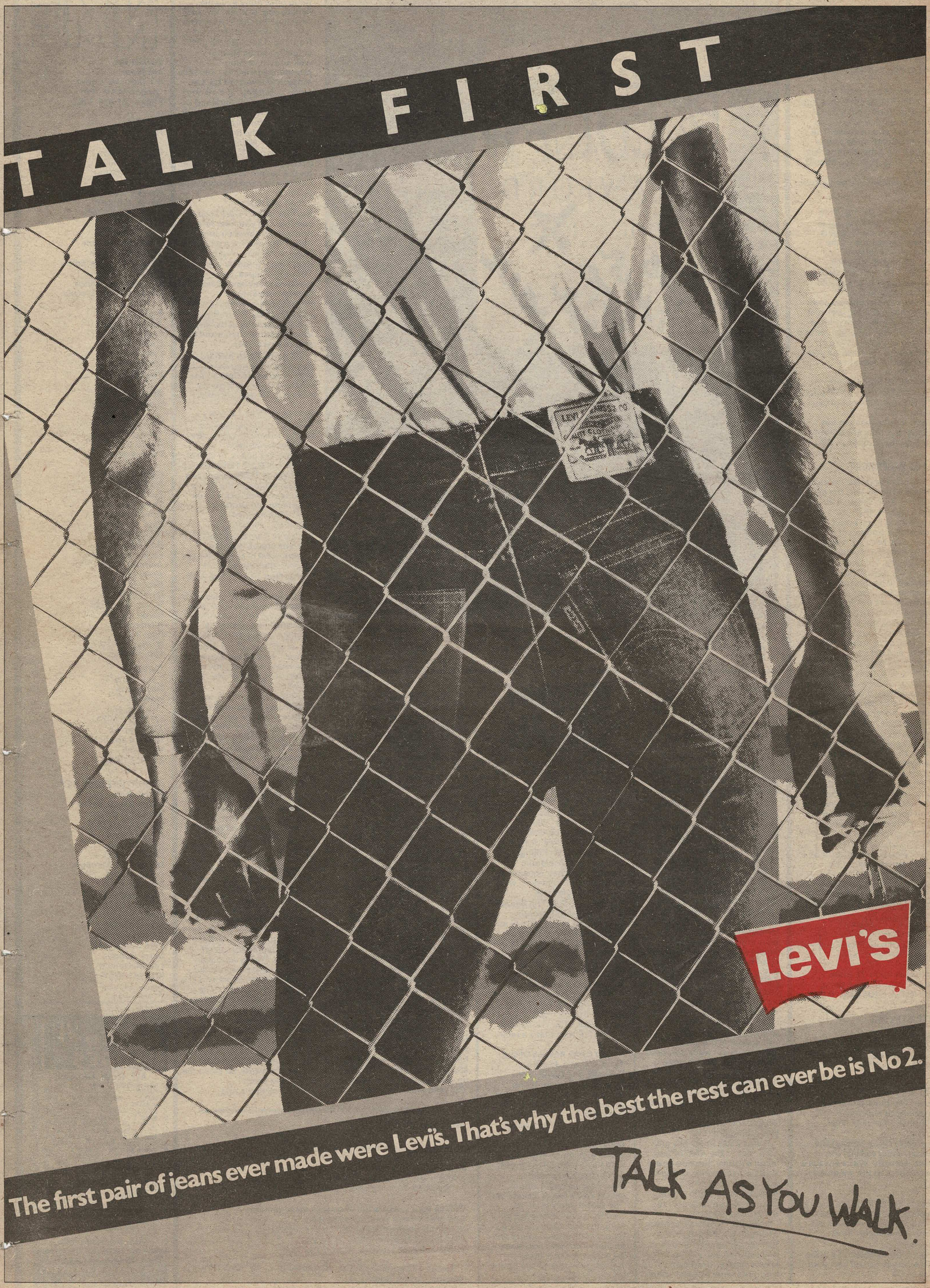
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